

Too Much

There is
an obscenity to the moon.
Not in the brightness
for it is right & proper
that something so luminescent, as clear
aids & abets the gamut of man -
girl, afraid, too old for nightlight
cleverly splitting curtains,
boy outside, peeing, lost,
finding way back to the tent,
widower with forgotten washing
dodging slugs, fetching before rain,
woman of 9 too many, on knees,
reading street names, singing.
Nor is it that,
in the face of certainty, solidity,
with landers, explorers
sending back proof
on repeat, repeat
of thinkers declaring ever more NOs,
all lifeless in perpetuity,
some defy optimistically,
still ascribe magic, wonders,
believe in sustenance unseen,
a chance to start anew,
redeem ourselves on planets

because even the improbable

is possible.

No, it is not that. Not these.

It's how it seems truer, fuller

when watched alone from the step.

That's what's too much, goes too far.