The Stolen Moon

I want to carry the moon with me, in my pocket and when I'm lonely I could pull it out and hold it for a while-We see the same moon, you said, when I missed you most, the same silver face in the night sky. But now the sky is nothing. I wanted to tell you to open your eyes and see the silver smile peeking through the blinds, but the tubes hung like vines and all I could see was the green ivy growing up the red brick of the old, familiar house where you told me stories of tooth fairies and the stolen moon, laughing as we made wishes on curly potato chips and earrings out of Snap Dragons. I think you loved me more than that pale laughing face in the sky. And I would gladly steal the moon and live in darkness if you were here, once more. The scent of lavender and dark English tea still linger on the notes, the ones you tucked in the pages of my favorite books. One fell out this evening, as I was thumbing through a book of Burns. I was not prepared like slipping on the shower floor and flailing for a handle. And many whiskeys later I want to crush the moon and the sprinkle the dust into the ground so you never get cold.

Cold Drips

Cold drips of sleep escape from his fingers as he lies beside me.
My eyes gaze blankly at the white stained ceiling, and I am a ghost among the blood red sheets where unlucky tears explode on white hot cheeks. And he is everything. He is the moment the sun crawls over the horizon, and as his eyes of sleep open the thick golden marvel caresses me to pieces.

Michelle's Funeral

Everyone has left
with their kind words
back to their lives
where they can hug their mother
when they miss her.

The Hazy Blue

The hazy blue begins to fade with white froth in the wake of orange. And you are mine with all the growing rain. And the rocks beneath our feet can hold us as long as the sun can hide his face.