

Away with you

If you are the moon

Where did you go?

If you are the real moon

Why do my eyes burn when I stare into

The night sky choking diamonds at me,

Struggling to breathe—

If you are the moon, Why did you leave?

If you are the moon

Then I'm your sun,

You said it three times slow on a golden afternoon and in the bed beneath the

Willow trees at dawn,

If I am your sun, Where has my light gone.

As I grieve.

In the wake of you.

I must breathe what I make of you,

Jasmine puddles on the ground,

Grizzled trees turned upside down,

I was lost and I was found and

You returned me—

Did you deserve me—

If this is my night sky wishing well,  
Well where have all the werewolves gone and the witches casting spells,  
Upon the midnight coastal cliffs sparse with trees,  
against the empty midnight sky burning up for some relief.  
Oh please relieve me—

I am as gone as I was here when I was with you. I am a midnight summer rain hoping to flood  
you out. So I'll forget you...

But,  
if you are my moon  
Why  
have  
you  
gone?

If I meant the world to you then why'd you sacrifice the two for this?  
I know the inside of this well  
All too well, it's emptiness.  
Was I a quest, a lone star traveling west, you'd like to meet me—  
But once you did you knew my light  
And everything afterwards  
Must've been defeating—

So what is left of left but all un-right  
Wicked sanctimonies on a sacrificial night.  
Burning sage myself to burn you out  
Oh my clothes and skin and all the gnashing flares within that won't unlearn you,  
What's one to do? If I were the moon what would I do?  
Travel road to road to get myself a taste or two of the sunlight speckled shoreline and the pine  
trees flowing garland,  
Might I cross the seas to reach what I know well?  
Is it by design for us to tell.  
If I know the night might then I leave,  
Give up all the gold and it's wretched hold on me. Settle in the shadow of your face,  
And face the faceless moon,  
No furor, no grace.

Maybe then I'll know within  
Where is the moon,  
And I'll see from sky to sea  
What I never could have believed before—  
That when you went away  
It did not go away with you.