

a waterfall illuminated by moonlight at midnight
Luke Jackson

two faces of rock
as if starved lovers
long for each other's embrace
the moon cruelly cuts itself
bleeding into their tears
beautifying their sadness
illuminating their separation

i approach one lover humbly
caressing its dark cold face
it pays me no mind as i sit
dipping my feet into its
white cold flowing tears
feet turn to ankles
turn to chest turn to head

engulfed in its tears i open
my eyes, i am blinded by
thick rushing liquid laying
me back, i try to stand but
too heavy is the stream of sorrow
the way i give in is impulsive
as if my body alone chose to fall

plummeting down with the tears
i begin to feel embarrassed
who was i to join their grief
who was i to foolishly think that
i could reunite the lovers, yet
as i fall there is a beautiful moment
where the moon bleeds on me