

Poetry Series

Aric Kane
- poems -

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Aric Kane()

Midnight Grave

It was not enough to see your shadow
in the loft
of that worn out warehouse.

I needed more than the cemetery
beaming from your lips,
the iris, blooming from your eyes.

my hands on their second boil and
for a passerby, this is
a graveyard of fragrant flowers

You choked me at midnight,
in the light of song,
and shook my world to its
foundation.

Aric Kane