

Shadow Lines, an excerpt

—Poems in response to Pedro Isztin's *Study of Structure and Form*, by Sandra Ridley

We left
believing our daemons
with their abyssian dreams were false
and without
meaning.

We carved
openings for them to crawl back into
as if they could
now
more dead than they were
for our disbelief.

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Ecstatic
and liable to rapture
in the hours before dawn.

Frantic
as a red cut tree.

Torrid
and corporeal
and troubled by emotional quiet.

A night vigil for a rare lover.

Revenant—
we tend to toward the ultimate good.

Sleepless
and with night sweats
and the doctrine of cold we're blinded by.

Our after-dream terrors
of a slaughterhouse
or a labyrinth
akin
to a slaughterhouse.

Frights
and nerves.

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Anathema—
the downfall of the shadow come noon.

Shoreward,
a tree dispossessed
of its tatters.

I am not beautiful but beautifully inspired.

Left with less,
ghost-slip down to the drowning.

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Eyebright
of the equinox, unequivocal and left alone.

Be still
love—

creatio ex nihilo.

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