

## HE, TO HIS WIFE

Sit with me here on the landing  
and watch how the moon hangs  
like some pale winter fruit  
in the branches of our crab apple tree.  
I noticed it last night, but you  
had gone to bed. And since last night  
the moon has ripened and is full  
and looks ready to plummet off the tree  
and drop below the horizon.  
Sit down here beside me.  
It's not something we'll see  
every month. The leaves will hide it,  
or the clouds. One of us will be away,  
or we'll both be asleep and it will rise  
and hang there in the branches Without us.  
How odd not to have noticed it before now;  
to have lived in this house a year  
and not had a cloudless night when the leaves  
were down and the moon was waxing.  
How soon will it be before clear weather  
again reveals it in its brightest phase  
hanging in those bare limbs?  
We ought to watch the skies more faithfully  
and try to be here on these stairs  
to catch the next conjunction  
of the moon in our tree.  
Sit with me in the dark a while.