

ADELE GRAF

MOONSCAPE

We glance at Ming tombs, rush along
the Great Wall, chew skin from Beijing Duck.
After our trip, we don't adjust

our watches. Home clocks set to Chinese,
we choose our night and day: thick-draped
sleep, Couche-Tard stores, unplugged phones.

Just the rare email and at hours we've reversed,
doctors' notes that postpone work. We stroll
silent Park Street, pore through Tolstoy,

listen to whole symphonies. Or daydream,
propped in bed, until this hiatus has to end.
Now we wait for another blue moon

when we'll feel grounded again. Brief
as liquid moons in Chinese myth, our own
moon time stays solid: crazy and full.