Invention
By Billy Collins
Art by Sebastià Serra

Tonight the moon is a cracker, with a bite out of it floating in the night,

and in a week or so according to the calendar it will probably look

like a silver football, and nine, maybe ten days ago it reminded me of a thin bright claw.

But eventually—by the end of the month, I reckon—

it will waste away to nothing, nothing but stars in the sky,

and I will have a few nights to myself, a little time to rest my jittery pen.