

# Flavor in Image

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Sharpness, an intake of breath

Memories shifting through shades of grey

Your shadow leads and as obediently as a newborn pup, you follow

A loner is never lost, just as a wanderer is always at home.

Hunting in the darkness, things you may or may not have done

Are you alive or are you dead?

Eyes shining bright, sparks of color in a mind of black and white

Deflecting all emotions as effectively as fish scales reflect the sunlight.

Bite your tongue until metallic blood frosts your lips

Resembling a delicious cherry glaze

No lipstick on the cheek tonight, but a handprint instead

Out to the doghouse you go.

A promise of Heaven rejected,

It is what it is.