

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.
 nine 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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Origami Poetry Project™

Dancing Under The Moon

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