

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.

