

WOLF MOON

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The moon watches over a frozen pond
as it hangs in the January Sky.
Before it drops below the tree tops,
it watches a skier glide
on top of newly fallen snow.
The barks of an anxious dog
disturb an otherwise silent scene.
The skier laughs as the dog bumps into his leg and
rushes ahead of him,
along snowmobile tracks, onto the pond.
Snow on the ice reflects the moonlight
and he switches off his headlamp.
Without a cone of artificial light,
the snow glows even brighter.
He looks over his shoulder to see windows
illuminated by the electric glow
of televisions and computer screens,
and is reminded
of the way light dances at the bottom of a pool.
He is glad to be alone tonight.
His mother had said,
“Don’t forget your cell phone.”
But to escape into the woods
Means leaving the constraints of civilization behind.
To share his status online
Would only cheapen the joy
Of weaving between skeletal trees,
And the spider-web of shadows they cast on the forest floor.
He looks up and smiles,
as the only satellite that matters
observes in silence,
while kindly lighting the way.

* **MICHAEL WOODWORTH** is a graduate student in the writing and literature program. He has been teaching English at Timberlane High School for the past six years. Along with teaching, he has grown to love the outdoors as a staff member with an adventure based counseling, summer camp. Michael hopes to find opportunities to continue writing after finishing his master's program.