

# M IS FOR... MOON

Hold the glowing rock with your gaze.  
Cup it in your hands, like a mooncake.  
Count the twelve times a year it grows  
plump and full,  
And when it blooms its brightest during  
the mid-autumn season,  
Hang a lantern on its ancient tale.  
The moon is drawing a circle in the sky—  
A table for us to gather and eat.  
Clasp hands.  
And cast your wishes, your wants and  
dreams,  
Into the well of its craters.

- Jessie Lian



## ARTWORK BY HUFSA ZIA

*"At the end of my bed, the moon is  
shining bright, I think it looks like frost  
upon the ground. I raise my head and  
look at the bright moon, I lower my  
head and think of home."*

*- Jing Yé Si by Li Bái (Chinese poet  
from the Tang dynasty)*

