

Victoria McLeod

(27 Dec 1996 – 14 Apr 2014)



Photo credit: Malcolm McLeod

Yen

*I revisit the disillusionment of mid-February;
Superficialities encumber my scathing
Mind while I begin praying,
Searching, yearning, aching,
For an evening of liberation
In the form of blunt and impromptu candor,
Though our words will be absorbed
By the stars under your tembusu tree,
And will be whisked away by the sultry squall,
And forgotten in the morning,
I still long for honest potency to pass us through
The hypocrisy and petty fears
Of infelicitous mid-Februaries*

Untitled

*She prayed and prayed,
The covers wrapped around her,
Listening to the clock tick away her time,
Until the day she left the bed,
And left herself behind.*

~ By Victoria McLeod, 2014