

VLP, Vo. XXI

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## **Love Note to the Moon Hangin' Low**

by

Suzanne Sunshower

Luscious lobe  
just beginning to loom  
large in the true-blue  
semi-dark sky:  
I would bow to you  
monstrous hemo-globe  
were I not at the wheel  
of my tiny human's car.

Go ahead you ovum-ish orb,  
grow out-sized, hang low  
and dance  
in my rear-view mirror.  
Guard me as I sail  
through the crisp countryside  
beneath your penetrating  
blood moon stare.