**Man in the Moon**

 *My Father, March 18th*

R.A. Pavoldi

The moon is full tonight in recognition,

full with speculation and conjecture,

the moon tonight is a flashlight, keyhole,

portal, heart white hot filled to its brim,

it is an exit light, sinkhole, cataract,

hot shard in the journeyman’s eye,

bouncing ball over the words to a song,

a smooth stone skipped from childhood,

a communion host, road sign, tunnel,

compass showing the cardinal directions,

compass drawing a slow perfect circle,

silver locket holding the best of him,

it is the hoop chased by the girl down

*The Mystery and Melancholy of a Street*,

an empty spotlight in a razed theater

the last live bulb in the marquee,

the moon tonight is full in remembrance,

full with speculation and conjecture,

hot air balloon, chamber, ventricle

flooding the brain as it empties the heart.