

GOSSAMER

Let the memories wash over me
In silence, they come one by one
In pursuit of each desire,
Each old wound, each triumph,
Each passionate flame, each phantom solace.
One memory surrenders to the next.
They are all set in silver and gold
And amethyst and peridot.
Dreams of a labyrinth of mysteries
And soft gloved caresses
That reach into my soul
For secret thoughts
That are all spun
Into an intricate gossamer.

This is a rapture of murmurs
And boundless fantasies.
Don't drift away,
Don't stop believing.
I can feel it all around me
Concealed just under the veil.
Show yourself, unmask!
Discard your disguises
Glittered with our tears.
It is this serenade of solitude
That reaches into my soul
For secret thoughts
That are all spun
Into an intricate gossamer.

In this rhapsody of obscurity
The notes are melodic,
Then dissonant.
Don't draw back in fear,
Reach out instead.
Dreams of shadowy allure
And tender seductions,
All draped in silk and taffeta
And ruffles of dew.
This is what you long for.
My senses wake with sighs
From grace and revelation
With all those secrets spun
Into an intricate gossamer.

In this mural primeval,
What truth is hiding
Within a tangled embrace
In a gauzy masquerade?
Surrender to each sensation.
Let imagination find the splendor.
Whispers lie on pillows
At rest from life.
Beauty is embellished
And all else fades.
I remember it all
In a rainbow of sapphires
Set in endless spirals
All spun into an intricate gossamer.

Gloria Pereyra