

nest-building by moonlight

the world feels heavy tonight.
i take scissors to my hair to make my shoulders light.

half-moon waxing in the cold.
there's no gravity more grave than growing reckless and old.

winter crow calls me to sleep.
you sit in a bed made loveless and cheap.
i count the blessing that is your void.
feel the dark on my neck,
all my breath employed

in forgiving.

whose beach where my cold boat lands?
midnight. crows glean auburn locks from the sands.

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