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The Perfect Darkness

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The Perfect Darkness

Through the imperfect autumn darkness
on the streets he ran
arms up in victory
laughing, joking, bouncing
So carefree
His bright eyes
pressed open by the cold air
His happy hair
alive on end
His taut healthy skin
autumn red on his cheeks
riding the crest of the wave
caused by his buoyant smile
In love with life
he wished it would never end
What a party this whole thing
was
The headlights came so quickly
he barely realized that
the shadow in front of him
was he
Why was he being lifted
thrown, bent, broken
The autumn night metal
so cold on his skin
His once perfect skull
misshapen on the glass
It all stopped
on the dirty cold pavement
His blood so warm
flowed into his ear
His untouched eyes fixed
on the perfect black above
A man and a woman
two faces not happy
appeared above him
Get out of my perfect darkness! - he thought
I don't know you!
How dare you include yourselves in my end!
Alone
out of his broken, bloody mouth
the words he steamed
"Not like this."
"There's still so much to do."