**If the Moon were Human**

Eric Fisher Stone

The moon knows unspeakable pleasure.

If she were a ferret, she’d scurry

snow-footed from haybales to the sea,

dipping the tide’s melodious stairs. If she

were dough, bakers would scroll her luminous back

into gull-bright bread, her body

leavened for butter-syllabled mouths.

If the moon were a book, she’d teach

an encyclopedia of craters with pages

stony and white. Pregnant with milk,

cream, sperm or nutmeg, her nectar

nurses bats, blonding harvest wheat,

thickening silkworms’ straw-yellow cocoons.
If the moon were human, she’d sing

her lonely pursuit of dawn, her tongue

stirring night’s clouds, lyrics drowned

by crooning lovesick dogs. She’d bless

this bitter void of stars, her hair undone

in grass. Her blue throat would lullaby

weeping children, homeless men splashing

in her hands. If the moon were human.