Old moon, old moon,
what do I tell you?
You sit there, scribed with night.

Do you expect invention?
Beauty as its own reign
or arrangement? No praise
then, just this stutter
between stare and star, the imprint
of my heel on relative dark.

Fool moon, fool moon,
what do you know
of me or my crumbled ladders?

You’re not a smile, or a grimace,
you’re not even a leap,
just some bruiting glow
that hangs from its one
dichotomy. You can’t figure
the tunes, the variant
weights on a tongue.

Poor moon, poor moon,
what does your one eye mean?

To have half a sense,
a cruel bright, your whole vision
wandering, or dispersed
into clueless trinkets
you can never collect.

Won’t you always be
swivelling? Bold mood, your flood
is the flood of the mind
in its black habit:
lighting all, but uplifted by none.
Lantern of the odd soul,
miner of discontent,
don’t come out, don’t come out.
Stay hidden, in my cold coat pocket.