

## **Supermoon 2016**

The moon has grown large  
this year, feasting on  
our darkneses, slipping in  
as Sunday's cat through the flap  
in our back door. I saw it  
just the other night, hung  
between the neighbors' homes; in slits  
it fell down through our blinds  
to where I sat alone. Upstairs  
the water ran till cold, your two  
flat feet on porcelain, the click  
of shower door, just closed. I washed  
those towels last night. And if  
the window opened then, and he  
within the moon leaned out, I  
would, fearless, follow him  
into black-lit sky. He could grow  
yet fatter, then, and you  
could fold your own  
clean clothes. Instead,  
I grow yet thinner; put  
the kettle on the stove.

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