

Sun & Moon

I'm tired
Of the moon on my lips
And the sun in my hair
And nothing else to speak of,
But I have nothing to long for,
Only change.
There is nothing to replace them,
And I don't know what I want.
I wanted you once,
But that moment has passed,
Never to be recaptured
And even the friendship once solid
Now has less substance than the mists of spring.
Her name, too, might still linger
On lips cold from disuse,
But like you, she denies me.
I am still wanting
But I am also more confused.
Am I doomed to want forever
The unhavable?
And so I weep for what I have,
For what I wanted
And what can never be,
Wishing that the sun and the moon
Could be enough again.