10-1-2011

Moonrise over St. Paul's

Debbie Knubley
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol33/iss1/25

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
Moonrise Over St. Paul’s
Debbie Knubley

We have different moontimes,
you and I.
Here, St. Paul’s shadow descends
over white cathedral steps,
shielding a quiet couple
from the darkling sky.
Sitting close,
they whisper secrets
that echo “you” from
the late-night lovers in alleyways,
who cannot bear to close their eyes
and say goodnight.
Their laugh—liquid and low—
trickles down the stairs
and gathers in a puddle at my feet.
They smile their love-sick smile
with dilated pupils.
Some say love is blind.

***

Through half open eyes,
I see all twelve hours
around the world
to where you are.
I hunt the setting sun down
its nightly path around
the meridian to meet you
at sunrise, my eyes heavy with sleep.
One hundred and fifty-one days
stretch out before me,
braceleted and white and bare,
before I can see you again
and be blind once more.
Until then I count
the length of time and miles
that wraps each thought of you
in if only…
Moonlight drips off my eyelashes.