

# 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.

