

# Another Poem About the Moon

*by* Charlotte Hamrick

We don't know shit about the moon,  
her wants or desires, what she feels when  
she looks at us across the expanse,  
so green and blue and teeming with life.  
And us, like a giant eye looking back, plotting  
our next invasion. We look up into endlessness  
and there she is.  
Patient. Steady. Loyal.  
We planted a flag on her and we think that makes her ours.  
She will never be ours.  
I remember the night we lay in the bed  
of your old Chevy truck looking up at her,  
as still and lonely as a lost dime on the sidewalk.  
The air was crisp and our breath floated  
dreamily from our mouths like bouncing astronauts  
in zero gravity. I felt weightless that night, as if  
you and I and the old Chevy were riding moonbeams  
to a place that could be ours. But I lifted my hand  
and the tip of my finger covered her face. I knew then  
that nothing in this universe  
is steady.

