

Spotlight, Farewell

*Rumors whisper that he'd been commanding
every stage for years, utterly solitary.*

Through the 2010s, nearly every arena knew his voice,
yet I cannot resist quoting several stanzas from this tale
since I witnessed how glory faded when hearts discovered purpose. Behold
his decision after curtain calls
in deeper frequencies
fame has failed to translate
'though everything he achieved
remains beyond the glitter.
Then love transforms to prayer
as their souls, their spirits.
Here I speak in truth, beloved,
must we squander precious moments
scrubbing away the crimson
that's destined to preserve us breathing.
How on heaven might we wrap
these limbs in silk
during such blazing, moisture-laden evenings?
Hear nearly the hymns
from the congregation whose decaying
tissue should have hardened
through each strike plus puncture.

One bent, searing blade
the surgeon employed to frighten
plus to mark her flesh beneath.