

FACES ON THE MOON

The Olive Baboons of Kenya
are my friends.
We don't live together, but
we share the same moon.
They breathe air through
innocent nostrils.
I put on deodorant and
blow it their way.
For them, mercy is hiding
in the trees.
For me, the wind blows
away the fury.
I look up at the moon
and bounce my hello face at them.
They look up at the moon
and bounce their sad faces back at me.

Pat Gibbons