

I'm Not Crying

I'm thinking of the business of dying
and it's not too bad.

I have given up trying to be young
and am glad. I'm not crying.

I'm not buying make-up
but am accepting gifts of it from family
when they think some rich concoction
that may please, will satisfy a birthday wish.
A product to use is more appropriate
than say — a porcelain dish.

I think that I see Kathy Duggan's Moon*
shining in the sky, and all I need is to
remember how it was, her moon ...
Was it different to mine
when I was trying to be older
when I was young —
now that I have obviously stopped
trying to be younger than I am?

My moon is on the wane.
That thought holds no fear for me ...
When the moon had a man in it,
that man in the shining moon
with his round white face, leering mouth
and deep black smudged eyes would peer
would leer at me too, when I was sleeping
after the sandman had smothered me
with sand in his old blanket. Sleepy grit
in my eyes would prove he threw sand.
I know, I know, humanity has walked
upon the moon and brought back bits
of it to test, to assess and it commands
success of various missions up there.

But down here, where werewolves lurk,
the moon is trapped in places where,
if you were upside down disoriented,
flying, you would almost despair to see
the moon in a passing pool of stagnant
water. The moon has lost its mystery.

- *Moon Poem by Kathy Duggan published in *Quadrant January/February 2011*
- This poem published in *Quadrant January February 2012* ©Marilyn Peck