

There's an ache that lives beneath my ribs,
A hollow carved by nights long since passed,
Where fireflies danced like scattered stars
And your voice echoed through the darkness.
The moon was fuller then, or so it seems—
Her light more golden, less severe.
I taste the phantom sweetness still:
Pomegranate seeds and stolen kisses,
The way you'd trace the crimson from my lips
With searching fingers, pull me close
Until my body curved against your chest,
Your breath warm against my throat.
Now the cold has settled deep,
The moon grows white as bones, as ash,
And I'm left holding memories
Like water cupped between my palms—
Beautiful, but always slipping through,
Their warmth fading with each passing year.
Your name still catches in my throat
The moon remembers what we've lost,
She holds my hunger in her light,
And when she rises full and bright,
Still turns my heart into a fist
That beats against my chest in vain.
The girl with juice-stained lips is gone,
But oh, how my body still remembers yours.