

Mothra: The Song Remains

1.

As drawn to California Sunlight, so I am drawn to you.
You know your arms are not scales—even if you say so.
They shimmer—galactic, cosmic—and I have wanted nothing
more than moments where your movements were a wavebreak
erupting to mine, seismic and somehow, completely quiet, every moment
you are here, Earth is lost to me. We are un-shaping our chaos
and I am rapturous constellating to you, stars together,
who cares what maw beneath, what stones break waves.
How can it be that when you roar, a kaleidoscope,
so, the world is spinning faster.

2.

Sweet Calcutta Rain loads my wings
and you descend forever
what I remember most is precious
is that once we were not
starcrossed and
once is
enough
to know that
you were really
here when you said

I'm here now——
my love for you
is ancient.

what I remember most is lethal,
is that once we were not
titanic and
twice is not enough
to know that
I lost
to know
twice you
were here
when you said

nothing——
but the waves are
not a silence

what I remember most is radiance,
is that once we were not
noxious tremors and
thrice is enough is
enough to know that I ache
for knowing that
your hands were once here.
You were really here, not once——
thrice——and thrice is enough
when you said

I'll leave you——
my love for you
is petrifying.

3.

Honolulu Starbright falls and from the rift you are ignited. When you emerge, it brings a chaos and I know before the mountains. You do not know, but the earth breaks open and you do not know but you are a beacon, and I dishevel a palace of soil to unbury myself to return as you make maelstroms. We whisper tales of gore, of how we calmed the tides. You do not know this world, but you know me and I am softer than your bed deep in the ocean. I am brighter than the flames that woke you. I am sweeter than a bloodbath. I am safer than the moon underwater. My love, I know how to read your tremblings and my love, I will draw you into my song and I will hold you still until forever is over. Until the world forgets us. Until we are cocooned and fathomless, no more scales and cilia, only a hum in the atmosphere, in the ether, and we are so radiant that you cannot be afraid of this. The world is quiet, the ocean is calm, and I am wilted with my hope that here in my wings you will rebuild all your ruins.