

## 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.

