

moon, in passing

across screened thought
here is the moon to make
a final appearance:

it pulls the textured retina
to its orbit passing
out of sight:

the moon was virtual, virtual
was the moon, and all that was
moon is gone:

of it the lunar lives on only
in the new machine's steady
advance toward life:

the moon is gone, the new
machine pulls the textured
retina to its orbit:

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