

Moondust
By
Joanne Steel Yordanou

The moon weighs
On treetop boughs
On the river's mirror
And stratus clouds.

I remember a tale
To say "Good-night."
Lowered lids come swift,
Then dreams of bunnies.

Forehead kisses,
We retire to bed,
But a bright moon
Forsakes my sleep

Brings forth all
The day's undone,
The lists to do,
The nightlights and dust

I'm the only one awake
Here, and perhaps the street.
It makes me feel special
In an addictive sort of way

I open the sash to breathe
And fill my lungs with moon dust
And watch for burglars
As I can, right now.

All is quiet except the
Drone of the furnace.
I breathe in more moon dust
And leave the window open.

Beneath the covers
I curl for warmth
"Good-night Moon,"
I mumble, and fade.