

**scope**

The moon  
is in every  
poem, the incomplete  
the full. There wends  
our fostered rock child,  
wonder lit through letters  
and pauses. His craters pumice  
the rough pages silken, her nude  
a veneda in wandering swirls.

*And when the Earth dies  
what will happen the moon?*

When hand held pens are texture  
forgotten and print's well beyond  
any blue retrospective  
she may well come round  
to much greater things. *Meanwhile  
we wait, unaware of our waiting.*

Some nights clouded cities  
and murderous fog, a blank  
in their wake, dust sheet The Beauty.

And rascal snow too can blinker  
us groundward, to study  
our hurrying shooed human feet.

But when distance between  
is measured in longing,  
dim your bulb eyes, dare  
some lyric and howl  
for poets write the moonlight,  
poems spell flag on  
the moon.