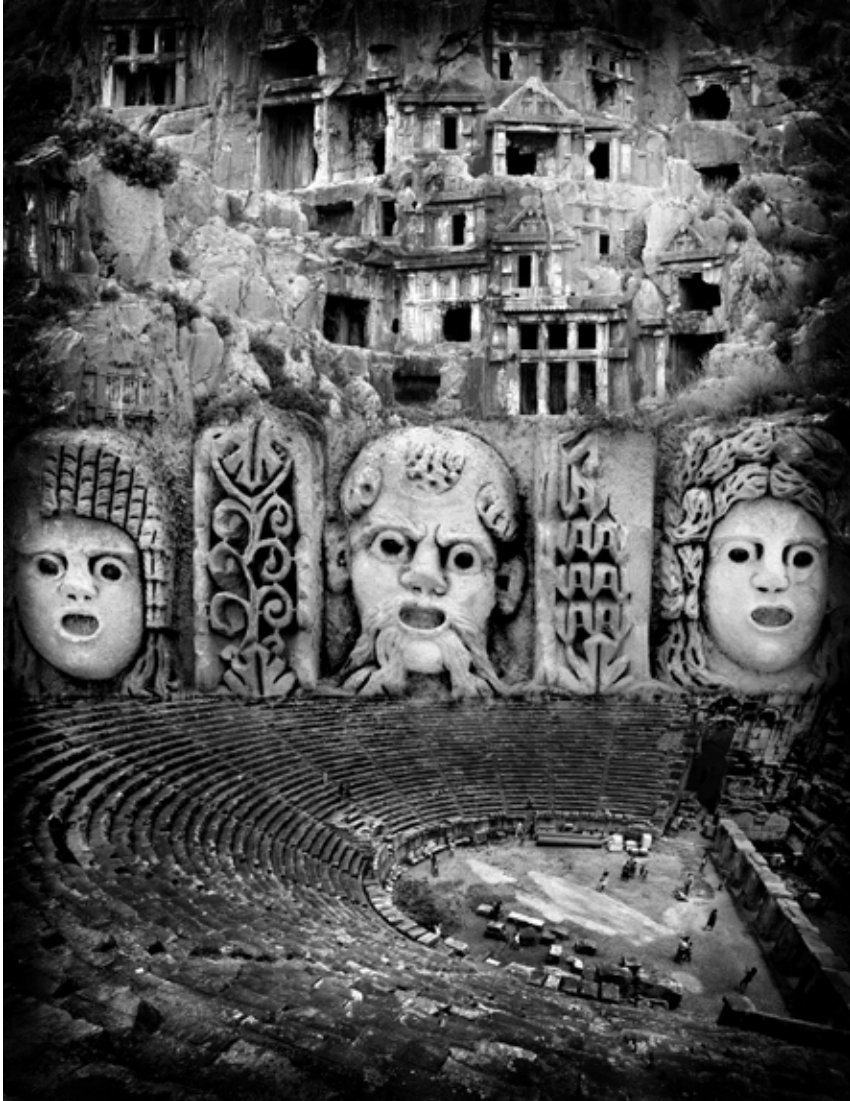


faces of evanescent grandeur



myra, turkey

i am the heir to the moon.

i wax and wane.
then am really full

i glow then hide.
but am never cruel

i am the heir to the moon.

pain is the laughter of gods.
laying on water,
i swoon.