

POETRY

ENSANGUINED

Mackenzie Robin

In a haunted house in the forest,
I brought my love to drink from a bottle of wine.

Deep royal shades of night
Obscured us from the rest of the world,
And hid our secret thoughts
So they could freely dance between us,
On the dining table of softwood.

A silent waltz of vulnerability.

My disturbing intensity.
My skeleton childhood.
My empty dollhouse at the end of the bed.

No one touches anyone
In this manor of portraits,
Lest we prove the secret fear that
We are all ghosts here.

The only life in this place.
Drink up, oh my secret darling,
My lover by night.

Was it the wine or the blood, my beloved,
That made you run from me
Into the belly of the forest,
As the world thawed in morning,
Without me.