Day Moon

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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.