

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](#)

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