

Polygraph

SOJAS WAGLE

I once believed rainbows contained
all colors, the Roy G Biv we're taught.
Each letter discrete, incarcerated between
metallic walls who don black and brown
atlantean arms. Encumbered by
the prison, continuous, but walls
are invisible where bloody partitions
must, yet fail, to exist.

Swordbearers gash
and bear blood
on pale hands, dizzy
with their own making.

Newton, a poltergeist,
roams the rank corridors,
prism in hand,
hue of white flesh
refracted into a rainbow.

He sits down at the piano,
brandishes notes from sturdy
keys that cough up a scale
in C major, though only
the ivory-skinned inmates
dance and revel in the music.

Skin glowing,
they smile
knowing that all colors
are born from the white light,
the light oozing from their pores.

Gaping holes remain
where black keys once stood.
Songs of accidentals:
sharps and flats
once existed like

a phantom limb.

My screams only merge with
the melody like
an intentional harmony
succumbing to the subwoofer that
ensnares me, almost
escaping.