

The Moon

When full, the moon looks rather like a globe,
Each continent carved vaguely on its robe.



It's different in all seasons, and in each and every phase,
So fascinating is it that upon it I must gaze.
It teases us by shining just a little, or some more,
Or not at all, if thick grey cloud its face does now obscure.



Sometimes, if a southern wind brings red Sahara dust,
For several hours the moon looks red or pink around its crust.



As a child, Mum told me, "Look! There's a man up in the moon."
I couldn't ever see him – not in April, May or June.
What's this, now? It cannot be – what is it that I've seen?
He's eating a banana, and the sky is turning green!



That's not the moon at all, my child – I've had a bit of fun.
Eclipsed, seen through a welding mask, it is indeed the sun!

