

New moon

Slim arc of the sky.
Forerunner of full moon.
You look so fresh and frail,
Guarded by golden haze
Of departing sun.
Shadows of cloud build canopy,
Like clusters of kinky hair,
Crowning your forehead.

Slim arc of hope,
We bend down to hearth.
With hungry fingers,
We hurry the fire,
In departing glints,
Of the evening sun,
Knowing that our arc is near.

Neither the arc,
Nor her golden page,
Meets our upward gaze,
As hasty fire
Smokes eyes.
The arc has gone,
With swiftness of a dog,
With silence of a snail.

Only smoke and fire,
Stare at wet eyes,
For dear ARK is gone.

(Inspired by the workman's hands of Obi, the mechanic, struggling to finish his work with the light of the moon).