

### **Late Harvest Moon**

Obedient in its phases, that faraway orb  
moves with an old-world order to reign  
over the night, the omega of summer,  
an offering of fire to an unobscured sky.

And the oak in our yard is no longer  
a tree in the orthodox sense, but a castle  
where Oberon takes his throne to  
orchestrate a song of crickets and frogs.

We will sleep more soundly this night  
having seen that ornament of nature,  
obey the chill that orders we pull  
our blankets more tightly over us.

### **Lullaby for My Dog**

Sleep, my little dog, here  
at my feet as I scribble  
out words to make some  
sort of sense. Sleep soundly,  
my Seamus, digger of sand  
and earth. Sweet dreams  
of scampering through sage  
through land scented by  
creosote. Dream of that  
place you loved best.



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