

## Rescue

by ryall *Friday, Aug 13 2010, 8:33am*

international / poetry / post



a sliced peach new moon  
hangs in the sky tonight  
-- horizontal crescent --  
an open hand  
waiting  
longing  
for that unnamed planet  
to fill its void  
that yearning hollow space.

a body so near  
yet not able to close  
the gap;  
two heavenly bodies  
locked in their respective orbits  
attracted and repelled simultaneously,  
mutually opposing forces  
maintaining their  
gravitational tension.

a cupped, crescent hand  
in the cool winter sky  
above the Bay of Roses  
over black, deep waters  
supplicating  
inviting a body to  
save it from its  
emptiness.

one night  
a fiery comet,  
passes  
offering light where once

was darkness;

the moon, though glamourised  
by the spectacle,  
is unable to seize the opportunity  
or surrender to the chance encounter;  
it remains locked  
in its orb,  
yearning endlessly.

everything is etched  
in its place tonight  
affirming that  
nothing can save a thing  
from itself.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2065.html>

🔊 [Without Darkness - Peter Sarstedt](#)

🔊 [Rescue Me - Fontella Bass](#)

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-111.html>