The Influence of the Moon

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON

Adam Schwallie

Take the stars down from the sky
Neatly fold up the sun
(don’t crease it
Place them gently in a box and set it out to sea

An orchestra of birdsong still peals however,
In concert with the beating drum of the engine in a Mack truck
(though they’re off tempo
(or there is no tempo

Turn that shit down. The air is thick, but it shakes just as well
Perhaps bliss exists in a vacuum –
(maybe that’s the point
(you still think there is a point
(and that’s adorable
(and that’s why I still love you

There’s no place for your hands to go and your ankles
Deflect off one another violently
There will be no peace in our time
(whose?

Notice that the tide always comes back. Wishes
Don’t keep the careening Earth from its drunken stumble through space
Look with sober eyes – they’re still in the box
(i never forgot

Let us see if you were careful enough not to crease it.