

The Moon and Me

Most of my fears are irrational,
a laugh and a dozen gentle words away from calm.
But some of my fears burn and blister,
With bloody knuckles and broken nails
I am afraid.

Blaming the moon is unfair
but she must be at fault, because
I am not.
My mother says I am made of the moon
and I always wondered why the moon would make
me so full of fear.

My mother says my fears are stars,
hard to reach and
silent.
Sometimes I forget they're there, but
at night they come alive.
They can't hurt you, she says.
~~She lies~~

Dad says my fears are ants,
always there, lurking.
A force of nature
but easy to squish with a
strong pair of boots.
But when he washes away anthills on the driveway
I cry
into my pillow.

My brother says my fears are specs of dust,
resilient and inconvenient.
I wonder if he thinks I'm
resilient and inconvenient
Maybe so, but
I've never seen him vacuum

The moon was feeling spiteful

last night,
when she sent the windows rattling and
the walls creaking.
Wind clawed at the door, chanting my name.
When I tried to keep it out,
it bit my flesh
and severed my throat.
I'd blame the moon, but I'm afraid.