

pilgrim moon

by Gary Percesepe

the moon

is dead tonight

it stares

blankly from

its one good eye

not a breath

of wind ruffles its

silent surface

suspended

over my startled

power lines

like a silver

ship entering

harbor

pilgrim moon

are you as

lonely as me?

pour your buckets

of silence up and

down the long

avenue of trees

shelter stars

in your light

