

Looking at the Light of the Moon on the Sea

by Con Chapman

It was hard, in the crowded vacation house,
to make love as they would have alone.

There could be no moans,
and so they just slept, as a rule.



But one night, the view—
the moon on the bay—
was too perfect to let pass
and so he sat on the bed

and she sat on his lap, her back to him,
both facing the sea as they
watched the light play on the waves below,
out the window, silently.

