

ANDREW FAULKNER

THE MOON

Clean, sharp, a knife stepping from the shower.
Pock-faced snowglobe without the snow, starry-eyed,
moon, stop peering through the sunroof of my Volvo.
As a preposition, the moon has few uses. As a pinball,
the moon is a metaphor. When it humps, the moon

insists you hump. After its latest skateboarding mishap,
the moon has undergone several costly surgeries
and is now partially bionic. For years of mismanagement,
the moon presents you with a lawsuit in your name.

From the First World's left ventricle I pump
my fist furiously for each small victory. The moon
circles back on itself, clutching at its tail.
Notch another one for The End of History.