

Marcelo Hernandez Castillo

Pulling the Moon

I've never.

I've never made love.

I've never made love to a man.

I've never made love to a man but I imagine.

I imagine pulling the moon.

Pulling the moon out of his brow.

I imagine pulling

the moon out of his brow and eating it again.

Pulling his brow in silence.

A kind of silence when the moon goes out.

When the moon goes back and forth between us.

A kind of silence that goes back and forth.

A kind of silence lit for a second.

Seeing ourselves for a second

through the eyes of a horse.

Through the eyes of the blue horse.

Seeing through the blue horse that turns its head

and speaks to us.

Looking through the blue horse

that burns slower than my hair.

My hair that burns the moon off.

My hair with a hand inside it.