

Molt
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I know the reason
snakes shed skin,
or crabs forsake shells
on forgotten coasts
to fill with water and float away
like storm-wracked boats.
Carapace grown too tight,
the world within grown larger
than the world beyond.

I know the despair
of counting all the stars
in the night sky attempting to
hold back the maddening clamor
of my thoughts. Thinking,
if I could reach out just one hand,
pluck a single brightness
down to wish upon, I would beg
to be rebirthed as a creature
who can live without skin.

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