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A Saffron Moon

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A Saffron Moon

A saffron moon,
elusive, exotic orange hue,
the dye of monks' robes lingers,
suspended this morning on the
horizon's wrist of emerald green and
blue-gray eyes of distant hills.
I know this full, ripe fruit will
slip from the sky's lip,
but for a moment I am duped;
I presume this moon, this color,
this instant was ceded only to me;
it will fit nicely in my pocket.
Though the speculators scheme and the
surveyors ogle through lenses, no one
may own the Sea of Tranquility.
Now, the saffron moon hovers in the east
above the Great Buddha's brow and
its reflection illuminates, making
radiant, golden domed stupas.
Now, the eyes of any caste may
merely gaze upward to possess a saffron moon.

-David Sapp
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