Dancing Under The Moon

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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 shimmery glow of his last full smile.