

Moon Rise

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when colors and their implications fade
into the twist of trees,
sheepish moon's ascent
finds places that the sun forgets,
words we said or didn't say,
faces, places,
props and casts of dreams
subpoenaed from the box
beneath the bed
like children called from hide and seek,
piped from backyards, basements,
helpless to resist
the music that reveals them again
like fog finds rocks along the stream
to shimmer in the moonlight