

## Memory is a Lake, and the Moon is (in my) Ascending

Set me ablaze, love, set me ablaze.  
You've already torn a hole in my chest  
and pulled all the weeds out.  
Now, there's only flowers left.  
*Wow, a chest can blossom too?*  
They're red, orange, and yellow, like the sun –

I feel five years old, in a summer dress.  
The baby chicks are  
running around the grass  
and the stray cats are by my feet,  
ready to hear my foolish story.  
I look up and see Gemini holding hands.