

Luna

maybe I think of you like the moon
my personal satellite
hanging silently, waiting
just over my shoulder
ever-present and distant
illuminating the darkest times
with a soft and calming glow
fading away after offering
your nightly comforts
patiently as I turn elsewhere
subtly swaying
profoundly influencing
impacting in ways you could never see
to depths hidden deeper than the oceans

perhaps I pushed you past my atmosphere
placed you high in the ether
forced the space
and feigned indifference
knowing you couldn't
turn your face away

now I want to pull you down
bring you close
defy my physics to
live by your eternal light

the cultivated distance
offers no consolation
regret and despair
fill my mouth and ears
as I watch out my window
waiting for you to appear

AMBER CARTER