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What the moon found

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I see the moon,
and the moon sees me,
the moon sees someone,
I want to see.

- Grandmother's nursery rhyme

The moon begins its bold agreement
with the water in the lake; the waves
will take dictation, washing up
in a telegram's code: CONGRATULATIONS
DAD YOU'RE BOTH TERRIFIC LOVE...
Saskatoon to Levittown, PA. From
the moon’s palette of reflected sun:
gilding wheat and the edge of a heron’s wing,
settling with a master’s finishing touch.

This while you author irregular spikes
on the EKG, and you offer your heart to the echo-
cardiogram. Your skin has been opened.
But you receive lilies whose rims are darkening
with tears. And you are in pain: is it
weight or waiting, has your time come? No
wonder you wanted first a watch,
and then proper slippers. For

travelling?

The railroad tracks course
through town and mark the prairie
like a draftsman’s pencil; teaching a lesson
in perspective and the fated pursuit
of horizon, recessing into space and time,
with the constant pretence at closure.

The train whistle comes through your apartment
window on summer air; jazz up from the one-
speaker radio, and water boils in the kettle, the clock
sweeps away eleven p.m.- its prophetic, ineluctable
mechanism - and counting. The moon is pinned
above the sharp roof of the church.
Photo albums are in the corners and closets,
stacked as though the artist has painted
one masterwork on another. And I peeled through each layer
with their conservationist markings:
*July 67, Christmas with kids*

The rooms
cave in from the weight of your absence. The air
is stifled and breathless and milk sours
in the fridge. I opened windows, pulled back
the curtains. Night fell
in.

Between my city and yours there are likely rail-lines,
but they are complex, unimaginable,
an arrangement as delicate
and over-wrought as your heart
with its arteries, arterioles, and spur lines.

But I can see the moon, even
unpoetic; a chalk mark pushed
into the sky. And you must imagine this same moon,
imagine its faintness, its artlessness,
its inevitable

ascension and carving of the night.
Imagine five men pitching horseshoes
to its light.