Father Moon You Have Made Me

That night she became an ocean:
dark, violent and loudly crashing
through the room.

You became the moon:
Distant, cold, silent but still
so inseparably tied to her ebb and flow.

I was nothing.
I was watching.

You never taught me how to handle an attack.
But when I watched your eyes
focus in on the wall,
watched your muscles
tense to make you statue,
I realized I took lessons from your silence,
from your stillness from your
inability to say, to stay.

But I had to leave
for whatever protective shield
I thought I had,
cracked
So before I became a weapon
in the war you waged with silence,
I left.

Prepared to go anywhere
I ran, but couldn't make it more
than ten steps away from the door.

Your bones are in me and they begged to sit.
Her skin is wrapped around me and it stood on edge.
I cried in patterned heaves, tears tracing well-known tracks.

She is ocean.
You are moon.
I am both.

Because of you
and her
I pull at myself, make my body crash
on the shore of silence.
I am distant from myself,
reaching will never lead to touching,
will never lead to being whole.

I do not want to live this way
but father moon, you have made me.
I promise
I promise
When I grow I will become stone and fire.
I will be solid, still, loud and bright but still being me,
that is being you,
I promise
I promise
one day,
I will destroy.