

Lover of All Things Moon

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Author's Note: "Lover of All Things Moon" is a commentary on abusive relationships and their impacts on the body, mind, and soul. It combines notes of nature with elements of religion and time—ultimately describing the translation of grief across time and how it comes to manifest within us.

Consider the sun the most forgotten
star, how we've forgotten her calico
orange and let her citrus slip our
minds. How godless it is to know saints
as angels, pruned and corked
into skeletons. An evolution has
begun—we knew it when we
found the young curled by our bedside,
praying. The sun breathed in us
rapid beginnings and glittering explosions
quick to cease, though our hair
is left swaying and our bones have
yet to date. Our life still quiet and
reminiscent of the dark. We won't learn
ghost towns or vessels that flush
like faces. Only the kind of fevers
that pinken us like paper cuts
after watching the sky too closely,
after seeing the moon moving
like a body, her light falling like
vines and reaching for asphalt.
It's known how even streetlamps
can blind me, but you reach for
soft waist anyways, for after all
it's what you know best,
the affinity of the tides,
the turning of sand.