

Cold Blood

He became the cold blood
of October.
Midnight love
by the fire. The thinning veil between
darkness and light.
Creatures making
appearances at night.

He was the raw wind
ripping through
her soul.
A robe of amber
scattered on the
forest floor.
Embers flickering
in her eyes.
Desire,
passion,
and the bitter taste
of nightfall.