

Dear Moon

Laura Ferris

Dear moon,

I read today being a woman killed Sylvia Plath. I knew it. I read *Ariel* again and my greatest fears were confirmed. In every economy of mystagogy there are certain rules for buyers and sellers that do not make sense when you are asleep. I dreamt that my lover crawled through the small doors constellated like puckers at the bottom of a scalloped dress leading him through the rooms of his wife's college apartment. He found her fast at the soft red center, and we watched her sleep together. I let men tease me so they won't realize I left a long time ago. I read bloodlines like a Rorschach test, doubled over and exposed to no one. I wonder what I'm trying to tell myself. I remember forgetting the moon once. I looked up and was surprised. Still there. My mother taught me nothing about being a woman. She taught me everything about the precise calculations and permutations of selling dreams.

Dear moon,

How do I say to a woman, *woman make me feel like the king of the motherfucking world* again? How can I ask her that? How can I ask a woman to be the moon, when you know, moon, that being my woman is what killed her?

Dear moon,

The rules for children are: meet them at eye level, be open in your gestures, and no bullshit. The rules for dogs are: let it sniff the back of your hand to let it decide if it trusts you. Pet and receive licks if yes. Do not approach if the dog does not come forward. It will snarl and bite. It is afraid of being beaten. The rules for birds are: no chance, they're afraid of being eaten. The rules for women are patience. Timing.

Dear moon,

Today I swallowed the sun.