

# If the Din of Cities Makes the Moon

*M. Shayne Bell*

If the din of cities makes the moon  
shine dimly in the night;  
if the touch of concrete and tin  
drowns the sound of water;  
if the sight of cheap billboards  
masks the fragrance of all daisies  
or the taste of chokecherries  
picked on hot, fall days:

Put down the basket and walk away.  
Stand silent through the blush of dusk,  
and later, in the cold of night,  
kneel on desert rock to touch it;  
hear your fingers move across  
its ancient surface—put your ears  
to the rock and smell, again,  
the bright, sharp taste of life.