

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.