

The Moon in My Teacup

The moon fell into my teacup
while I was looking away.
I found it there beside the mint,
a little chipped by the porcelain rim,
making silver of the ordinary.

I lifted it with both hands.

It nudged a mint leaf out of its way
as though it owned the cup.

Somewhere, someone was closing a shop.
Someone was turning a key.
The world went on with its evening
while the moon sat down with me.

I told it all the beautiful things
I used to mean to do—
learn the names of garden birds,
paint a kitchen blue.

The moon said, "Which blue?"
I said, "I haven't decided."
It slid a little farther down the cup.
"Well," it said,
"I have all night."

"Won't somebody miss you?" I asked.
It drew the mint leaf over its knees.
"Probably," it said,
and made no move to leave.

I began to see the kitchen:
a yellow bowl beside the sink,
sunlight reaching past the curtains,
a little bird I'd learn to name.

"You could visit," I told it.

It glanced around the teacup.
"I thought I was."

The tea grew cold.
I let it.

Then I found a scrap of paper
and wrote down
blue.

