

BARELY THE MOON

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.