

there's panic in the first beat of the morning,  
so while it's still dark, i tiptoe outside  
to stand under you  
and peer up with defiant eyes as you drip  
balmy cream onto my face.  
my tongue illiquated to teeth a month ago, yet in this predawn,  
i swear by the taste of sour milk.

i know you were full just a month prior. i saw your silhouette  
as you cowered  
behind the forecast. in confrontation, i curse you silently, for you never  
surrendered your high place in the night sky,  
nor did you plummet to earth,  
when that lost love of mine  
panicked at the taste of all that could have been  
and plastered my lips together.

moon, do you understand what i'm feeling now?  
do you watch as my knees buckle and shatter like sea glass?  
are you the one to tap into the orchestra in the veins of my wrist,  
and stick butter to my toes, so i slip in lilac and dust and  
gritty shell,  
all while you and your stars peer down,  
cackling?