

Hunter Ellis

Absent Stream

Walking alone this evening
I find myself staring upward,
transfixed by the occupied space.
Above my head I notice a piece missing.

The essential sphere obscured from my view;
yet exist no clouds for it to hide behind.
Beginning to fret I stare down at
my accomplice elongated in front of me,
mimicking my every movement.

I reach my destination marred.
Not due to an infliction,
but because I admire the effect
of the moon beams shining down on me.