



www.merlynspen.com

Moon

Crescent angel,
Slipping beneath
 pale papery sky of day,
Invisible, elusive,
 waiting for spilling blackness
To stain a parchment horizon,
Each night gradually retreating
 until only a wisp remains,
A slow release or
 whimsical suggestion.

—*Kelly O'Brien,*
Tenth grade, Bothell High School,
Bothell, Washington

Merlyn's Pen

“

I like poems you can tack all over with a hammer and there are no
hollow places.

”

-John Ashbery