

Moon Man

running
down the stairs

-

-

-

backwards.

must
go
faster.

the carpet's
vicious nylon grip.

the white couch's
innocence.

aren't we all innocent?

[trapped]

inside these | walls |.

need to r u n ---- >

hiding is for the weak.

I am weak.

here comes the faceless ()
man

begging
with his knife.

his knife's
sharp
knowledge.

chasing.

he wants spilled
flesh.

my watch
s l o w s.

the universe's breath.

metallic blood
on stale carpet.

not mine.

not yet.

the
s h a t t e r
of glass
/ breaks / silent screams.

[]
a window
escape

I run,

the pane
framing your absence -----

it's
beautiful,

troublesome.

he is a moon
child;

a smoke

of the mind

but

I know

he will become real

when the

gate [][]

between dream
and reality

opens] [

with the gatekeeper's
perfect sunrise.