

Full Moon



FULL MOON

No longer throne to a Goddess to whom we pray
no longer the bubble house of childhood's
tumbling Mother Goose man.

The emphatic moon ascends
the brilliant challenger of rocket experts,

the white hope of connections men.

Some I love who are dead

were watchers of the moon and knew its lore;

planted seeds, trimmed their hair.

Pierced their ears with gold-hoop earrings

as it waxed and waned.

It shines tonight upon their graves

And burned in the garden of Gethsemane,

its light made holy by the dazzle of tears

with which it mingled,

And spread its radiance upon the exile's path

of Him who was The Glorious One,

its light made holy by His holiness.

Already a muted goal and tomorrow, perhaps

an arms base, a livid sector,

the full moon dominates the dark.

ROBERT HAYDEN (US 1913 - 1980)

Robert Hayden