

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.

www.origamipoems.com

origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be  
 printed from the website.

Cover: *Dancing under the Moon*  
 by Lauri Burke

**Origami Poetry Project™**

Dancing Under The Moon

Joan Leotta © 2016



Donations Appreciated