

## MOON CLOCK

Like an oarless boat through midnight's watery  
ghosthouse, through lumens and shallows  
of shadow, under smoky light that the full moon  
reflects from snowfields to ceilings, I drift  
on January's tide from room to room, pausing  
by the wooden clock with its pendulum that keeps  
the beat like a heart certainly beating, to wait  
or the pause allowing passage  
to repose's shore—where all waves halt  
upreared and stony as the moon's Mycenaean lions.

-from WHITE APPLES and the TASTE of STONE, © 2006 by Donald Hall