

Young Midas by Emily Albrecht

Young Midas

You could be mine

If you wanted.

You could be the light that eases through me

Gilded glowing body at your golden fingertips

Young Midas

Sunlight filling an empty room

You could get inside my head

If you wanted.

I know it in the way you look at me when you think I can't spot you

I know it in the words you can't suppress between stifled syllables

And yet I'm still alone at the lake at three in the morning,

Watching the wind ripple mossy moonwater

Shivering silver apathy.

The stars scream and we don't listen to them

We don't care what they have to say, anymore.

But let's give them something else to talk about

When the night gives rise.