Aurora has a unique style, writes with beautiful illustration, and fills this poem with hidden meanings waiting to be discovered by the reader.

~ Amy Van Proosdy, Tutor

Some Sort Of Prophecy

By Aurora Krueger

Dark grey cotton,
Hung heavily in the sky
Threatening to cry with the weight of thoughts
It carries, mirroring my mind.
Fading, dry grass
Flattening beneath my feet
As I walk, face towards the sky
Awaiting rains and some sort of prophecy
To unveil polaris and show the way.
I don't know why
You are mixing my old feelings
Into you,
Or why you watch me walk away
And let me see desire flare in crystal eyes.
Am I one foot out the door
Or just in your next corridor?
Does your blood turn feverish in your veins
With the promise of awaiting spring-
And something more,
Something not forgotten?
Dusk-it's something you see in me
And the horizon
You were never night,
But will you haunt it just the same,
Just to see the look of sheer dismay upon my face?
I shattered your reflection held within
But now that I awaken,
My daydream is piqued with something
That I try to know can never be.
Maybe midnight
Will hold some sort of prophecy
Cast from polaris and moonlight.