

Oblivion

*It has bitten
into my life-
This kennel-bone
Sucked thin.
-Charles Simic, "The Spoon"*

I
The hot concrete of
hell—
A life as put together
as a jigsaw puzzle missing
pieces.
I remember us being happy,
I wonder and long for us to be like
that again.
His arm wraps around me like a snake
around the limb of a tree.
Little tongues protrude out from his finger
tips.
I taste his kiss.
I feel his passion.
I see his longing for me.
I touch his face.
I hear his promising words.
The little tongues taste the way
my heart felt.
My first grade teacher
never taught us how to love.
She taught us how to love, but not
like this.

II
We flew together, he with
ten little tongues and me, to
the moon where we drank
chocolate milk from the shoes
of Shakespeare.
I longingly watched
meteors hit the Earth.
Eventually we will read vows
to each other in our little
church on the moon, and
we will become one.
The forgotten moon
now our home forever.
I have to realize that
being home is far,
far away from being home,
but I can still see it
out in the distance.
*La luna es muy bonita a la noche**
And the man in the moon is
my neighbor who says "good morning"
and "good evening" at just the
right time.
As we sleep in our new moon
home, his arm wraps
around me like a snake
around the limb of a tree.

*The moon is very beautiful at night