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(An Ode to) Melanin

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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