New Moon

We can’t follow the new moon.
It hangs in the smudged sky
cleared of clouds.
Already setting, the moon
shows up on our way home.
It’s been hidden all day
while we’ve been watching
thunderclouds pile up on the horizon,
the storm that never happened here.
The new moon is leaving us
like the airplane taking off
for Chicago or California,
maybe even Japan.

Venus lingers for a time,
standing in for the stars
we cannot see.

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