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## (An Ode to) Melanin

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**(An Ode to) Melanin**

*Aspen Jaxon*

His skin—

Galaxies, I have yet to venture  
Mystic, vast and unknown  
Too complex for someone as naive as I,  
I, the asteroid, floating about without purpose or focus, flawed  
Coarse and Porous  
Waiting to be pulled into his orbit  
Enveloped by black holes  
Sweeping up my existence, shaping me into shimmering stardust

His skin—

Graphite grazing the college ruled lines of my dollar store notebook  
Cursive connected by the slip of my pencil  
Lines of azul cradling my poetic scrawl, promising not to spill these thoughts  
No matter how crushing  
Pencil pressed into grainy paper, only then are masterpieces possible

Please, Press me into poetry

Press me into poetry

Press me into

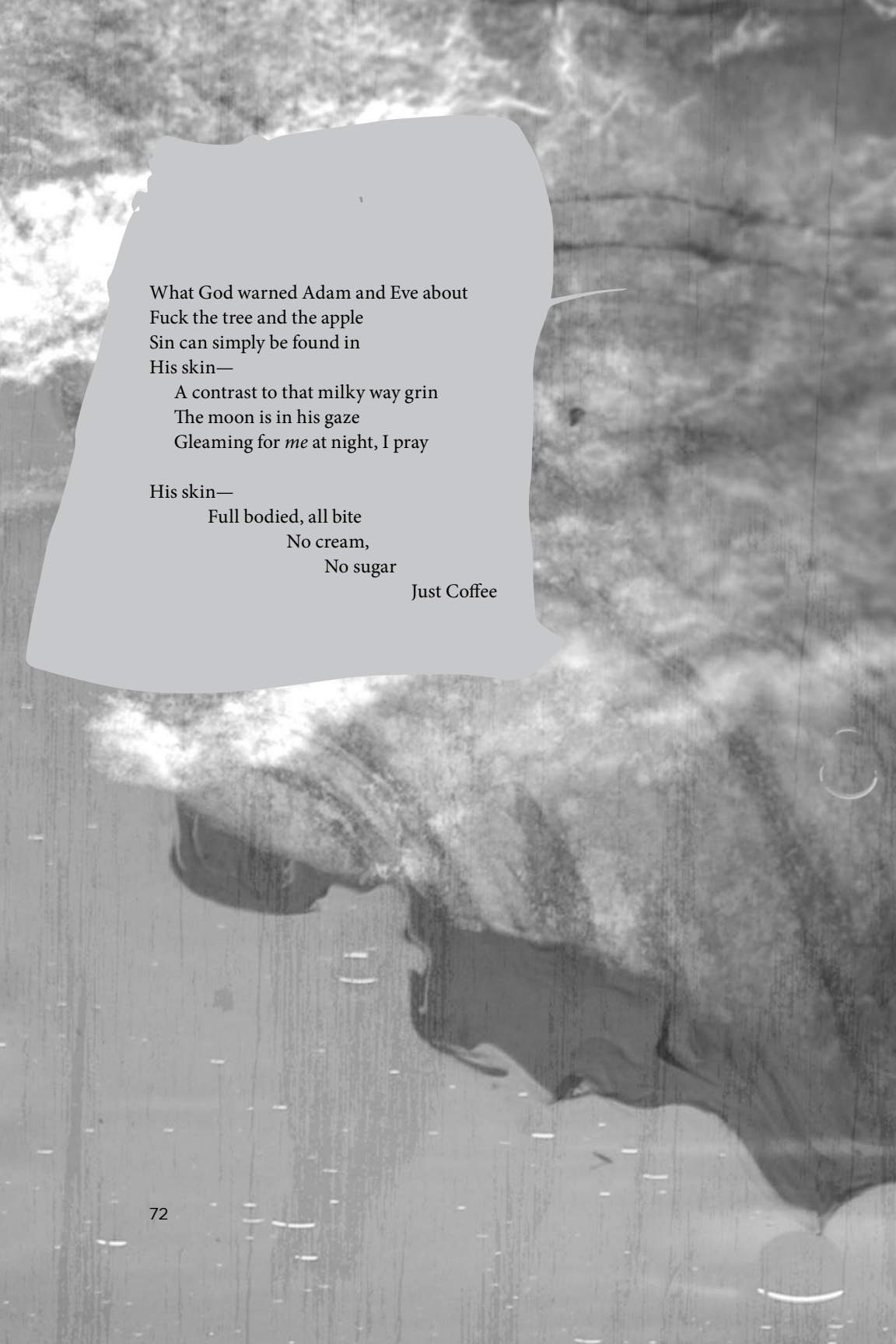
His skin—

The sky after 6pm

Heavy, Hazy clouds toeing the skyline's tightrope

The view behind my eyelids when I trust fall into dreams centered around

His skin—



What God warned Adam and Eve about  
Fuck the tree and the apple  
Sin can simply be found in  
His skin—

A contrast to that milky way grin  
The moon is in his gaze  
Gleaming for *me* at night, I pray

His skin—

Full bodied, all bite  
No cream,  
No sugar

Just Coffee