

*Moonstruck*¹

It's all moon shine and fairy tales
This silly thought I had that love prevails
For life's experience entrenches its
Tendrils 'round my beating heart

The bleeding starts
A trickle
Until I'm startled by the fickle beats
A sign of power fleeting from the very deepest part of me
A part once light
That now begins to reside only in the dark²

The stark contrast of what once was to what now is –
The only word I have to describe a change like this –
“Demonic.”³
Devils' tortured souls are jackals at my Hyde⁴
Blood curdling yelps ring in my ears
Their sneers and jeers so snide
Feeding on fears
Their sustenance and also where they do reside⁵

The moon beams down to them
Their beckon call to havoc wreak and flesh devour
The waxing light that guides their wretched paws
Same light that wanes my power⁶

The moon I see's my lunacy
For the light it gives that I receive
Is nothing more than a false hope in darkest hour
It fails to guide my path ahead
It fails to warm my hands
Merely reflected diluted hope
Devoid of recompense⁷

¹ “Moonstruck” usually conveys notions of being bewildered at love. However, in this poem I describe being bewildered and lost because it seems hopeless searching for love.

² The first two sections explain that the foundation that used to be there – the assurance that love would prevail – is being chipped away. As life goes on and experiences pile up, it seems as though the weight of pain, suffering, hate, and destruction is much greater than the weight of love. These realizations began as a slow trickle of blood from the heart – the core – but have now become more serious as the beating of the heart itself has become affected. The beats are fickle. Sometimes they are strong, but sometimes they are very weak or out of rhythm. This has become serious.

³ But this change is more than a simple realization. It is an oppression. It extends well beyond the emotional and rational and into the spiritual.

⁴ These demons are like scavenging jackals, looking for weak prey. Here I use a play on words. The jackals seek “hide,” or flesh, but I use the word “Hyde.” I am conveying that at moments the author feels like Jekyll and Hyde – the sane doctor at times, and at others, the insane monster.

⁵ The place these demons take up shelter within my soul and the things they feed on are my fears. I picture a cave with bones. It's the place of shelter and death.

⁶ The weak light of the moon guides the wretched jackals (demons). It is also what brings me to weakness, which I explain next.

⁷ I am a creature of the day. The light the moon provides is not sufficient to guide my path or warm me. It is a tease in the darkness of my soul. This is what I have come to think of love. I am lost in the darkness of my heart and this world, and the moon spits in my face, an inadequate source of light (love), and a reminder of the sun that is shining

warming, guiding, true light (love) elsewhere – but not here. I am moonstruck. Its light is no hope and no solution and no recompense for the trials I now face.