

## A Better Moon

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I see you better now, shaded in deeper blue.  
Hardly needing to carry the find-your-way lamp  
down to the river.  
Tonight flies a better moon.

Sad water buffalo lie fast near the shallows;  
a splash revealing the fly-catching fishes.  
Dark Gods silently watching.  
Tonight flies a better moon.

I guess you've known lovers here, compliant in passion;  
softly laid in the old reed bed, harshly  
lit in the noon sun.  
Tonight flies a better moon.

Now cloaked in this milky light, new as the virgin dawn,  
shrouded sweetly in all kinds of mystery,  
you turn, smile and then are gone.  
Tonight flies a better moon.