

# The Full Moon is Inside Your House

*by* stephen hastings-king

When the full moon changes trajectory and comes close it pushes you to different gravitational fields, sometimes to a desert made from saturated colors where gunslingers draw again and again but never shoot because they continuously change places, other times to spaces made from planes of green on which geometrical forms are arrayed the reverse sides of which are not symmetrical with the facing and rowers traverse the luminous surfaces of Moebius strips while on the shore Babylon is falling.

When the full moon is inside your house you are carried along the curvature of space to the faint brown liquid surface boundary that separates here from there. It is a jumble of reflections of what lay behind and intimations of what lay beyond with clusters of elongated cylinders and insects suspended in its surface tensions. The boundary that separates here from there is where you are perplexed by your invisibility but think without knowing why that an opening lay somewhere ahead.

