

(I)

in heavy voices

role play to oneself

be unafraid

to discover wyverns in the shadows of houses

ebon and amber scales crackling

bitter breath churning up

a fire of maple leaves flooding over concrete

take a mirage to marinate in

designate this mortal fight

an interesting cause.

(II)

drunk on the fog of phantoms

ideas steeped

stained dark with the fragrant wine labeled "Inspiration".

(III)

smelling layers of sour glue under wallpaper

rippled edges

damp from the persistent atmosphere

body heat

stale air which all but the owner detects

this one-room apartment is painted with bright posters

hidden beneath

tribes of bronze thumbtacks hoarding concepts

faded graphite

tawny paper

dog eared corners folded from gauzy fiber

hear the muse crawling on his belly

nosing between the tall stacks of thick graphic novels

beneath the tables with the fold-up legs

stirring up dust

thinned sunlight

white slats

note a hint of a breeze from the cracked glass, rattling

outside

no one wants to consider

the jagged pillars of the cityscape

or the awkwardness in participating in the day's social evolution

over this safe, familiar shelter

the comforting smell of self is rubbed into every dear possession.