

## Mood Ring

Buck Meek

Blue moon, blue mood ring  
The perfect pair of jeans, no tattoos  
But she drew a face on everything  
Sometimes she'd draw wings on you

Naked at the center of a pond  
At midnight in The Bronx  
Screaming "Hunter boy come on  
The water's warm, be cool"

She pierced my ears in the green light  
With ladybugs in flight  
Silence spoke in white lies  
Broken by our rite of truth

I dreamt we woke in flames  
That night she dreamt the same  
The fire burned our bed  
Our bodies left woven and unscathed

Waking slowly with the bells  
Our secrets told themselves  
Making echoes in the well  
We nearly fell into

Kissing only with our eyelids  
Butterflies entwining  
Laid down in a field of dead lilies  
Felt our lives begin again