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The Dark Nomad

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The Dark Nomad

I am crisp and tranquil

When I ache with shivers

I collect the warmth of the luminous bodies

Fluttering about that box they call home

I do not hear the things they speak

Oh, in the counterfeit company

Of artificial bulbs, ivory chandeliers

They gasp and fall on one another

Clanking their wine glasses

Pecking upon venomous lips

I hear only the pulse of the night

My moon is my master

Out here I conduct

The chant of the crickets

The subtle swell of my droning breeze

Purring through the sycamore trees

-Andrea Ross
St. Cloud, Minnesota