The Man in the Moon

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A poem

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1. The Man in the Moon

Can I make it to the moon,
if I crawl a thousand miles?
Can I leave the earth behind,
and lay on the jewel of the sky
that shines with ridged edges?

If I do, I will never see the fall,
with the autumn sweet air.
No thoughts of tasty apple cider,
spilling from cups that line the red barn
or wind that catches leaves with
a gust so chilly that you would have thought,
if not for the flaming trees,
that winter would finally be there.

Some pumpkin pie may tingle my nose,
yet the dreams wash away,
just as I start to feel home.

Can I make it to the moon,
if I crawl a thousand miles?

Will the simple dreams and memories,
make me guess at figures and numbers?
Make me pull puzzles apart?

Will they fit correctly,
in such a tiny space?
Has one been missing,
for over centuries at a time?
The simple square box
that does not belong.

It seems so sturdy,
yet it falls apart
with one tear, one life.
One wrong turn.

I remember last autumn,
when we watched the moon
until the sun rose dripping,
a bucket full of gold.

The sound of creaking metal

woke us,
until the splashing current stopped,
and the leaky faucet was fixed.

Should it ever have been fixed?
Was there really something wrong?

Now we sit with the man in the moon,
his face confused, as is mine,
wondering why we played with the world
at the end of a string,
until it broke and we left it there,
like a child bored with a gift.

The wonder is gone,
the sun not so bright,
the cider runs dry,
as I sit alone with the man in the moon,
for a thousand crawled miles is not so perfect,
when others have run a million.

- Erin Lynn (Little Ster)