

Fantasy While Cooking at Night

I wish on stars
sleep in the moon's embrace
I am blind to despair
crave only this desperate
intimacy
You, like garlic skin
fragile, potent
tear easily
I am in control
You are my protection
my wonder, my poison
I will have you
pressed into daydreams
I close reason like the Holy Book
and turn pagan
babble at the stars
murmur in the moon's ear ◇