

POETRY

Howard Moon

Rain Renewal

There is something life affirming about rain,
even though it is simply water from the sky.

Water is a living thing.

Water gives life.

It is as if the Creator is saying –

Be alive.

Be renewed.

Finding Salvation

I do not find salvation in the person of a
dark-skinned man who was tortured and killed by
colonials occupying a land that was not theirs.

However, my people do understand his circumstances.

Generations of my dark-skinned ancestors still live
under occupation.

Ancestors who were tortured and killed by modern-day romans.

I find my salvation in the generations who have survived
despite genocide.

Remaining Human

Sitting on the porch

Watching a cold rain fall

A chill that would rattle my bones

Held at bay by a warm dry jacket

Sipping hot tea

I blow across the mouth of the cup

A feeble attempt to avoid burning my tongue

The staccato sounds on the roof

Remind of those less fortunate

The ones seen as a homeless

Faceless mass of humanity

Struggling to survive

But I cannot shake the images

Pictures burned into my mind

I see their faces in detail

Their hazy eyes and the creases

That come from years of being dehumanized

Some taking refuge in their “homes”

Wrapping newspaper tightly around themselves

Layers of cardboard protecting them from the rain

Futile attempts to keep out the wet and cold
Shivering forms huddled together
In doorways and under bridges
Sharing overcrowded dry places
Keeping each other warm with
What little body heat they manage to bring with them (hold or hold onto)
Struggling to keep their last vestiges
Of dignity and humanity

Chess or Life

The chess board sits silently in front of me
Pawns lined up, ready to be sacrificed to
 protect the King
Prelates of the church glide effortlessly
 across the board
Each protecting their assigned color
The Nobles take refuge in their Castles
Knights boldly take the field
 ready for battle
As the game progresses dead pawns
No longer in play litter the side lines
Knights Bishops and even the Nobels
fall to the sword
Even the Queen will foolishly die

protecting the King
Only he is truly safe
His regal authority protects him from
the ultimate demise of death
The King may be captured or checked
but never killed

Mad Puppeteer

We often ignore or
Forget our fluid nature
We stop being supple beings
Ceasing to flow like the
water we are made of

Gracefulness gone
We jerk erratically
Moving like marionettes
Being controlled by a
crazed puppeteer

The strings may be invisible
We may think we are in command
Reality knows the truth
The puppet master grows
madder by the day

Elegance gone

We stagger through life

Out of control until

The strings break and

we fall into a broken heap

About the Poet

Howard Moon is a writer and poet. His writing and poetry have appeared in multiple collections and anthologies, *Small Change*, *Montana Mouthful*, *Das Literarisch Journal*, *Of Poets and Poetry*, *Native Skin*, *Spoonie Press*, *Breath and Shadow*, and more. He has won national, local and regional awards. He has published 3 books of poetry and 2 books of flash fiction.

He is retired and lives in central Florida with his wife and service dog.