

## Lunacy

The full moon grew inside my belly this month.  
Most men (and even some women)  
believe lunacy is a mental aberration,  
but I know better.  
Lunacy is a body growing full and round,  
twin of the moon,  
pulled by invisible umbilicus  
out to the heavens.  
I hardly dared to look at the moon last night.  
I wanted to.  
It was so beautiful,  
its ripe light lying across the ground and trees  
like a woman on on a velvet couch.  
But I knew that if I looked for more than a moment  
my belly would be drawn up into the sky  
and I might never return.

Fighting lunacy when she has a moon in her belly  
is what makes a woman crazy.  
The real world never accomodates.  
So let us build us a moon-hut,  
a place where we can bleed  
on the soft,mossy floor,  
hug our bellies, and  
gaze at her glowing fullness to our hearts' content.  
Let our bellies lead us,  
and if we float away, so be it.  
The learning that has gone unlearned for thousands of years  
will be ours.  
We will harvest the stars,  
roll around in moon dust,  
drift in spirals, ever up and out.  
We will have to trust our bodies to call us home.  
Can we do it, do you think?  
My body yearns for its fulfillment.  
Its destiny demands lunacy,  
or more babies.  
I must commit myself.  
Oh, my moon-sisters,  
will you come with me?  
I cannot bear this lunacy alone.

