

Anne Laure Sacriste

I sleep in white and black
Cherries flower darkly –
Colors are beyond.

Without words I write a beyond
Between earth and sky –
The heart sweats in the dark.

The chrysanthemum in the dark exists
Eyelids swallow the obscure –
I'm a background for petals.

I draw petals on the sand
Imagination is fond of vast beaches.
It's pouring rain.