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The Scream

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I rescued you from the 75% off bin
People don’t like watercolors
Of fiery screams under a glowing sky as much
As they like babies dressed up as pea pods
Slumbering on a purple velvet vine
And as for me, I bought you
Because I had one white wall left
After the pictures of old boyfriends were hung
To make new boyfriends jealous
And after the blue and green Guatemalan
Tapestry made in China was so
Proudly displayed, a real humanitarian cloth.

Now the moonlight pierces the blinds
Your fluorescent face glows like an infant moon
Morphing into milky shapelessness.
You stare at me, I stare at you. Your face
Floats to me, resting on my pillow, like a lover.
Your translucent form nearly touching my
Translucent form, only static waves of
Black luminance between us as your
Shadow invades and infuses mine
While the moon slips into a cloud of light.
No longer translucent, No longer night.