

Sophia Takvorian

“Tall Grass”

Somewhere in this grand shade,
I find you, asleep, dreaming
of far different things than me,
yet you're shining
so fervently,
floating,
that it only makes sense
that we'd be dreaming of the same thing;
I, expressly with that glow
you marked me with,
and you, you otherworldly thing,
with that radiance
and mysticism
of a luz opal,
a galaxy within you,
projected without.

And I dream;
O, what have I done to deserve you,
you being rapture, of reverie?
And I think
what have I done to myself,
so entranced by a single enigma
of breathless melancholy?
Whose song should I sing but mine?
Wrapped in your wonder,
drowned in your shade,
I crawl, I crawl, I crawl.
and I know
unloving hurts more,
and I'm so green for loving you;
all tall grass and innocence.

But I open my eyes,
just as the light finds its way through our window,
its rays sleeping silently next to you, a
and curving with the corner of the room.
I dreamt you were hovering over me,
not letting any light through,
a soft whir sounding around us.
But as I watch your chest expand and collapse,

the way the light bends with the lines in your face,
your softness overpowers you.
Our dreams are fragmented around us,
pieces blending with all things under the sun,
both confessed and unfamiliar.
My solitary dream was no divination;
no shade's that big in this radiant world.

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