

i am never sure whether the moon is a vessel
containing delicate and subtle love

or the cold light of intense despair.

frequently i have looked up and asked

but no answer returns.

perhaps it is not a language

maybe it is a vibration we confuse with a heartbeat.

maybe there is nothing that

can respond or can choose to respond.

i continue to look up

wondering if it is a crushed skull singing of cosmogenesis

in our darkness of false hopes

and whether it just may be that and nothing else

like the many false hopes

that depend on the night and whom

you are with.

i continue to look up.

wf.h.

2023