

## Salvation

The desperate struggle.  
The lunar cycle.  
All along wishing  
to find another way.

Transparent teardrops  
they flow down  
thin streams  
caress your cheek.

Standing in darkness  
ruby-diamond eyes  
reveal themselves  
devour the soul.

The background holds  
The Grand Window  
as full moon  
drenches room.

I aim for the heart  
of which I love.  
All along wishing  
to find another way.

Silver bullet,  
bloody through.  
Shatters fragments  
across this room

It is salvation.

—*Timothy Giles*