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Untitled

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AN ANGEL UNDER STREETLIGHT

Aaron Ly

In silence, seen, forgotten
 With fingers interlocking
 Twining versed rhymes of vocal lines
 She unsheathes them from her pockets

Soft and simple, bittersweet,
 Cylindric candlelight that brightens up these concrete streets
 They greet the ones still plotting silhouettes of shadows stopping in their place
 dancing juxtaposed to contrasts in the light,
 Tonight they dance and jig and sing and swig beneath that candle bright
 When power outage is the fright that strives
 to curtain call those sweeping silhouettes of candid borealis paradox in warmth
 Instead it signals stripes of black and yellow light
 that canvasses the painting on this Siegfried situation where the dragon is the night



UNTITLED

Maria Alejandra Ramos

So that Dragon slights his head, because complacency is dead
 Will they prevail or will they fail or worse: Forsaken land; Forsaken tread
 We squint our eyes and see the prize is predatorial, now lust is dead
 Unto the living we sacrifice a pain that won't suffice, like sacrilege
 The crippled streetlight topples over
 And the sound that is produced vacates the air of its pollution
 The whistling sound of wind snuffs away the fire from the candle before it fades into the moment
 The outage subsides and the air is alive with only buzzing of the broken streetlight
 as she treads toward the scene and steels her heart inside her head

An Angel in the night, she casts a streetlight in its stead.

Now a feather falls softly like snow toward the ground
 Feathers that never fell before
 White Wings are now stripped with every step,
 And when she enters center stage they are already ripped apart
 She shifts her hands and grips the mic
 And it resounds within your cells
 Now those feathers that have slipped away from where her wings once were
 In a damnation to the name of Lucifer she tipped the mic and flipped the switch
 Channeling her body, her soul, to her lips she allowed her voice to bridge the gap
 Between her slender neck and those fallen feathers
 Neither the bass nor the treble clef are enough to contain the overture

She flies but you don't see wings

The noir of lights and darks retreated
 I am left shaken at my core
 From the Sonata of the Angel in the Streetlight
 Who is a normal girl no more