

The Moon Option

They bundled you off before Florrie
was cold. *It's for the best, Uncle Chris* –
a goodbye kiss, then they left
you to sit through drowsy hours
smiling at strangers: relatives of course
(but never yours). Boredom nursed you,
with her sturdy knees and capable arms,
carrying a plate of toast, a cup of tea.
Your clammy hands flapped at each turn
of the handle. Your comma of drool –
Pavlovian in its breakfast gesture.
Until one evening, you forgot them all:
through the bay window at the far end of the room,
the moon had grown a face and stolen your gaze.