

## Moon

The moon looked different the other night.  
Like I could reach out,  
and run my hand across its rough surface.  
Like a stomp brushed wall  
all bumpy and undulating.

I attempted to take a photo of it,  
but the moon came out like  
a focused circle of light  
caught while out on a midnight run.

If I had a professional camera  
I could show you what I saw.  
What I was able to imagine it felt like,  
the surface of that too bright moon.

A bit yellow,  
a bit textured,  
a little more within reach  
than the night before.

