Kagerou

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Kagerou
Domenic Sontrapak

For the longest time
I wandered the tall dark wood.
Listening for it,
that soft, blue, fluttering gale.

It was quiet then,
a distant, private maelstrom.
I stumbled by it,
and raised aloft hungry ears.

What did I perceive?
Your blurred body, floating,
scintillating, high.
You, chromatic joy.
I had to reach out,
to touch, make real the wonder.

Wild, I struck once more
acquiring little to none.

The sun ascended.
Was it your time come at last?
No—no—too early!
I must beat that evil dawn.

Out flew the fingers,
stung at by iridescence.
Met, and swiftly mocked
by that cheeky hidden mist.
Thus I stood, meek, dazed.
Was this the opening haunt?

1 In Japanese, “Kagerou “ can be written and interpreted as “Mayfly” and or “Heat-haze”.

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