

One Thumb Width Left of the Highest Oak Bough

by Natalie McNabb

Look at the moon, he says,
scratches the wooden banister
with his work-softened nails.
Hand back in his pocket,
he stares at my naked toes.

Now, he says, look at
the sunlight on the moon. And, I
have heard him differently since then.

~ Etchings 7, 2009, Ilura Press