

## *The Moon's Old Glory*

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Overrated, exaggerated  
The crescent hangs, worn-out  
Two faced in its hiding  
Moonlight swoons  
Forwarding noon-light  
Like how lovers stroke silence  
Lightly touching  
Every absent part of light  
Clasping silent words, speaking  
Around skyward looking hearts.

You could shoulder dead flowers  
Under burned out stars, unfazed  
About what wishes listless ships had  
Sailing seas of tranquility, as if  
You didn't know yesterday's wind  
Would go dark, staggering starlight  
Into drowning itself—every ocean emptied  
With every imprint of a soul's boots  
Flagging with subliminal whiffs of solar wind.