



1987

## Moon

Lance Larsen

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## MOON

It is almost too much—the fingers  
of sky, the hill like a great breast.  
I want subtlety, the wonder of a moon  
looking only like a moon, of things  
unfolding slowly and meaning nothing.  
I want to walk bare streets and pause  
beneath an upstairs window of an old house  
and say, with no conviction at all,  
that inside a man named Bob is reading  
magazines while his wife is bathing.  
Tonight I want to swim in a pool  
and not think of other pools,  
just this one before me, how the water  
slaps the edges and the green light colors  
my arms and the bats swoop on insects.  
I want to see flower stalks and clouds  
and old cars and cats sliding across  
grass without seeing myself.  
I want to look at the stars and say  
they are not worth their light  
without being pulled into darkness.

Lance Larsen