

## Summer Fiction

### "Chandeliers"

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Thoughts remain  
Feelings unspoken  
A moth to flame  
Walking on broken glass

Catch a plane  
To the Sahara  
Then pray for rain  
Running mascara

Now's the time  
To get on your feet, dear  
Love is blind  
Under the chandeliers  
Under the chandeliers

An unmade bed  
A high threshold for pain  
The things you said  
A pillowcase lipstick stain

Now's the time  
To put on your face, dear  
You were mine  
Under the chandeliers  
Under the chandeliers  
Under the chandeliers  
Look up at the chandeliers.

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