

## **Michael McGuire**

# **"The Meaning Of The Moon"**

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THE MEANING OF THE MOON

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Despondent beyond all reckoning, I sit here in the  
worlds end throne, I  
don't know why this suicide hasn't killed me, seems  
my weightless will  
is not my own, the moon is my only friend tonight, the  
only empathy I  
can gather and feel, a train's cry puts ages in this  
moment, divided by  
the fictions hope of the real.  
The whole history of the death of fathers, puts all  
sorrow to song and  
season, but in folk tongue I want to sing, this book of  
agonies in it's  
grudge of reason, there is no mercy in this cold  
moonlight, only the  
slow dissipation of wonder's fault, and meaning is  
never implied only  
inferred, truth just a subject of this action of thought.  
Why is pain the only compensation, for this survival;  
this defeat of  
days, and this raging heartbeat; rhythms only proof, of  
the syncopation  
of the river's ways, this inarticulate hurt that haunts  
the eyes, in every  
one you meet like a moon in a pond, with no ocean to  
empty this ache,  
we all share of this birth right bond.  
Memory outweighs the moment ever, by sustaining the  
boneless bulk  
of the past, and I visit the graveyard of everything I  
never did, now is  
the mold that was then cast, if I could match the  
symbols to the  
moods, I could put the light to the haunting' of Leo,  
and this agnostic  
astrology that I moon over, could be known by  
nonsense-neo.  
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