

Untitled

She left the stars in disarray
and sliced the moon into clean quarters.
She took only the part that sleeps
with its back to the sun and
began the long journey home.
Satisfied with her twilight raid,
she wrapped her spoils in silken
threads and carried it to bed.
And while the night air draped its
gentle frost on the toes of the
sweet gum tree in the front yard,
she kissed the moon a warm goodnight
and curled around its crescent splendor,
wondering why she hadn't plundered
the sky sooner.

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Third Honorable Mention