

A Lunar Amble

(October 13, 2008)

A full moon is backlighting the leaves
on the colonnade of madrona trees,
inspiring them to dapple-dance
on the dusty trail beneath.

Patches of yellow light
juggling shades of shadow-black
under the baton of a slight night breeze.

The crickets chant a dedicated dark-long mantra
with the violin bows of their hind legs.

I hear a startled deer stotting impressively
down the steep slope of the hillside
into Pena creek.

Kayla, who has just been fed,
is nonetheless foraging for food
and curiously investigating the scent
of coyotes and wild pigs.

A post-prandial stroll
with only Luna's flashlight to guide me.

Ya Mungu ni mengi!