

The Stinging Moon

In the evening
I searched the sand
for something to own
 the perfect shell
 a dropped coin
 a ring.

I found
 a big bubble
 a jiggly bobble
 a crystal wobble
 a circle of snot
 an ink blot
 a sea sack
 an injured
 flat-pack
 planet.

I wanted
to peel it off
 the sand
 like a thrilling scab
to feel the weight
of its wobble
to cover my whole face
with its chilly flab.

I cast
my voice
out over the waves.

*Hey, sea,
 you dropped
this thing
 can I have it?*

She said
 Don't touch
 that moon
still stings.

Rata Gordon



LISA BAUDRY

The Stinging Moon

by Rata Gordon

illustration by Lisa Baudry

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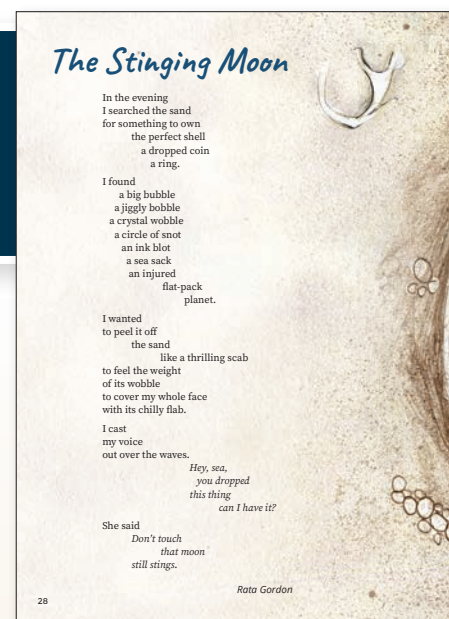
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