

Red Moon

Will Wood

Red, red moon. Keep on rising
The sunset soon indeed will bleed in my horizon
The crescent rests, tethered to the west
Waxing to the rhythm writhing in my chest
That crack between the watercolor sky and sea is the
Corner where you're born in the mist
I might deride the tide, 'cause I'm pulled as it pools about my
feet
Towards your stolen light, while you're holding my slight gravi-
ty

Well, I walk the equator, chasing the light; little do I know i
t orbits close behind
I might remember or might assume, but I only turn around every
once
In a red, red moon. I only turn around every once in a red, red
, moon

Red, red moon. When will your shadows break?
Tell the truth; what're you hiding behind that face?
If matter's in then I might space out
Why can't I take in what you've been dishing out?
Why do I reject while you endlessly reflect?
You're projecting your perfection astounds
Nighttime, please hide my eyes, so the man up there won't watch
me stare
Teach me to make moonshine, and we'll get drunk on the spirits
of the air

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The constellations form infinite paisleys in the sky
The condensation tumbles down and erases all my sight
And is it in the nightmare map of the cosmos up high?
Or is it in the signs? Or stranger still, just in my eyes?

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