



His heart's guardian

His
brutish fingers clawed for violence
penetrate
his own chest,
wrenches from himself
his heart's shield
and formed the guardian of his heart.

His
will extended from his fingertips
onto the bone dripping before him
with his own blood and gore, and
the whiteness
painted permanent crimson.

Carmine moons bud and soften,
He holds it in his palm,
bares his teeth, and bites
into the soft flesh.
red skin secedes to white
running in rivulets
over the core.

Planets congregate,
drop apples in the lap of the moon
who blushes,
hides the bite mark,
appears whole.

All of his gravity and tides
maintain their austerity.
these nine spins around the earth
are the single purpose of the moon,
forever dutiful.

Scintillant in silver glow,
the moon,
(for the rays of red are certainly produced by the sun alone)
twirls nine times,

sketches a shy curtsy,
and disappears from the night sky,

For the gaping wound
oozing sin and gore
upon the ninth and final turn
is no longer possible to ignore.

His
tides and gravity maintain
their austere constant,
and the guardian of his heart
flits and spins through the darkness
with the uncanny-tinctured mystery
surrounding some coven of crones
that had fulfilled their singular duty
and in futility,
and a spellbound silence,
draw unbroken circles around his unbreakable heart.

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