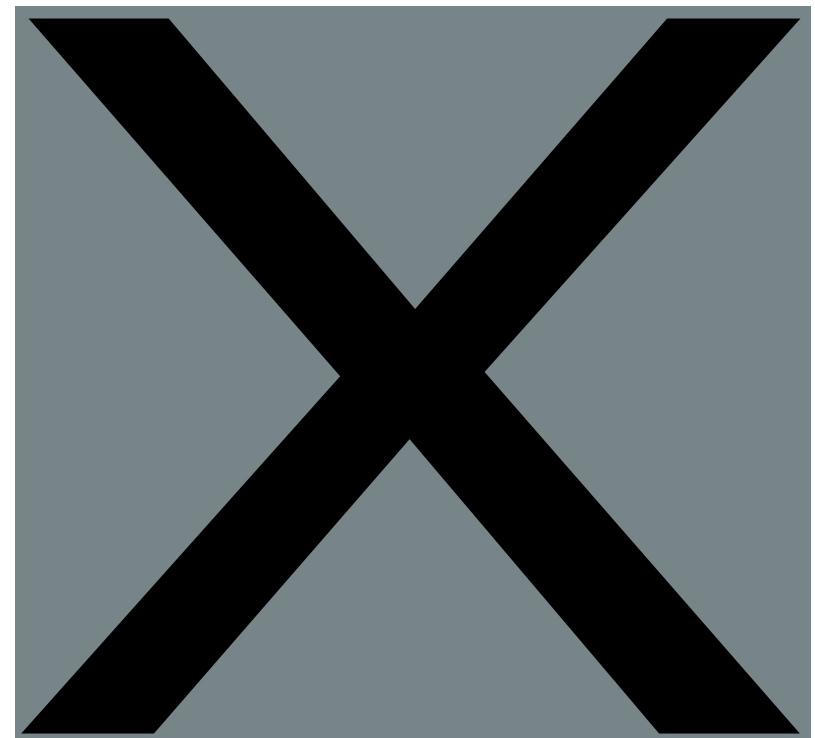


Nicole Vacherot | Poet

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Contemplating The Moon

There is naught but barren mare
To her lunacy; of crest and orb
She is dry of any rheum
Grit of stardust in a silent air
Shored by waves of lighted dew
Once new; she swells against velvet fold
To sail in midnight's shaded glee
Against the dawn's sweet ethereal shine
In these blued and ghostly seas
As lyrical fish; these stars align
A swollen luminary
In ribboned stream across heaven's field
Begins in an earnest ebb
Of lofty reigns and night's torch to wield
Lost to strands of midnight's web



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