

Self-Medication to Lovecraftian Horror

by XXXX

There is something preposterous
about existing in a universe so vast:
Such a big playground for such tiny children,
who in any case seek nothing more
than someone within which
they could stuff their own cosmos,

(some cute boy that can contain all your stars
and nebulae beneath his tongue.)

We observe the domed darkness
to comprehend the million manners
in which we may be lost: yet here we are,
side by side, properly.

Tonight, I looked at the Moon from my bed,
against the bars affixed to my windows.
I require no more space than that
which your body occupies,
but I do not mind being comforted by her,
who looks at both of us always with eyes
eternally glistening with extraterrestrial tears.

