

Moonshine

Here in the hills and hollows, we know what moonshine is,
how it spills over the landscape, almost drinkable.

We know how it illuminates, making slow waters
seem to shimmy and shake, and we know
something always will happen to shatter the shine.

We know the twists and turns of roads through these hills,
the trails that avoid them, how to follow and come out,
can even say how they will end.

We know the cleft between things, what hollow means,
how sunshine shadows out until noontime,
moonshine until midnight.

We know the imperfect shine of living,
the smooth burn of day as it goes down.