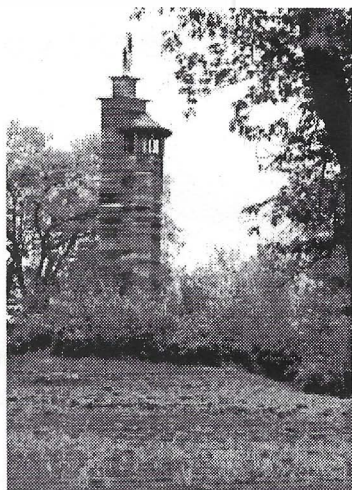


MOON READER



NO. 3 FALL '01

No title, so
They gave
me a picture →



in mandolin clover i spun a girl
who landed on a broken yellow line
in the middle of the road
is where i passed her soft touch
across my back
brick wall graffiti sprayed tattoo
paints raga beat to tango
it's all in the hippo banjo bass future
after snooker left town
for a richer life in the city
after bushes in the front yard died
for whom nobody but the wind mourned
after yesterday folded into itself
shifting currents in space
to pine gospel water songs
in the middle of an hour
is when i passed her soft touch
across my back

—Don Moore