

Wanting The Moon

Aga Zaryan

Not the moon. A flower on the other side of the water.

The water sweeps past in flood, dragging a whole tree by the hair,

a barn, a bridge. The flower sings on the far bank.

Not a flower, a bird calling hidden among the darkest trees, music

over the water, making a silence out of the brown folds of the river's cloak.

The moon. No, a young man walking under the trees. There are lanterns

among the leaves. Tender, wise, merry,

his face is awake with its own light, I see it across the water as if close up.

A jester. The music rings from his bells, gravely, a tune of sorrow,

I dance to it on my riverbank.