

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.