Keeping Company with the Moon

Watercolor moon hesitates in sky,
face streaked in cloudy purple brush stroke bands,
 though decorative, she can't make social plans,
owns no boon companions I can see.

I've learned she edges from us like shy child,
mere inches only in each swooping year,
I fear this faint reluctance to adhere,
demonstrates a nature unreconciled.

I'd like to coax moon home from firmament,
invite her to roll lissome down my hall,
but there Luna would scarcely be content,
and then again, my house is much too small.

Instead, I go outside, put up my tent,
peek through flap, keep company as she falls.

From Tales from the Button Drawer: Harold the Button
Harold was a large ivory button, a singleton, who lived in a button drawer with his many friends. Most were small families plucked from worn out sweaters, party dresses and outgrown coats whose fabrics had gone on to make quilts and socks stored upstairs in the tall closets and dressers of the second floor. Harold's companions ranged in size from tiny mother of pearl creations to a set of great, curved horn buttons who once strained mightily to fasten a woolen coat of loden green.

Though the horn family liked to look in the mirror, the pearl sisters were far less vain, and eagerly took the chance to talk about the high tea Grandma Swenson once put on for the elite of the neighborhood. They saw it all, in great detail, from their perch on her high-necked, ruffled dress. Even the shoe buttons were full of themselves, having covered a great deal of ground in their time.

Harold, sad to say, came from the button shop one hole short, he had only three when he should have had four to thread his needle, and though made of ivory, in those frugal times he was saved from the button drawer, simply tossed into the button drawer, where he stayed... and stayed.

It was hard to have to listen for so many years to the adventures of others, and have none to share in return.

First Star - Infinite Chi

First star am I, crying dibs upon the night,
surf surges with the moon seen full.
Sol in decline, we celestials tune lapis tints
to our own advantage,
black, white, diamanté, we are evening’s formal tuxedo,
our role to brake the overwhelming radiance of day,
we don’t give a fig about how hard it is to maneuver with zip in the dark,
the light we issue wags the tail of night,
our matte dark painting shows arms and vanes of subtle bright,
giddy radiance sent sparkling from suns eons away,
quite alien to the present day.
Oh! To be me!
Tied to forces of infinite chi!