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The Man on the Moon

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THE MAN ON THE MOON

I suffocated
on the moon last week,
staring wide eyed at
the blazing blue Earth,
teasing me to turn
like shades of brilliance.
My eyes, reflective
burning suns, never
looked upon the man
whose face, up close, shined
as dark as asphalt.

I suffocated on
the moon, my cracked helmet
tearing the universe
into two askew wholes.
The cracking sound tap tap
tapping on my brain like
some barbaric foreign
bitch begging for refuge.

I choked on a
Thursday, the day
after hump day.
I could almost
see my bouncing
brother bursting

into me, his
smile screaming
ALMOST FRIDAY
ASTRO-NOT, TO
INFINITY
and then he stopped.

I choked on
the moon
shoved and shoved
it halfway
down my throat
before I
realized
it's too big
to swallow
I pressed on
nonetheless
all because
inertia
lives only
in places
gravity
is absent.