Making the Moon Come True

Robert L. McRoberts
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.

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