

MELISSA ADAMO

Lunacy

Moonstruck sounds too sentimental,
romantic like potpourri—
dried petals and buds, plucked
in youth to scab and wither.

No moon strikes. She can't. She may
be bald and wild, as Plath writes, but she's distant
and scarred like a throat—raw and clawed—
an itch never within reach.

The moon has nothing to be crazed about.
She's the spark in the night sky.
Her beautiful bays and lakes wash away
all the coal and ash from her face.

Clarity doesn't move in phases.
It may lengthen days or pull
tides breaking in our minds,
but sanity is not a satellite.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MELISSA ADAMO received her MFA in Creative Writing from Rutgers University. Her poems, essays, and book reviews have previously appeared in journals such as *Connotation Press*, *Per Contra*, *Mezzo Cammin*, and *Modern Language Studies*, among others. She is also a contributing staff writer for *English Kills Review*. Follow her word-thoughts on writing, comedy, and feminism on Twitter @adamopoeting.