

## **Brownie**

Stellena Nelson

depression  
like a blanket  
covers me  
warm and soft  
but heavy on my skin

i would open my eyes  
for a moment  
if only i could see you  
dancing lightly on the leaves  
elusive as the wind  
intangible to my blood-stained hands

my fingers ache to hold you  
but you are a dream  
i should have left in my sleep  
a whispered promise  
long forgotten