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Day Moon

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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.