close your eyes
stay still
and you can feel
the moon’s silver needles
softly pointed
penetrating peace
into your head, hand and heart
like chinese acupuncture
flying balmy filaments
at you and me alike
although ten thousand miles apart

open your ears
the light is streamwater
spattering down from heaven
upon your shaded shoulders
whirling up and splashing about
into stars, if you can
catch just one droplet
hurling it into the backyard
out of the broken window
of your fenced mind
the symphony of night
tender