

amber

the air is golden . . . sweet scented . . . viscous as honey . . .
clinging to the body as it moves . . . each step an effort . . .
each breath a liquid inhalation . . . yet a delight . . .
moving through the fluidity of amber light . . .

the sun sinks swiftly . . .
in the deep blue purple darkness of the hut . . . the air airless . . .
inside a mosquito net falling from the ceiling . . . cocooned for sleep . . .
too hot on a sweat soaked bed . . .
a fan rotates slowly . . . a soft pulsating whirr . . .
a feeble movement of warm air . . . exhausted oxygen . . .
mosquitos whine . . . a high chorus in the dark . . . invisible . . .
sleep is elusive . . . the mind drifts . . .

in a dream I am a mosquito . . .
flying through the golden resinous air . . .
each breath a liquid inhalation . . . each wing beat an effort . . .
sinking . . . drowning . . . in the flow of honey coloured light . . .
trapped . . . frozen in amber . . . discovered . . . polished . . .
a curio . . . an insect jewel from a prehistoric age . . .