Creation Myth

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I love this sadness,

I’m the one on my hands & knees,

searching for the lost keys,

in a moonlit locked room,

and you just wait:

the way you stood

in the dark blue

could be a poem .

"I swallowed the key"

says the moon.

The moon could be a man,

who speaks like a child.

I hold my hands like a bow,

held it over his lips,

and looked quietly down into his mouth.

I saw the time the day begins.

Its home: a deep blue.

The same you: a deep blue.

I have seen dust in this mouth,

the way the sea stares through me.

I straddle the seas,

The waste remains,

the moon does not smile,

The sea scraped the black sky.

I want to be a mirror in the grave,

so you look at me to see the sky.

And still, the moon can be a man,

and the stars are still salt in his mouth.

The man should be the moon,

the woman should be the key,

The deep blue should be a little grave,

A poem should be so much more

than the stars holding still

while I speak because there is no disaster

the moon's mouth can't swallow.