

For the love of the Moon

"In my childhood diary I wrote,
'I have decided that it is better
not to love anyone, because when
you love people, then you have to
be separated from them, and that
hurts too much.'"

ANAI'S NIN

我愛你

i saw you in june
after the rain made me call out of work
and stay in bed until 1
you didn't know that about me yet
and you still don't...
we ran into each other twice that day
once outside my door
and again in the 7/11
we got a coffee

...

talked about bees
talked about china
talked about political systems

...

the next time i saw you we danced and sang
with salarymen and children
our mouths full of japan
wading through wet streets
we made our way up together
we didn't do much talking
after your question

...

now the thunder rolls in
ripping up from islands in the pacific
i am laying on my back absorbing the sounds
under high pressure

how does a storm chase itself
out to sea
&
back again?

remember that entire june we thought it would never
stop raining?

&

you were convinced that you were dreaming someone
else's dreams

not even really dreaming them
but viewing them when you went to sleep
you couldn't feel your own presence
so that's how you told me you knew
a projection
of someone else, alien places and people
deserts you've never been to, houses occupied by the
ghosts of another's memory,
recalling hands and limbs of a phantom

i said we all dream of things we haven't seen
but you insisted that you were disembodied

&

that maybe they were
more than dreams
to awake disoriented from
in a gray dawn
because the sun hadn't shown up for nearly 25 days
straight

but then
as if by an invisible switch
the sun said hello to Kanto
&
the dreams turned from projections
to bees and sisters

a blue moon
now twice full
it will soon be less
like love drifting out to sea
how do we keep a moon full
for a month until it shines again

i sent via LINE

until you smash into my arms at nearly 3 am
muttering that the moon can't always be full
& that this is the beauty of life
you smell like Castors, Vietnamese food, and shochu
full moon on our mouths

your body a rail
against my own softness

i asked google to define "the future"

The future is what will happen in the time after the present. Its arrival is considered inevitable due to the existence of time and the laws of physics. Due to the apparent nature of reality and the unavoidability of the future, everything that currently exists and will exist can be categorized as either permanent, meaning that it will exist forever, or temporary, meaning that it will end.

–Wikipedia

the future was all upside down amazon boxes
repurposed to hold 10 year old poetry manuscripts
in a New Jersey basement
but your dream was a future in past tense:

[2/1/16, 12:49 PM]

We were in an ice cream shop, in some countryside town. But everything had this Pan Am branding, and it felt like it was raining, but it had not been raining

Branding*

There were fist sized cubes of meat in plates

Like perfect isometric cubes

China had this huge hair, he sounded like a bunch of bees, i guess because i dont know his voice

At some point you both got up and left

In a green moped

You sounded like all the bees
in the poems i never made public
&
missing in China
people pollinating crops

how does a person from the future
talk to someone from the past
we do it geographically

i drove away on your favorite color
in his dream of never met people

in the present i think of a future visit to your work
my hair much longer
my eyes content
the passage of time
has eased my pain
this is some time in may
when the bees are out again

&
you don't even come out from the kitchen

&
i don't even know if you're there
but i think i can hear bees in the back

where were you
when the moon was orange and full
a fat mandarin in the sky
low hanging fruit

we can't reach the moon with our hands
stretched out
to meet yours
one possessive
another elusive

nothing has changed?
time changed
months passed
our bodies have new skin
the sea level rose
masses have migrated
bloom and decay
one entire season
&
i am cold
like a moon landing
seeing from all the way up here

there is no other moment then the present
reality playing
a tune to the changing tone
of your voice
but i can no longer hear your voice
it is all text now
am i wasting my breath
i mean text

i was dry
our love a moon
a satellite of a bigger mass
love; gravity; laws of attraction
all dependent on probing
one day the mountain has mist
another none
in the present my fingers are cold
should i turn up the heat?

I had this weird feeling all day. From my teeth to my feet. A certain dryness. From bad teeth to worn feet. I see an exhibition at the Mori and nearly cry when I see cut together scenes of the Vietnam war. It is very appropriate, having just been there. I saw the words FUTURE SHOCK twice yesterday. Once in a student's paper (misused) and the other in an article about student protestors. I get a feeling at the museum that only very privileged people get to go to museums. After the Mori I meet with an old friend/failed lover. He is in his late 40s, he pays for a 3.5/5 bowl of ramen and a foot massage and we have a deep talk about the lover I am not speaking to. I go to Shibuya and get gelatto to ascend from the Tokyu building, gelatto in hand and see firetrucks and smell smoke. There is a building on fire. I see it pop and lick. There is a body covered in a blue material taken from the building. They put out the fire and I go to the other side of the station where no one knows what's happening just 5 minutes away. I feel funny. I have that dry feeling from my teeth to my feet. My friend makes me wait for an hour. We go to a stupid party and a stupid bar. I am still thinking about the fire. We walk by it later (before the stupid bar) to go to Cerulian tower and promptly leave because everything is over 2000 yen. I meet some stoners. I follow them home to Hakuraku. I get very stoned. Still feeling that weird dry feeling. It is elevated. They only speak Japanese and after a certain level of high I cannot communicate. There is an attempt at 4 am to walk home. After I pass one station I get a cab and fall asleep.

a spider near the bus stop
in autumn morning sun
too many late nights
during a work week
i don't think i feel anything
awkward now
reaching out around your stubborn brow
i'd give anything for half a moon
to see my mind
fulness
under a full moon
i always liked that picture:
the many moons
people would measure time by
that spider was impressive
i mean really impressive
just hanging there
spinning its beautiful thing
w/o knowing that i was looking
i mean maybe knowing im looking
but
why can't i have love like that

how do we make something that is logically
true emotionally
true

for a week i saw a crane standing in the river
for 2 days there were 2

now the autumn air is drying nostrils and leaves
i am waking up early and making hot coffee
doing due dilligence
exercise and austerity
i never changed my password from
his initials and a year

how do we make something that is logically
true emotionally
true

for a month i had love with another
for a while it was new

that summer was wet and green
we woke up late entwined in a dream
tramping through Niigata
with boots too small; the moon pried
them from my feet
as a memory fades how do we keep
a name and a month

i am asking
honestly

how do we make something that is logically
true emotionally
true?

Japanese office workers stopped what they were doing
to witness the thunderstorm
after a clap of thunder
and a strike

i don't want to end up alone
she typed into skype
a wish
to a stranger
even words we both read
means misery loves company

& just like that the storm was over
leaving drops on petals of plants
parting clouds
pavement shining before the sun set

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the end of april
all distant earthquakes
and rain and sun
the moon is out
pale against blue
like a waning love
or a person
wanting to be made seen

The last time I saw you, the moon, the last time I saw you as the moon you held my face in your hands. You said something about perfection and how you would always love me. I should know someone, the moon, would always love me. The moon loves me always. But I am not the earth and you are not the moon. If it that was true you wouldn't be able to escape the gravity of me. Our roles are reversed. I the moon and you the earth. I should have always known this to be true. Please find me again so I can make a different metaphor craved out of heavenly bodies. Please find me again before I am gone from this slice of rock in the ocean, back to my home. Please find me again...