

Sobriety

No knowledge vibrates on sobriety's landscape.

Mountaintop winds fail to quicken the spirit
Nor do streambeds rush with desire.

Vernal valleys offer no comfort.

No high revels in midnight skies.
No illusion tempers the here and now.

Campfires flame without magic.

Dead spells trail the wand.
Mystery vacates the dark forest.

Aborted intoxication soaks underground

Tracking Persephone
Who cannot find her shoes.

Pamela Light