

**Death is the Color of the Moon**  
**John Tustin**

Death is the color of the moon  
as it reflects into the mirror  
from that little open space  
in the blinds before the window

and it shines upon your leg that  
is raised up and ivory colored in  
the moon with my hand holding it  
and my mouth putting a hickey on

your thigh

and  
life is the color of the moon.

John Tustin's poetry has appeared in many literary journals in the last dozen years. Visit [fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry](http://fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry) to see links to his previously published poetry.

## HER HAIR IS A CURTAIN OF BLACK

Her hair is a curtain of black  
Falling over her present and her past

And her eyes so brown  
That they appear black  
Except in the dark  
Where they are most exquisite and delicate,  
Wet with her tears

That I would kiss away  
As I lost my fingers in the inky curl  
Of black hair so thick and mesmerizing.

Born to love her,  
With the blackness of my soul  
Mixing with the blackness of her hair -  
A waterfall of black falling  
In my fingers, in my eyes  
As I look into the darkness of her eyes  
Lost in them but also finding  
The lovely darkness  
Of myself,

Deeper and darker  
Than the bottom of the ocean  
That hides heaven  
As it reveals hell.

## I WALK ALONG THE ILL-LIT PATH

I walk along the ill-lit path  
Without you now  
Until I cannot walk anymore.  
The flowers beheaded and fallen  
Along the path before me are in varying  
Stages of decay –  
Some slippery underfoot, some  
Crunching, some dissolving into putrescent  
Ooze when met by my step.  
As I walk to meet the darkness  
That is also coming toward me  
I think about you and only you,  
Knowing that within that darkness  
There is likely nothing but its silence  
But something inside me hopes  
I'll find you there  
And we can love each other  
Again,  
Even if it is in the silence of the darkness.

## LOVE LETTERS I NEVER SENT

I remember that time when I was a kid  
And I put my hand through the window pane.

I remember when she broke up with me  
And I wrote her love letters I never sent her  
While she was with her husband and kids at Disney World.  
She never even sent me a postcard.

I remember when I had a kidney stone  
And threw up chocolate ice cream.

I remember when she got sick and we started talking again.  
We got back together and things were a little better  
But then they got to be the same again when she knew she was well  
So I broke up with her that time and wrote more love letters I never sent her.

I remember when I moved away  
To this place I live now, this moment,  
Sitting alone on Friday night  
Thinking about this  
And other painful things –

Like the time I punched a different window almost thirty years later  
And

That I no longer write love letters I will never send

Or the other kind.