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## Monday: Moon Poem

Gina Clark

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## Monday: Moon Poem

*Gina Clark*

This morning a full moon stayed over in the clouds.  
I was surprised at it—more than you know—  
drinking my breakfast out of a coffee cup,  
running out with a felt hat, an overcoat, cold  
car keys and there it was: the moon.  
However well I try to tell you how it was,  
I'd be better off pressing the round of it into your palm.  
This moon was not like an enamel bubble or a dinner  
plate or the halogen headlight of an eighteen wheeler.  
Not even like meringues or a peeled pear  
or geisha girl with her eyes closed.  
A moon's moon. I see it even now—big  
behind the trees, white where the morning  
storm parts all around it. But look—I have left you blind  
guessing, even though it is day,  
even though the light has come up.