

**LANA BELLA**

*FOR YOU MUST WANDER*

darkness bends over  
the length of  
your body:  
*play with me*, it said,  
*for I am a museum*  
*of carvings where*  
*shadows*  
*are the desperation*  
*you sleep beside--*  
so you peel your fingers  
off from the light,  
committing to mind  
how this gathering  
of skin and bones can  
feel like sliding  
into an old ghost tale,  
in which you are a poor  
thespian, ill-dressed,  
sitting silhouetted  
beneath a study of colors--

*SIPS OF GIN AND SNORTS OF POWDER*

it signals that in a flash,  
he'd be the wind to consume the empty  
from your small, upturned hands,  
where the drunken tragedy  
is sleeping off--

but your eyes still follow suit  
of who you were,  
as if time stands idly still, floats on  
the precipice of your snapshot  
in sips of gin and snorts of powder—

on the day made softly blushed  
by a crust of hope,  
he moves through you like  
the living breaths  
giving back essence into the whorl  
of a dying universe,  
whose wayfarers have trod the path both  
feverish and mad,  
with you its unwitting siren--