

the moon has had a rough life...

the universe is a domestic abuser

i can see it in her face

pale

scarred

afraid to leave her orbit.

i have been told that these are the characteristics of abuse

and survivor bonding with the abuser.

it only escalates.

i dread waking up one morning

before sunrise

and seeing her delicately sublime light

with ligature marks.

the final phase of the moon fading

into the unenchanted darkness

of the very beginning...

the only possible ending

for something that has always

been a matter of time.

but again there are cultures that say the moon

is a man.

who has a rough life now.

the moon.

the moon without a defined gender

or a social umpire.

a rough life.

wf.h.

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