

Sovereign (01/28/01)

By Anton Luis C. Sevilla

The sky shakes off the Sun's last rays,
and indigo creeps down the horizon.
Dead stars begin to reach and blaze
and mint dew bathes the dank air of autumn.

She calls me with soft and halted breath
that trickles in like mist upon the leaves.
With every sharp exhale a pending death
alights upon my wandering soul and grieves.

Do you leave me now?

Do you leave me here?

And I squint 'til the sapphire sky
blurs into a grit barbaric gray.
And mercury drips from a broken bulb,
never again to tell the warmth of day.

[pauli]