

I swallowed the moon
And in my belly it rumbled
And I thought about the gods
And Tiny Zeus cracking open
His father's head. Can this be as bad?
As magnificent, as life-defining?
I Pat my stomach over a cup of
Tea and a book, the pages open
To sentences woven fine like needlework
To a plain and tactile ending...
And all the while inside of me,
This thing glows. And outside of me,
The now raven black sky resents me
For the light I've stolen.