

Lunation

Daniele Nunziata

The moon cut the sea in half tonight.
Its incomprehensible luminescence tore the black water in two,
pouring its silver light into a middle trench
keeping each side apart like two rippling curtains
unable to reach the centre. A lighthouse on the shore
barely made a mark as its ghostly ray
passed over the surface of the aquatic abyss
before disappearing, then reappearing, like the first shower
of white blossoms cascading from a tree at the onset of summer.

And the boats weren't out at sea that night.
And the fishing nets stayed home.
And the moon had the waves all to itself,
and it dissected them just how it liked.