

## MOON POEMS

### 1] MOON

At its fullest the moon,  
Looks like a sadly exposed clown.

Beaming at a captive audience who are  
Patiently waiting for the real star;

Sleepy, slothful, soulless creatures  
Staring at the blandest features-

A round zero a nothing of a face  
Moaning around the wastes of space.

Alan Bold

### 2] Moon

Sometimes fat, sometimes thin,  
Sometimes like a lemon skin;  
Sometimes pale,  
Sometimes bright.

In the first hour of the night,  
Followed by a single star  
Secret as a jaguar.....

Sometimes faint, sometimes lit,  
Who could have suspended it,  
Far beyond our earth and air?  
How was it established there  
With a gold and silver skin,  
Sometimes fat - sometimes thin?

Jean Kenward

### 3] Moon

Never the same,  
She spills her liquid silver,  
Nightly.  
Or, like a miser keeping gold,  
Hides behind cloud.

The sun is her supporter  
While it is dark,  
From him her strength is gathered.  
And so she moves,  
Supremely as a swan.

Later, the early onslaught of the lark,  
Jostles her out of power.  
She becomes  
A special moon,  
Fragile as a rice paper.

No longer that magnificent tycoon,  
Swollen and proud-  
Now, at the gaze of noon,  
Her flesh falls from her, meekly.  
She is gone

Jean Kenward