

August 8, 2017

in twilight I am in the last car to 54th street
my arm passing toward the moon above having its dinner
in windows I see myself again without having thoughts of
looking out or in
road turns to the green moon the red moon seats itself by the
Real Moon who at the head of the table proposes a toast
(myself still passing these orbs revolving among their homes
or reflected by them)
“Ahem-” it looks at each moon to get their attentions “Ahem-”
they put down their utensils “Ahem!!! I would like to thank
each of you for joining me today to acknowledge what a
wonderful day it has been, August 8, Wednesday.”
when the other moons realize that was all Real Moon had to
say they clapped and cheered. they tapped their glasses and
ate. Real Moon smiled and was glad to have a seat at the table.
the car passes by what I can make out—despite the rain—to
be Lion Plaza meaning I am three minutes away from the
apartment.
I see myself walking up the steps to the doorway to wipe my shoes
on the mat. red moon will greet me at the door as I enter the room
Real Moon claps me on the back and I smile to green moon.
now a block away... the night fades softly from the warmth of my cheeks
it’s a radiant parting, a crowd applauding a wonderful yet frightening
thought.