

Award

Welcome...welcome...welcome

Hollow voices escape the smooth,
echoing mahogany shell,
dripping down copper stucco lights;
blinding lies full of dreams.

Of...of...of

Cerulean stars shatter, crystals
raining down slivered sparkles—
pinpricks bouncing, ripping satin
as the sky cools its touch.

Thanks...thanks...thanks

Stretching golden grins around
warm velvet vines, cutting off cries
as foul angels mingle and heaven
breaks beneath the gate.

—TC Albright