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.