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Only Half A Moon Outside

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Only Half A Moon Outside

Abstract

he mumbled low, hidden in past footsteps, beaming through the tom branches needling his head

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Only Half A Moon Outside; Zan Agzigian

ONLY HALF A MOON OUTSIDE

by Zan Agzigian

*he mumbled low, hidden in past footsteps,
beaming through the torn branches needling
his head,
"The caterpillar's essence is not in its slink,
but in its roll. The inability of colorful glows
while still a worm."*

AND YOU?

*the pace came quick, and he made slips
through
feet hit concrete, up the hill,
the hills rolled in and out,
and tapdance was the masterful escape,
if slowness let it be that way.*

*flap arms, grip hands,
moved circles round the ribcage,
and i felt the trembling words
through broken toes he broke when kicking
out his prose,
"And too, the menace lies within our actions.
Where are you within these actions?"*

WERE YOU?

*his legs grew long, and poled the ground,
and took each corner with the greed
of thirsty baby at a breast, to feed
off of some alive energy left.*

*out into the street, flagging down
the garbage truck, repeating
repeating
repeating the pants*

*of black world laws, the hell's
garbage*

*take me, take me, anywhere
away from here
the cushions in your truck can float
us over any ocean. just don't ask
the time for questions.*

*but his hands, unlike the misdirected
muse, waved silent with no promise
of how to tend to air, and only smiled.*

*deaf and mute, nothing geared his moment,
except the open door that slammed
the secrets in of mine, and his hidden voice*

*as neck cranked right, the bloody sight
of hands punched at the window, slicing
whites of withered eye,
"SO! This is the end of bureaucracy
as we see it!"*

*and the open wound oozed out upon a pil-
low
when i raised my head and felt the beam
of only half a moon outside.*