

Perigee Moon ...

by ryall *Sunday, Jun 30 2013, 11:44am*

international / poetry / post

is close tonight,
wind and rain
cannot hide its
brightness,
it shines like
a silver button
on a black,
diamond-studded
coat

surf crashes
on Bondi beach
the tide pulled high
by the moon
rain and sea spray
in my face

the rain has been incessant
for three straight weeks,
it's getting to me
fuck!

rain-clouds part momentarily
and reveal the moon
a gouge in the sky,
a silver clitoris
atop a cleft in the clouds

how appropriate
the entire scene is
saturated with female
symbolism

vas deferens in the
night sky

a girl i met
once before responds
to a 'how are u?' with,
"all the better for seeing u,"
and she was serious, then asks,
"what's ur pleasure?"

fuck!

coffee conversation perhaps,
but the girls today want
to bed u straight
-- orgasm junkies

i prefer to delve
minds are more interesting than
cunts,
'planting it' does nothing for me
a waste of time
without first establishing emotional
and intellectual connections

avoiding discussion
and deep contact
is common today

one female wanted to move in
but refused all invitations
for coffee --
no chance moving in
strange and getting stranger

the rain is constant
agitated seas,
the perigee moon's influence
is stronger
than at any other time
in its orbit

perigee is astronomically close
but distance is relative

the moon is reflective,
it has no light of its own
to shine.