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If I Were the Moon

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If I Were the Moon

ELIZABETH CROZIER

If I were the moon,
I'd never fall down on you,
unless you wanted me to.

Got down on your knees
and begged me to descend into your world.
Let you wrap your arms around me.
The crude bumps pressed into your soft flesh.

I will not burn you.

I will let you live in me.
Climb your way to my surface,
and burry yourself in my sand.
Finally you can use the ladders and ropes
you've been weaving all your life.

Leave this world behind
so you can scratch your name into my skin.
I'll give you night vision,
and let you walk around my dark side,
and if you like it there too,
my eyes will remain glazed
with the overflow of ocean water that swells in my soul.

No one ever says what's at the core of the moon,
and I don't know what's at the core of myself.

But I know deep inside you,
you know the truth;
you have the tools for finding it— me.
We'll discover the guts together.

And if I were the moon,
I'd never stop watching you.
I'd stay in your sky day and night
waiting for the day you pull me down.

IMAGE 1103 STEFANI COLMENARES