

# BARELY THE MOON

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*D. Anderson*

A local artist put together  
Little dioramas  
Inside blown eggs,  
Christ on the Cross,  
The Easter bunny,  
Sort of ships in a bottle.

Several were plain country scenes  
Empty meadows  
Inviting you to put yourself in.  
Through one hole I saw myself  
Turning my back on someone I love.  
My face was gone  
Replaced by sand.  
Another showed me  
Saving someone drowning  
In a country pool.

Is this what it means  
To have aged?  
Tonight I get no answers:  
A fresh egg on my table  
Barely the moon.