

On Tuesday, you say
The moon is full, I think

On Thursday, I take the wrong freeway,
exit at the wrong "Watt,"
head far more north than I should have.

With a vacant mind
I drive on streets I don't know,
cross the county line before I U-turn.

On Friday, the moon stays up late,
almost complete except for the merest sliver.
When I forgot where I was going.
the moon was as full as it could be.

—Theresa McCourt