**With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb’st the skies!**

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb’st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be that even in heavenly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel’st a lover’s case:

I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,

Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

—Sir Philip Sidney

**Strange fits of passion I have known**

         Strange fits of passion I have known,

          And I will dare to tell,

          But in the Lover’s ear alone,

          What once to me befell.

          When she I loved, was strong and gay

          And like a rose in June,

          I to her cottage bent my way,

          Beneath the evening moon.

          Upon the moon I fixed my eye

          All over the wide lea;

          My horse trudged on, and we drew nigh

          Those paths so dear to me.

          And now we reached the orchard plot,

          And, as we climbed the hill,

          Towards the roof of Lucy’s cot

          The moon descended still.

          In one of those sweet dreams I slept,

          Kind Nature’s gentlest boon!

          And, all the while, my eyes I kept

          On the descending moon.

          My horse moved on; hoof after hoof

          He raised, and never stopped:

          When down behind the cottage roof

          At once the planet dropped.

          What fond and wayward thoughts will slide

          Into a Lover’s head—

          “O mercy!” to myself I cried,

          “If Lucy should be dead!”

—William Wordsworth

**The Freedom of the Moon**

I’ve tried the new moon tilted in the air

Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster

As you might try a jewel in your hair.

I’ve tried it fine with little breadth of luster,

Alone, or in one ornament combining

With one first-water star almost as shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please.

By walking slowly on some evening later,

I’ve pulled it from a crate of crooked trees,

And brought it over glossy water, greater,

And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,

The color run, all sorts of wonder follow.

—Robert Frost

**Full Moon and Little Frieda**

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a bucket –

And you listening,

A spider’s web, tense for the dew’s touch.

A pail lifted, still and brimming – mirror

To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the hedges with their warm wreaths of breath –

A dark river of blood, many boulders,

Balancing unspilled milk.

‘Moon!’ you cry suddenly, ‘Moon! Moon!’

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing amazed at a work

That points at him amazed.

—Ted Hughes

**If the Moon Happened Once**

If the moon happened once

it wouldn’t matter much,

would it?

One evening’s ticket

punched with a

round or a crescent.

You could like it

or not like it,

as you chose.

It couldn’t alter

every time it rose;

it couldn’t do those

things with scarves

it does.

—Kay Ryan