

## Juggler

The blue-black plate of sky  
Teeters on a point of zenith  
Like a juggler's disc  
Twirling on a stick.  
Intrepid owls (2)  
Interrogate the  
Intruding moon  
Until splashjangling  
Dawn splits  
Night blue into  
A billion oranges  
Molded into a smolder.  
Up comes the sane sun  
Wheeling the lunatic  
Moon on ahead and  
Tumbles it off the brink  
Of spinning sky,  
To be caught by the  
Juggler and thrown up  
There perhaps again.