

## moon over me

Written by Kate Crash

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The beauty of the dying sun sinking behind the hills beyond the freeway carrying with it my last few strings to youth that kept me kited and now I'm knighted to the poetic dream of my non reality. The end of summers the end of winters the ends of love that I can't quite give up the end of immortal photos of looking 16, the end of age as excuse for lack of reason, I feel the far away surf silking my toes crashing against my knees calling me under hours and hours of my eight year old world could uncrumble in that ocean, with my boy haircut and drunk pops and finger moms and no friends and autistic fits and crazy sugar and dope cravings melt away melt away in those days I spent lost by the sea in our vacation house.

I'm all over the place

I'm rolling on the floor of my apt.

I'm batting my head at the walls

I'm at my window starring at the sinking tub I'm at my bath I'm armed with a pen I wana be ten I wanna die I wanna live I wanna be birthed from this country run out on all the killing and stealing of my government I wasn't to be wise I want to unknow his scent that can hold me to do things I don't mean love the crazy thing the non sense thing the thing the thing

I'm watching the tv five seconds no back at the window the sun is half down, my neighbors knocking, my hands are trembling, I am beautiful, my veigns pop out, my white hair flows, it's

the end of the world people go for like the past hundred years.

All my sorrow all my tears warped into my reflection in the here the window, my green eyes or are they grey the dirty chairs on the balcony from the smog, the the the sorrow and beauty of my mother the way she can't shake the sad can't shake what she once had, we were all rich once, we were all full of life. Zoom zzoomf reeway iggy screaming stepping on our hearts sleep, the ocean, my death, the cancer of love, the sugar candy cone of the moon ready to lose itself in his eyes as he is in my room trying to pull me back pull me aside and assure me my infidelities and insanity are part of my charm. His hand is warm. I want to tell him I'm sad I'm not as genius as I'd like that I never wanted to be ordinary in an ordinary life with a dog and a husband and haty's why I can't let love be love, he pulls me to him. Moon eyes he haas. Moon over me he is the orange in the room silts to deep blue and then black.

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