

The Moon Wants A Divorce
Georgia Hilton

(A Sonnet)

When you planted your flag in me,
then told the whole Earth about it,
something in me
shifted off its axis

and you can write me
all the poems you want,
you still made me
the subject of gossip –

you only did it so you could say
you got there first,
little Man in your big rocket –
you never fell to your knees as you should

before the Bringer of Tides,
you live by my munificence.