

I NEVER TIRE OF THE MOON

STEPHANIE ROBERTS

A low sliver, silver they say. So long & good-bye
against the growing violet felt, it seemed to

hurt the sky by twin fire of emphasis and opposition.
Crescent, comma, scimitar, it was all of these things

& none. It was a seizure of the mind, it was:
time travel, extra sensory perception, aliens,

god's fallen lash, and Lucifer's lopsided smile flaming
down the night. I sent a prayer, *are you seeing this?*

Thankfully, we share the same sky if little else.
Fish shacks on a partially frozen river skirt

measured disaster. I wanted to run home along our
fault line, tell you all about it, like a bloodhound

retrieves a hare, lays it, noses the fork of your stance,
slobbers joy, hungry for my happiness.