

*Albert Goldbarth* · Just enough moon,

so she can see over her current lover's shoulder that  
10 years ago the prom date rapping shyly at her door  
had such a passionate music waiting her touch

—in how the piano stands there holding a single rose.

So memory is never pure but always,  
by the light of the moment, becomes a small kind  
of betrayal. Now it's here as that long-gone year

of her first sexual undressings flashes past, time

being faithlessness to events. And he sees, filling her  
milky slip with silhouette, the moon  
— where briefly, not that it matters much

to the ongoing days, some men once landed.