

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Apryl Skies: Two Poems

Apryl Skies · Wednesday, February 25th, 2015

Apryl Skies, an LA native, is an award-winning author of *A Song Beneath Silence* and *Skye the Troll & Other Fairy Tales for Children*. The latter, *Skye the Troll* has been adapted to clay animation winning the 2010 Gold Pixie award by the American Pixel Academy. Skies is founder and editor of Edgar & Lenore's Publishing House of Sherman Oaks and with several titles hitting the number one best-sellers list for Amazon, she is currently building solid momentum in the publishing industry.

Panty-less at the Annenberg on Saturday Seemed Apropos

I. *Cassiopeia*

Avant garde in two dimensional
black and white
with a kiss of shiny crimson stilettos
bleeding through a lens
ready to incinerate.
A bicycle chain locked
around cobra-crossed ankles,
fishnet pantyhose stretch thin.
Submission spread across
glossy pages mold girls into women.

II. *Reflections of a Nude Model*

Gazing at almost perfection
is staring down the barrel of
a loaded .38 special

a loaded .38 special
is gazing at almost perfection
wishing to be orchid or child again.

III. *Luminous Transfixion*

She speaks in tongues without uttering
a single word, language is in the eyes,
the anatomical makeup of illusionary grandeur

In her musical movement which
stages the sun as a hot lamp
just long enough to expose luminosity.

Did June ever wonder
who Helmut imagined
when he was inside her?

a capella

there is a page I continue to turn to
where a southern pacific marine layer
dissipates over a valley horizon.

angels are imagined but fall hard
despite such hopeful wings.
there is eye contact over whiskey and wine,
an a capella rendition of song few have heard.

time releases a universal pause,
music is made, art adored and
poetry perceived in an empty glass
on a lacquered, oak wood bar.

he knows the exact shade of her eyes, she his
(she is reminded of clouds)
over the slow flame of Leonard Cohen,
the blue burn of Coltrane and Armstrong.

it is a thing of alchemy here in this darkened room,
absorbing the sunshine of each other's bones.

Author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher

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