

The Moon Sees Me

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The white flag of Oreo's tail glows
like a beacon as we walk our circle
around the neighborhood.

I've timed it right.

The buzzing streetlamp,
the dog's black nails against the asphalt,
and the tv tube chords of my tinnitus,
bounce against the bone white moon.

We're in between—
half nullifying melodies
and two-thirds emplasticity,
pulling together dreamscape theologies
and pre-dawn potential.

Why do I not wear hiking boots?
What did I do with Peterson's Field Guide?
Surely I need something
to make sense of the flashlight,
the housekey, and the Kleenex in my pockets.

When we turn the corner,
the moon shines bright enough
to cast shadows low under the trees.
She pursues us past the two startled oak trees
and the fire hydrant.

She makes soft edges turn sharp.
She's serious.
She doesn't fuck about with indeterminate numbers.
She wants pure integers,
because she rounds things up.

When we end where we began
I get my poop in a group and into the trash.
The dog and the rearranged fractals in my head
go into the house.
The moon stays outside—
tomorrow it's fractions
I'll need to pay attention.