

New Moon, Old Moon

by Jerry Ratch

The moon once rose on its own
Now it takes a series of
Ropes and pulleys to get it up
Because it's so old

And you can hear these audible groans
Coming from its craters
As it's forced to listen to forgotten lovers
Obsessing over old loves

While the dark bulb goes off
In the mind's eye
And question marks appear
Out of the dark like light poles

