Precipice

We drove east
to get to tomorrow sooner.
As dusk faded behind us
we crested the mountain top
and caught the moon in our mouths.
Under that balloon moon
hovering in a saffron sky,
we wondered whether
tomorrow was enough.
Taste of wheat lingered
as the moon rose higher
over the valley below
and we saw the future
looking back at us.

Valerie Sopher

When she’s not writing poetry, Valerie Sopher sings, plays guitar and gets her hands dirty with fabric and thread. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. Valerie is grateful to Canary, SLANT, Science Write Now, Comstock Review and Wingless Dreamer (contest winner Dawn of the Day), among others, for publishing her work and to the Ina Coolbrith Circle and Benicia Love Poetry Contest for honors bestowed. Her first chapbook, Day for Night, is available from The Orchard Street Press.