

Anna Thomas

Brave New World Poem Entry

Gullible Darkness

There is a cloak, which calls itself darkness
and it draws itself over daylight's faulting.
Moggy becomes a stalker, predator,
it is hard to read 'tiddles' through the black.
The Aphrodite, Hercules, emerges from the
unnoticed.
And the nights morphs acne to porcelain.
When tap water turns to wine;
Daylight shuns the rotting grapes.
A friendly hug becomes a one night stand.
Only morning will shed light on consequences.
As the elders start to wake,
adolescents return home.
The light is brash and unforgiving.
The cat goes unfed.
Every line, pore, scrutinised.
The headache is blinding, never leaving.
A stomach slowly swells.
Darkness is pure.
The hues are simple; black, umbra, grey.
No tones, texture, depth.
We prefer the simple ideas,
the skin deep philosophy.
We like this brave new world.