

Moon Shadows

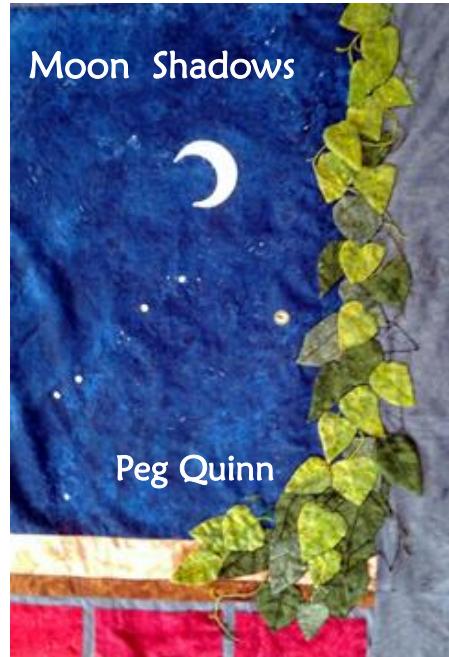
1. A photo of Omaha at night.
That night in the orchard
he laid the quilt
where shadows of apples
filtered through grass,
then buried on the quilt,
dappled our flesh.

2. Just looking closer.
the tallest building casts
an impossible shadow reaching
across town to touch the edge
of the prairie

3. Should it come to that
Could I make good the night without you?
the light you reflect is my good luck.
Dear indifferent, cold, gray rock,

4. I want to float between the two,
silent moon,
raucous bar,
ancient rock,
hostile bar,
until the moon, my chaperone,
feel their dazzling differences,
sees me home

Leaving the Bar
Driving South on the Freeway, Again
Evening unfurled its silent
gray sheet of satin
as colors faded,
the landscape
an indifferent witness
to the ritual
urban games demand
more of my brain than
inhabited neurons allow



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Quilt by Peg Quinn

Origami Poetry Project™

Moon Shadows
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Dawn

Silent, but for birds.
The neighbors house dark and dreaming.
The day gathering like a wave,
feel it rise between your breathing.

Blood Moon

I don't know where the moon will rise tonight,
or exactly when, but the Bridge to Nowhere
is lined with cars as I approach the
edge of a mountain,
and people sitting in lawn chairs or
adjusting flashy cameras on tripods
as a peach sunset trumpets a crescendo
and the sky curls over in a gray blanket
enabling stars to dance across night's stage
while lights lining the ridge of the mesa
sparkle an ancient celebration and

we stand, a united tribe of strangers
breathing night air, and awe and

I don't know how to find my balance
suspended, between science and magic.