POETRY

Mother & the Moon

by Mandy Moe Pwint Tu



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The moon swings from orchard boughs
Pale, proud, and pandering.
Mama sits under the petaled trees
Singing softly, singing softly.

Somewhere she has a daughter
Dancing in the falling leaves,
Coughing up tepid poems
From lungs still learning breath.

Somewhere she has a son
Dreaming of the ocean tide,
Whispering deep, buried words
To the sinking stars.

She sings, where do all the lost ones go
When the world is fading?
Because the light, the light,
The quiet light is failing.

The moon swings from orchard boughs.
Mama makes faces at her reflection
In the rippling, somber pool,
Singing softly, singing softly.

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