

*Day Moon*

Too late or too soon, none can say,  
the lantern you hold out mere  
rumor now, your desert Sea  
of Tranquility nothing more

than dust, or less, dissolved at last  
in the waters of the sun's rays.  
You the silver midnight lost  
to the bright distance of a day,

the coin that rolled through a ruin  
of stars, out the acropolis  
of our dead gods. You the crown  
that handed down its human place.

What is your vigilance if not  
the scratched mirror of our light.  
Constellations cast their net  
in the morning sky. Too late,

says the sky, and yet too soon  
to tell, to read your beaten riddle  
of things to come, the afternoon  
of those who walk each year a little

closer to the ground, who would pull  
through the hole in you, the hole  
of you, as if you were the portal,  
the pupil, the wound that never heals.

Window to the sun that stares  
at you there across the room.  
You the Cyclops of the nightmare  
sent to wander over the rim

of dawn, unconscious of a fever  
daybreak brings. You who howled  
in the throats of us believers.  
We were children then who held

you in the evening of our eyes  
the way a bowl of water holds  
a drink, a face, a dark sunrise  
worlds beneath the underworld.