Moon Over L.A.

by Jerry Ratch

The moon begins to rise over L.A.
while the roaches try to crawl up
the sides of the mountains surrounding the L.A. Basin.

While fires rage in the forests of the night,
here comes the moon over the horizon,
big and haunted, pock-marked and cool in its flames,

as earthquakes rattle the windows in their panes,
and ultimately everything and everyone
sighs a big sigh of relief under the sober and sad

drawn-on clown white face of the moon
that has repeatedly misunderstood its own meaning
and significance, after revealing our history,

after revealing the rosy sides and internal musings
of the roaches who are even this minute inching
their way up from inside the earth.

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