Gaspard the nightwalker

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you, ever-bright, like the flames of this
land, refuse to land.
like fire, these rocks glint in a surprise
of ground-fog. you can see
this, too—watching it burn. grey
parts for the air. the whoosh of sky
and the moon, more than half-closed,
gloat much—too much for comfort
for you. so what if I would rather
watch from here—see the flames
as a house does—with no idea
of sealing, but for what one has
taught and housed it with.
this is my argument. do understand.
some call me the nightwalker,
because I cannot be seen—am
especially invisible. I can set fire
to bodies, then flirt a feather back
into tempered symmetry. darling—
when I dare you back, I feel nothing
for you. walk out onto the air.