

Nightmare Season

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Twinkling eerily
 and echoing
as it bounds through the dark,
bright lunar laughter
shatters against my sheets
as the thick throated moon spews teeth
falling
 like
 stars
Pinned in a cotton cave
I lay curled,
 embryonic,
under the twinkle and gleam
of the wide night's grin
Watching the sparse, toothless sky
flood with shadows
 Pulsing
with faint stellar heartbeats
the moon's dull skull lolls
 rolling wildly
 across the sky
and grimacing madly,
dark tongue probing the bony planes
of its rabid smile