

The Sunbather's Fear of the Moon

Now that I'm out walking alone, old Bone
face looks jealous of the blood ruddiness
of my skin. Just let her try to scrape it
away and she will see it takes more than
petty metal to get to me, she'll see

how useless a good cool staring-down is
against skin this tough and crusty. And she
should identify with that. What the pale
fool won't understand quite as easily
is that my shine's not a reflected light

because it's always noon inside my chest
where day has a home the size of a fist.
I'm flushed with the heat of its love and of
the pleasures it brings through its bright
probing fingers and tongues. It's made me so

young I can go it alone. I don't need
that shine she gives to the land so wanly
old Boneface must know it can't cut the dark,
can't make it bleed anymore than I did
by day. The bit of bright blood I shed soaked,

as her light does, into the mud. Might be
red rain subterraneously. Or stars
for the troglodytes to see. It doesn't
matter. I refuse to shatter and set.
Let Boneface put on her idiot gape.

Daniel David Moses