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False Moon

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Mark Jenkins

False Moon

Turning over in my bed, a grill,
I look up to see burning rays;
through closed blinds they grid my face
squeezing between bent slats,
enough to let this sphere
prod me awake.

Usually it's nothing
I need think of, but my mind,
a V-6, turns over anyway,
revving something, something, something,
Did I lock my front door?
A student's head is down on a desk.
A girl smiled at me on the sidewalk.
Past, present, tomorrow, I have yet
to find the right cord to sever.

Tungsten lights swim over
stacks of unbuilt houses:
sorted wood, plaster, fiberglass.
Walking past them,
I think of them gone,
of empty lots, a familiar night,
and not knowing how
to put it all together.