

Revelations in D Minor

MELISSA ROBY

Dewy Saturday before light graces,
intoxicated on a whim;
tied by cognate vacant spaces
“How did we end up *here*?” she begs of him.

His lips tell her *settle on intuition*.
A color of compelling—Shaded Green Eyes bring resolve,
Stern Blue abandon amid dithering stimulation
discomfited presence taps a dance of resolve.

A confessor to a Majestic Honeybee, raised spirit to poise
a native to amorphous certainty.
Her Curled back, a bitten lip of exquisite noise
begets his quaintly incited mystery.

A Prince of Keys can't find peace in a low-locked land of ordinary.
A high-ceilinged life, melodic moor—
his pillow isn't made of Solace until reaches are Silk Woven incredibly
revelations in D minor.

The Spell of Concord has tied a violet lace through each one,
knotted fervently slightly involved in
a no gain-no loss, bet not made to be won.
Of a time that imprints fluid footprints as strangers drift rhythmically akin.

