

MOONWALKING

On the farm with my sister.

BY DIXIE PARTRIDGE

It's your child face I see,
blonde and pale, that ghostly light
slipping in with the moon.
And the chants of childhood,
 "Run sheep run" and
 "No bears out tonight."
The farm, changed yet familiar,
Like negatives of photographs.

Long limbs of pale shadow
reach toward us from the trees,
across the milky distance between barn
and pasture, shouts still float,
 "What time is it, moon?"
And from some deep well
our child voices want to answer.

