

So now  
in the early morn darkness  
moon is like  
the star atop a fairy wand—  
a wand made of  
a line of stars  
aligned  
with Jupiter and Mars.  
Age of Aquarius greets  
me now pointing  
my way down the drive  
to what seems  
the start of  
an ordinary day.  
Feeling their light  
as I walk in the deep darkness  
lit only by the sparkle of  
their line and light,  
my heart skips a beat  
reminding me  
days are only ordinary  
if we think them so.

**Moon as Bauble**

Full moon shows off my  
hometown, its silver glow  
transforming silent silver  
skyscrapers into soft blue  
sentinels of night  
along each riverbank.  
Those same skyscrapers,  
piled high  
along the nearer bank,  
stretch to stroke moon's  
soft, shining face.  
Arched girders  
bridge the banks  
giving hope to the buildings  
on the far side  
that they as well will be able  
to touch the moon,  
and so can I.

**Moonlight Over My Town**

Moon's curve cups the stars  
gently in its cradle so  
by morn *they* will sleep

**Silver Crescent Lullaby**

Full moon  
draws me outside,  
into its glow.  
Over and over I snap photos,  
like a new mother  
with her first child.  
Moon, my full moon,  
glows and shimmers  
casting its glow  
over all I love,  
near and far  
here and passed on.  
Moon's full light marks  
our rendezvous point  
in the universe—  
that Eden, that paradise,  
the place where we will  
gather  
when life is done  
on earth.

**Full Moon's Glow**



**The Full Moon Rises**

The moon rises  
out my back window  
bright and round,  
bigger as the sky darkens  
seeming close but  
out of reach.  
Its twin rests softly  
in the waters of  
Caw Caw creek.  
That shimmering  
badge of light  
remains still, captive.  
Mine to enjoy  
in sky and water  
until the curving of the  
earth's rotation  
pulls it away.

**Dancing under the Moon**

In the dark before dawn  
I pad down the cool cement  
of our driveway to  
pluck the daily news  
from its resting place  
at the base of the mailbox.  
On those days  
when the full moon  
is slipping down  
behind my neighbor's roof  
to rest in the heat  
of the day,  
I salute his silvery countenance  
and, since no one else  
is watching, I  
dance in his  
waning glory  
covered in the shimmering  
glow of  
his last full smile.

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Dancing Under The Moon

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