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Moon

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Moon

Amy Holt

I saw the moon tonight,
A God-like image lighting the night sky;
Surrounded by darkness,
Looking for an endorsement from a jury of peers.
Stars that are smaller, further away.
We need telescopes to see those up close. Stars,
On television that show off their riches or cry about their past
As they accept awards and millions of dollars to make up for
lack of recognition as children. Technological parts that get
us closer to God or all the mystery.

But you can see the face of the man in the moon.
He doesn't hide, or at least he doesn't choose to.
No extraterrestrial part needed.
He is what he is. Whether you see him or not,
He is there.
He is always there, piece of asteroid or space dirt
Lodged into our gravitational force.

Heavenly love is not temporal,
Nor slighted by pride.
It shines no matter how many dreary clouds roll by
Diminishing it's light.
I watched it. I saw it for myself.
I proved God's existence on a bike ride at 11:43 p.m.
17 minutes before Thanksgiving in the year 2010.

Value has no meaning in heaven.
It rains on the earth like it's everything we touch, or that
Everything we do must be ownership of something important.

That's not how the moon works.
The tides roll in, out.
The oceans diminish.
The moon does its job
Without the need for reassurance over and over again,
Or the need to be valued.

Clouds might darken the stars,
But the moon remains.
No condensation or cluster of wet air will keep the moon
From doing its job.