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Digging for Moongold (or) Making a profit off the sun's misfortune (May 10, 1994)

Sreyas Srinivasan
Carnegie Mellon University

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Sreyas Srinivasan

This day  
the day of the eclipse  
my sluggish step became a gallop  
when I saw the work of the maple tree  
outside the college library.

It's spiny tipped leaves  
were fragmenting light, minting out  
crescents like a solar forge—  
crescents  
which drizzled down to the pavement  
clinking, flipping,  
spinning to a stop,  
arranging themselves  
in glittering constellation at my feet.

Like a seasoned farmer,  
I gnashed my teeth  
and set down to harvest,  
fearing, that at any moment,  
the sun would emerge  
out of hiding  
and levy his taxes against me.  
I loaded my pockets with crescents,  
filling my socks to the ankles.  
I crammed them into my underwear  
until I was bulging and rich.  
I looked into my hands,  
hands bathed in the sun's misfortune  
and saw sticking to each sweaty  
crease  
crescents
like a colony of cheshire cats:
bodies already gone,
now left, only smiles.