

# Blue Moon

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

I suppose it was inevitable,  
This crashing of souls,  
This recognition  
of possibility to create.  
If we were younger,  
We would make a baby,  
The ultimate act of faith.  
Now it has to be something else,  
Nothing to force a track  
with night feedings,  
report cards,  
button up your sweater and eat your spinach...  
I sense an alignment of stars brought this on,  
A wiping clean of all fictions,  
And I am licking my own face  
Searching for traces of you.

