

Untitled (because it sounds more artsy that way)

Laying diagonal  
Millions of microscopic hooks  
Desperately gripping the back  
Of a slipping soul

That apparition stares  
Upward, gazing into a  
Boundless sea of  
Shimmers and glints

Luminous, and nearly brilliant  
Yet somehow there's a  
Quality in them amiss  
Those little bulbs held by nothing.

Weary orbs project  
Their shine into infinite  
Targets, but fire brightest  
Into terrestrial pinholes.

Those lonesome signals  
Glide into a receiver  
Understanding that ancient beacon  
Fired its last light forever ago.

Van W.