

Skin Deep

I want to breathe the tears of the Moon
Like the dust eats its own eye.
I want to raise this chiled from its stillness
But the leaves bleed like rust from my fingers

What white lies
Smell like chaff and powder
Feel to the touch
Of an empty smile
Gaping teeth
And dry words.

Like a blanket of dew
On a white berry
Thick as a shell
And warmer within.

Only to burn
In the rage of wind
To go up
And fall down
And revolve once again.

A raisin now hangs
At the end of its world
Under the open black sky
With its millions of eyes.
And bleeds its tiny heart
From its weary dry stem.

But He has wrung nectar from sand
And dines with Saguaro
Just as thick and sweet
As I wanted to be.

So I laugh . . .
My echoes will pulse into the sky
Until the Moon has ceased to cry.

