Poem #1

Phases of the Moon

Wounded on a dark, late, reluctant night

The double red crescent moon is hiding

Beyond the slight, subordinate branches -

Slides around time- painted neighborhood doors..

Two shy Irish librarians have stopped

One holds enough words to write a long poem.

The second one stands silently in fear .

Beyond the lunar field. All traffic stopped.....

A vegan acquaintance walks his black dog.

The poet writes of illusions. In night skies.

Reaching up – applies her bright new lipstick-

Motions and years chase away the sunspots

Lynda Lambert

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