

Full moon at Soller

Scent of orange blossom,
viscous in the night air,
settles on our clothes,
spiced by tendrils of smoke
from a quiet cigar.

We search the moon's
circularity for the taint
of a flattened edge.
The glowing sphere expands,
circumference pulsates.

That moon, pinned up there
on the lilac grey sky
hangs heavy above the
mountain tops, whose dark
edge soars and swoops,
dividing land from air.
Lower slopes glimmer,
and beneath the ancient
contorted olive trees,
sheep bells utter
a sonorous rattle.

My eyes are drawn again
to the moon, and now
I see the sky as a dark
silk sheet, pierced by a hole,
through which I peer
at a minute part of some
universal, transcendental
light beyond.