

Luna

This afternoon, my Mjöl­nir-wielding son
chased Luna around the back garden till she crashed face
first into the sycamore. As he kneeled in the grass
to check on his new friend, his face a crumpled moon,
the Malamute growled and her fangs
grazed his cheek. It took four tales from Arabian Nights

to get my boy to sleep and it's now past midnight.
He kept looking out the window, picking his crimson
scab and asking for his mother. No doubt she'll stab
me with a stare and tell her lawyer that I ruined his face
forever. Luna is resting in the kennel. The crescent moon
that lights up her muzzle is a battle scar. Lemongrass

won't soothe me and I can't stop glancing at the grass.
What if, instead of this cricket-ablaze summer night...
Our madeleines are just right. Yet the moon
espouses the colour of poached damsons
and wears my son's face.
I seize the Messermeister Oliva Elite.

I can't believe you spent that much on a knife !
But you couldn't get enough of my grass-fed
angus with celeriac purée and morels. I hope his orgasm face
is uglier than mine. I miss you. I hate you. I cry every night
and you're a leech who'll fail to slurp my son
from me. May the almighty Thor ruin your honeymoon.

Fuck your honeymoon.
The olive wood handle numbs my fingers and the blade
takes over. A father would do anything for his son.
Build a blanket fort. Praise mum. Drown the grass
in blood and bury a dog in the candour of the night.
I will hold her close and feel her last breath on my face.

My boy will never have to be ashamed of his face
and my soul should heal before the new moon.
The sycamore weeps its leaves and implores the night
to scrape off my grimace and hide the dagger
in honey. Crimson grass. Madeleine. Crimson grass.
Is that an owl or the cries of my son ?

My son lies in the grass and warps the
night, while a faceless knife, reaching
for the stars, decapitates the moon.