

## **Marblehead Moon**

Come, Moon!

It's summer and the night of the Full Moon. In our old house by the sea, the family finishes dinner. Who will be the first to see the red rim slip above the sea?

Ah, there it is! We conform ourselves to the cushions on the porch. The wicker creaks.

We chat. This, that, yes, no, until no one cares about here or there but sits silent. We stare at the round moon and the sea. We are captured by the moon. We are entranced by the ever dancing path of her reflection.

I never knew our great grandparents but I know that some of them must have sat just here and been struck silent too by the very same round, gently patterned glowing moon and her glittering path.

A grandchild's voice: "I think there's a game on." And we all stir, shift to the inside chairs and all stare at the bright rectangle with its frenetic, ever changing motion.

Go, Sox!

**Libbie Merrow**