

WATCHING FOR METEORS

by Janet Ruth

A frigid night—down coat zipped tight—shiver and pray
for one glimpse of a falling star, just fleetingly,
as it burns out—from flame to cinder in the sky.
But the illumination of the full moon's glow
makes me wonder if its bright will obscure my view
of lesser lights, and so my faith is tried, it's true.
In the slightly darker spot cast by the smoke tree's shadow,
the wait for ancient rocks from constellation Gemini.
Then, having given up all chilly hopes, I see
one brilliant flair arc across heaven, fade away.

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