

Plato's Course

Marielle Horton

I decided.	perfectly.
In timeless seconds	our souls coalesce
thoughtfully	effervescence
mounted	I feel an
its pristine wings	buoyed up,
prismatic, radiant	flying, floating
velvety.	we are
Now—	
We become unloose.	

Of Black and White

Marielle Horton

In the procession of days
 I see slate:
 stretched shadows,
 twitchy silhouettes.

In the procession of nights
 I see sparkles
 and gleaming snow.

In twilight—
 shade is pale,
 ashes are frosty.

There are glints I could never see in the light.
 Darkness, I now see when it's bright.