

Blood Moon

The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
It appears, dark and disturbing
Against the hazy royal blue of a winter evening,
As a warmthless Sun sets behind the distant trees.
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight,
And I wonder, If men still walked there,
What would they see? And would they tremble
As they watch the Sun eaten by their homeworld?
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
And the wolf who lives in my house
Stands on the lawn under its baleful glow
And howls, quietly, so as not to disturb the neighbors.
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
And the wolf who lives in my house
Comes to me, and presses himself against me,
And overwhelms me with the scent of his passion.
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
And the wolf who lives in my house
Flows and shifts and changes in my mind's eye
And becomes the feral thing of his dreams.
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
And as Sunlight once again begins to warm its soil
The wolf who lives in my house
Tears and claws and rips at my unresisting body.
The Moon is rising the color of blood tonight.
And as it climbs, bright and whole and full once again,
I lie spent upon the bloody mattress.
And the wolf who lives in my house
Sleeps in a satisfied curl against my back,
Human again for a little while.
Because the Moon rose the color of blood tonight.