

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Moon House

By Joan S. Soble

One day you knocked on the door
Of my moon house.

I was surprised to see you.

You hugged me,
Then asked questions:
“When did you move here?
How did I miss that?
How did you get here?”

“I slipped away a few weeks back
Right after that party
At the restaurant beside the river.

“Everyone had so much to tell.
I’d had a dream I wanted to share,
But there was no time or space.
So I headed to the moon.”

Actually, you weren’t surprised.
I’d seemed far away
Some other evening.

Months later, as you watched
A full moon rise
From your backyard,
You thought you saw me
Sunbathing on a lunar lawn.

So you'd come knocking.

I let you in, and showed you
Where I liked to work
And what it took to brew
A pot of tea on the moon.

Then we sat down in my kitchen,
Where you asked different questions
I was glad to answer.