

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Bleach Stains

By Michael Kfoury

Perhaps it's the free showing of cold Massachusetts stars
finger painted like shy eggs within Night's Celestial Empire,
or maybe it's the virgin dyes glittering inside the diamond-catholic window but
I get lost navigating your ways and thoughts
until the Imperial acoustics amplify my creature fears—
promising my character is no exotic when photosynthesized with skyline pollution.