



Strawberry Moon

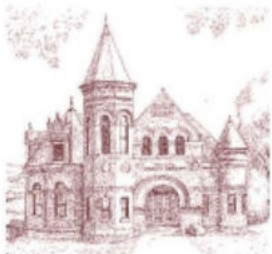
The moon rises
orange and large as a new penny,
barred like an agate by clouds.
It is a night past full
bright as the taste of strawberries
in the sweet night air.

Across the meadow
an owl calls
then flies.
Its wings cradle and release
the air.

Some small thing
some mouse, some vole
some small thing
will end this night
its moon eclipsed
by those intent wings.

That last sharp vision
that sense of wind
then night
then nothing
in the still night air.

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