

between us is —
all it takes to break it
is the right set of
circumstances.

— Catherine Lynn

Long Beach CA

THE MAN IN THE MOON

My pregnant woman's body
has marks and spots, red scars
and black dots, moles and
rainbow bands that stretch
far, as fast as life.
Pocks and pits.
Crevices and craters.

She is my moon,
bombarded by microscopic bits
of elemental matter,
big as a milk-filled, cereal bowl
set on a limitless, royal blue, silver service table.

I READ POETRY LIKE

it has one more syllable
than I can pronounce.

FOOD

The two Asian workers in the kitchen always
offer to share their food with me.
The other Caucasian waiter shares his food
as well. If it's a slow night the Chilean
chef cooks me something.

Try to borrow or lend five bucks
we all give dumb, blank stares.
Who knows where the money is going
or where it's coming from.

But this food thing is sacred.
No questions asked.
The time has come to realize this.