

Moon Stone

by Sara June Woods

It is afternoon and we
are taking turns trying to

open a bottle of cherry
coke and you laugh

when I use my teeth
and then my teeth hurt.

It is morning and we are
in my car and I am driving

you to class and you touch
my knee when we are

singing along to joni
mitchell.

It is late at night and you lean
over me to make sure your alarm is set.

It is early morning and we are
sleeping longer today and I

roll on the other side away
from you and don't want to

but my arm is asleep from
lying on the other side.

I am driving home from seeing
you and there is a crowd of people

singing some days they
last longer than others

but this day by the lake
went too fast.

It is a city-morning and I am
walking in it and playing easy

scrabble with it and you are not
there but you are totally there

and I say hello
hello hello.

