

A Gibbous Moon
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A gibbous moon was in the park
sowing moonlight in the dark
when the back of a house began to bark.

Up against the sky was stretched
a fan of branches darkly etched,
finely drawn and neatly sketched.

A wind then pushed against the trees
sounding like the sound of seas.
I felt the waves against my knees.

And as I walked, I thought I heard
a cat talking to a bird.
The cat said, "Promise. I give my word."

Then I heard half a chirp,
followed by a long slow slurp.
After that, a burp.

With that I knew this moon was no
mere reflection of the afterglow
of day. It would be best I go.

As I hurried along I tried
to shake the moon loose from my side.
If only I had a place to hide...

"Go away," I shouted, "please!"
then quickly ducked among the trees,
beneath a canopy of leaves.

Then I heard a soft, "*Surrender*"
—and that's the last thing I remember.