

Blackened Rose

By Sarah Delmonte

I saw a small and withering blackened rose
Beside a corpse that sat among the trees.
My master questioned me when he arose
But simply told me that I did not see.

A day had passed, I found it disappeared
Upon a cloudy sunless chilly day.
No frigid body nor flower rested here
Just groups of trees within a foggy gray.

When I came back to my master sleeping
The guilt had never seeped into his bones.
I struck him once until he stopped breathing
And in a flash I found that he was gone.

When I returned I saw a girl before me.
She whispered that she could be finally free.

Click Clack

By Sarah Delmonte

I walked the long linoleum halls
Click clack, click clack, click clack
Past paintings hung on whitened walls
Click clack, click clack, click clack

I passed that statue twice before
So how did I come back?
I paced the long museum floor
Click clack, click clack, click clack

I swear it wasn't posed that way
Click clack, click clack, click clack
It's head was turned to face away
Click clack, click clack, click clack

Through section B and section C
I knew now for a fact
I hadn't gone the rightful way
Click clack, click clack, click clack

I moved through empty soulless rooms
Click clack, click clack, click clack
The sound erupted from my shoes
Click clack, click clack, click clack

I couldn't take this anymore
I stopped dead in my tracks
My noise had stopped, my heart then
dropped...
Click clack, click clack, click clack...

Red

By Sarah Delmonte

Red was what he saw when he
Slashed the **coral** neck of his victim.
The **crimson blood** pooled, deeper
Than the **wine** which stood on
A cloth of **burgundy**.

He ran through **tart** streets
Escaping into a **scarlet** night.
He was caught in a **current**,
Where **rufous** men
Swept him to a **carmine** containment.

He laced himself with
Vermillion lies, echoing cries
Of **amaranth** and **garnet**.
His face shown **ruby** from
The force of his **redwood** wrath.

Marooned in the deep **brick**
Prison of his mind,
He brooded in **berry** and **sangria**.
He rose out of his **carnelian** rage
And faded into an empty **blush**.