

You watch her for an answer.
wait for her charcoal lips to open and pour
fire from her belly...



she is silent

in the dark void

her skin is dry and cracked, pocked with meteorite-acne
and yet...

she outshines the stars
who we would say are sick with

ENVY

ANGER

GREED

“but really,
they are just
lonely.”

You've been caught staring at the moon

I do not think she minds...