Mikado
By Kari Larson

A silent lucidity
in facing fears,
thorns interlace
beneath their glorious raiment.
The sky weeps new life,
and in nourishing soil
red-gold elegance thrives.

Elysia dwells at the edge of sight,
amidst echoes of dreams unending.
A bed of fragrant luxury awaits
the maiden’s uncareful touch,
it’s composure unyielding
as crimson droplets scar the ground,
a harsh reminder that
pain accompanies beauty.