

HALCYON part II

By Eileen Cloonan

Knowing you for years, seeing you grow and change, evolving like a caterpillar to a butterfly. Watching you slowly unfurl your delicate wings, presenting yourself in new skin to a greyscale world.

You are the only colour I know.

I am captivated by your sleepy eyes and your dry voice. The warm lighting and incense burning, a stick of charcoal and a smooth, creamy sketchbook occupying my hands, pillows littering the floor, like fallen leaves.

Sitting cross-legged and strewn out comfortably. A coffee table bearing ashtrays and this morning's coffee mugs. Soft rock in the background and the nightlife orchestra harmonies. All fitting like a jigsaw puzzle; or the clasp of our hands.

I inundate myself in your presence, mimicking the gentle curves and sharp edges of your body.

The scratching of burnt willow depositing on dead tree.

A metaphor for life;

How beauty and new functions can be born from the ashes or body of the deceased. Though these instruments did not simply die, but were killed in that past life, and resurrected for this purpose.

Like us.

Your breathing is unfluctuating, fatigue has tempted you to the land of slumber. You have ended your day but mine is still conscious. My mind races with memories, as paper cradles in my weary fingers; bearing the image of tranquillity,

The image that lies solid before me.

I cannot physically measure the volume of which I love you; I live for you. Let me be your friend forever in this day, encircled forever in halcyon. I ache to know you for the rest of my life.