

## MAKING THE MOON COME TRUE

I have said it before: the streetlight  
on the corner is not the moon;

it is controlled by an energy  
cell at the nape of the neck,

and it responds only to  
the absence of light. Furthermore

during the day I have seen him come,  
the man in the yellow truck

to replace the glass sclera and  
I know what you're going to say but

I refuse to speak of it; the streetlight  
on the corner is not an eye.

## A GARLAND OF TEETH

We are all smiling: perhaps because  
of the sun we tilt our heads

forward and pull our hats  
down over the eyes. But the casual

stance remains: one in the front  
even crosses his left leg over the right,

tucks his thumb into his vest  
and leans on his cane. Fine.