

The influence of Rahu  
By Rebecca N. McKinnon

I messaged  
you the moon  
is open and honest tonight  
I knew you knew  
what I meant you always do  
I admit I have wished for a  
a bright night sky  
kind of paradise  
I admit I have wished without  
words for the power  
of that paradise beautiful  
as the moon tonight  
luminous enough to light  
the way for us but  
we'd suffocate there  
The moon is no place for sinners  
Humanity never belonged  
somewhere  
so brilliantly unaffected  
by our bullshit  
The very prints of our feet taint  
ed it forever  
staying  
Our choice  
staying  
The road to honesty on Earth  
is much more filthy  
unclean I'm inappropriate I  
wrote this poem in my head first  
I wrote this poem  
in my head first masturbating  
the slick wetness coating  
my thighs my sweat soaking  
my sheets Honestly Honesty needs  
nastiness  
I wrote this poem in my head first  
thinking of you and the poetry  
you understand in me  
Fucking myself I thought of  
the perfect poetic line  
to justify all of humanity  
's selfish destructive desires  
like the full moon with nothing

to hide this line was  
I wrote half of this poem inside me  
picturing you  
inside me  
No matter how many times I finish  
I am not finished  
with you  
The moon has no darkness tonight  
But when I turned on the light  
to write this poem  
I lost that perfect line  
Hair askew palms spreading  
my sex all over the pages  
cunt throbbing from too many orgasms  
and not enough satisfaction  
I am an insatiable woman  
who loses even her most  
perfect arguments in the light  
You will always  
be in the dark  
with me with the same moon  
made of poems in our separate  
skies