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Ode to a Second Moon

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Author Bio

Julia Chin is a senior English with a Writing Concentration and East Asian Studies - Japan double major, as well as a Music minor. Her Anglophilic passions include the Brontës, breakfast tea, and the delightful city of Bath. She is in love with words.

Ode to a Second Moon

JULIA CHIN

A second moon hangs in blue morning light.
It is haunting yellow, inlaid with a star at its center of gravity
and black Roman numerals round the rim,
harking back to the Latin race, those worshipers of
planets and pantheons, who once conquered this island Briton.
The flaxen moon I speak of is, in fact,
not a moon at all, but the backlit face of a clock.
I climbed the innards of the tower in August
and stood in the pocket of space behind that glazed glass.
Just like the real moon, this one is much larger
than you'd believe simply from seeing it at a distance below,
a luminescent orb you could wrap up in your fist
and bring home to America as a genuine English souvenir.
This is what I tell myself at 7:06 on this Thursday morning,
welcoming the mild rainfall onto my tired brow,
seagulls softly cawing in flight overhead and pavement
everywhere glistening wet and bright in yellow lamplight.
It is exactly one month,
one complete cycle of the moon's waxings and wanings
before I fly the fragile nest of my three-and-a-half-month home.
Staring at the clock of this Gothic abbey is reminiscent
of Peter Pan and the Darling children who believed in fairies,
who acquired enough magic to fly past the hands of Big Ben.
Sadly, I am not a Lost Boy and must grow up
as time continues on in the world beyond Bath's cobblestones.
We all knew we had to leave Neverland at some point.