

# New Moon, Old Moon

*by* Jerry Ratch

The moon once rose on its own  
Now it takes a series of  
Ropes and pulleys to get it up  
Because it's so old

And you can hear these audible groans  
Coming from its craters  
As it's forced to listen to forgotten lovers  
Obsessing over old loves

While the dark bulb goes off  
In the mind's eye  
And question marks appear  
Out of the dark like light poles

