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