

A Theft

Zoe Brooks

I stole the moon last night,
shoved it up my sleeve
and slipped away home.
It swims in the bowl
like a fat goldfish
quietly circling.
The news anchor announces
its disappearance.
The screen shifts to beaches
unwashed,
to surfers bereft.
But in my room
the water rises and falls
lapping at the glass rim
and I feel the tide of blood
rush in my veins.

You look up at the screen
and then away again.
You do not see
the light flooding the room
nor the moths battering
the window.

I stole the moon for you,
but you did not even notice.