

Kate Crash is Los Angeles artist, poet and all around rockstar. She can also be [read \(make sure you check out her art\) here](#) and [heard here](#).



There are goosebumps on my skin. Hearts
Fleshy white moons
A question of how to love
and not serve
His breath is even, in his sleep
He grabs for me, for eternity
His hands sandcrab and settle on my ribs
Stillness again.

I want to touch his eyes, open them and say
"I am trying very hard for you to like me..."
though we've been together years
I still put it on
but at night the coldness of lying about who I am swallows me
bones guts and all
" phwooo" he breathes out

Phwoo!

Written by Kate Crash

guts, hmm I feel stomach and knots
are those guts?
I will wake up tomorrow an-and smile
Make him laugh to tornado the worry from his eyes for a while
Then he will kiss my cheeks, shower, shirt, jeans, say he loves me
And I will go back to being sad

Looking at the moon I wonder
If she stopped chasing the sun under the earth
And caught it coming round the other side
Would her love for sun slumber having what she always wanted?
Does the way humanity suffers make us run harder?
If we were all happy might we forever lie in the fields and starve from immobilizing bliss.
I can hear the owls hoot outside
"Phwooo" breathes out my lover
phwooo,,, oh the night is beautiful.