

Encounter by Moonlight

Sharp sickle, clean and cutting,
curves in a neat hug, semi-halo,
curled crescent new, launching
a homecoming, glow in the sky,
a warm grin on a winter's night
as if someone had lit a beacon
to hail the wanderer's safe return
by the skirt of the inky park.

The fox and I halt, eye each other,
who invades whose territory
and who crosses whose path?
The shock of rust coat, rustling,
emerges from distant darkness,
scuttles across road into gardens
and I similarly home to feed
on anything I can scavenge.