

Moon and Mars Conjunct

Walking at night
to the corner mailbox,
breathing deeply of
cool September air,
I look up and see
Mars by the full moon,
quiet friends,
like a tiny garnet
by a round opal
set in the sky's
planetary ring.

A carful of teenage girls
zooms by,
emanating shrieks and
laughs and
whoops,
careening between curbs
through our
planned community.

The red taillights
soon zigzag away
into velvet distance,
and silence prevails,
broken now by
this old mailbox accepting
my letters with a chuff
and a clanky groan.

I look skyward again.
Mars and the moon,
quiet friends still,
stare winkless from the surface
of the universe.

Has anything changed?
Yes, my letters are
in the mailbox;
yes, the car has painted
a picture in my ears;
yes, the moon is
imperceptibly
closer to Mars now--
but nothing deep
has changed.
The night has merely
taken a breath.