I remember that night~
they rocks at the moon.
I wrapped our yellowed secret in a paper moon.
I remember that night~
I wrapped our yellowed secret in a paper moon.

Moon Tripping
Let’s go to the moon.
With a blue feather duster we’ll brush stardust off ashen rocks around the sea of tranquility, devour a picnic lunch before we launch into our own orbit.

Moon Prints

Joyce Brinkman

Morning Moon
Your pink fleshy face shows through a cloudy foundation.
Made up for mischief, you flirt with the meadow’s mountain.
Lying softly against its bare backbone, you slowly creep away, before the sun can find you.

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