

# moonstruck

*by* Rene Foran

i waited for the moon  
last night  
*for hours*  
fell asleep  
with the record player on  
and dreamed  
    of rain  
running down  
gutters  
of sea glass houses  
the sun nudged me awake  
and she served me toast  
    he's not serious,  
she said  
he's half baked,  
full of himself  
and probably  
on to something new  
    you're right, i say  
i know, i smile,  
i let her in  
she braids my hair and  
kisses my shoulder  
    *still*  
*there's something*  
    something about him  
that makes me not mind  
being stood up  
not hate  
being struck dumb  
    Rene ~ 2013

