

Poetry Submissions

Tomorrow

Lava lamp lit daydreams of a neon-fluorescent future,
but I cannot picture any details outside of the warm, airy glow.
I imagine that in my neon future, I can float. I will be safe, hidden away.
The future sounds like the crackle of a Geiger counter.
I imagine being alone with you, our faces bathing in the irradiated pink and yellow glow.
I hope it will look like the fairy lights of the present.
One day I will grow old and wither, and my hands and feet will grow cold as blood flees my purple extremities.
My skin scorches under the unrelenting blue sun, so I strip it away and step out of it, naked in the dry smoky air.
One day you too will see my flesh and bones, my skin discarded somewhere.
But even then, my neon tomorrow will be bright.

by Justin Madu

