

Hunger of Kites

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Back when legs were easels and your heart a palette the size of a quarter,
no one could spend till after the paint on the canvas dried and every color
wanted your brush to use them to make something pretty, trauma had a mama,
I was doing her hair. As she looked up at me from that big blue cone
astronaut's wives found sexy, there were so many husbands in gravity's hands,
those bad ass boys of float and feel. I hoped they could read the sign that hung
above the cemetery's open mouth where dental work wasn't included.
When Mama smiled the face of death lit her up inside, as stars above
the ground's latest wound became flowers for failure's brief introduction,
where children grieved pink cotton candy consumed by the hunger of kites.