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Wordless Counsel

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Wordless Counsel

Elana Fishman

Though many years have passed
You visit me each night.
A specter of the silence
A demon of the dark.

*Can you hear them?
Flitting about in the moonlit murk
Listen to them weave
Their unintelligible song.*

Guilt runs through my veins
Tuning red blood into black.
I can no longer glance in the mirror
For the lucid depths tell all.

*Yellow-and-black-striped messengers
Angels of the summer's eve
Beat their wings in urgency
But you cannot know their secrets.*

I swear my undying innocence
I beg her to forgive.
The devil in the door crows,
"She never loved you anyway."

*Continuing their dutiful work
They begin their song once more.
A chorus of hope, a symphony of strength
Bzzzzzz...*