

The Other Side of the Moon
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Have you ever gone outside at night?
Then find that it was bright as day?
Where evergreens stand engulfed in white
Your eyesight processes fingers
Straight lines, purposely designed
Everything in focus
You are focal
Accurate... Precise

Perhaps a full moon mirrors sunlight
Homogenous energy, heterogenous type
No matter the season everything is ripe
livin' exactly what God decided to write
Every battle, struggle, fight
Ends in your delight
Come Devil or God
hell or heaven
The plan is consistent
Foundation firm
Never cast asunder
But I wonder

What happens on the other side of the moon?
When desperation becomes your boon?
light flees from the night
Nothingness suffocates the orange in the sky
Consistency concedes to Opposition
Precision loses to dispersion
life forfeits to death giving hope as compensation
What's being alive when living cannot be your occupation?

Pleas clash against deaf ears
Screams produce fantasies about being seen
Yet, their dreams transformed into terrors

They mourned lives defined by errors

Their trauma metaphorized into artistic muse

Their blues gave others music to listen to

your short fuse, cues of insanity

Someone deposed to profanity

Gave doctors a job to do

nobody cares

For the people who they sought to be

What's a foundation bound to another's destiny?

So come outside, speak to someone

Listen don't hear

Walk in their shoes

Since you never know what one carries or buries

On the other side of the moon