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Moon Leaning Its Round Shoulder

Lauren Clark

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► **Alligator I** | Will Johnson



► **Moon Leaning Its Round Shoulder** | Lauren Clark

A bird,
Splattered on the window of innocence,
Creates the clearest view I've ever seen.

And trees,
Sprouting up from manmade plots to please,
Are surrounded by the rubber soul of Mother Earth.

The moon,
With its wide, spheric hips,
Rests upon the glare of tired eyes.

It waits,
And with its scarred and freckled face,
Watches as we crumble, crash, and burn.

It fades,
Gray as the November dawn and noticing no change it turns away,
Darkened by the lacking light of day.

► **Farah .2** | Kelsey Boatwright

