

Moon Missing

R. F. Tripp

The moon made a window on my wall,
then stretched the window down the hall,
and halfway across the hallway floor
it rose against the bathroom door.

This light, I thought, has traveled far.
I knew the moon was not a star
but just the bottom of a lake
that made the sunlight turn opaque.

And as it splashed against my face
my room became a milky place,
and I began to rise and float
on a moon-filled lake in a moon-lit boat.

The current took me through the hall,
then down the stairs in a water fall
—though it wasn't water, I would bet,
because it wasn't, really, even wet.

From room to room I floated, drifted,
when suddenly the current shifted
—with so much moon to be contained
it gushed right through a window pane.

My boat then settled on the floor
as I ran to open the living room door
—just in time and none too soon
to see the street fill up with moon.

And all the grass, the shrubs, the trees
were things submerged in moon-filled seas,
so deep in moon they looked like silk,
dipped and dyed in pale moon milk.

Then, lifted up, I floated through
the moon drenched air, the moon filled dew,
above the garage and backyard fence
—I haven't been seen or heard from since.