## 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,

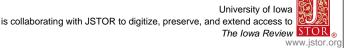
the coin that rolled through a ruin of stars, out the acropolis of our dead gods. You the crown that handed down its human place.

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.