

The Charles was Looking Very Thames-y

The way the moon shines on this river gives it a different kind of blue.
Sharper at the edges,
more metal than memory.

It doesn't curl like the Thames does.
Doesn't wrap itself around old buildings
like a scarf around a tired neck.

I walk the river path in shoes that don't fit right
Because I borrowed them from my roommate in Rhode Island, not my sister.
I do not plan to return them.

Someone bikes past with a cello strapped to their back like a second spine.
The wind smells like salt and someone else's dinner. there is no sea in London.
Everything makes me think of home.

There, the sky lowers itself
like it's trying to listen.
Here, it stays high and cold like a ceiling with no cracks.

I miss the foxes that ate my guinea pigs
The bacon I accidentally ate because the server didn't hear me say vegetarian
I miss the vegetables that never grow in my garden because my 8 year old brother keeps hitting
his ball there (my brother is 17)

My father says alright? Instead of how are you
And I turn left, there's a leaf in my pocket I don't remember picking.
My throat aches like it swallowed a church bell.

I look up,
the sky split open – old bedsheets that need to be washed, these clouds are.
There she is,

Would be too cliché to call her "luna" but I've had 6 pets with that name.
there is our dear moon,
wearing her same worn face from guinea-pig funerals and long-lost vegetables

Somewhere,
my mother folds my laundry under this same light, hands soaked in Ariel.
my father's hands scald with the kettle-water for Twinings.

I am here,
river-wet and far away,
but we are all bathed

in her soft, indifferent silver—
this quiet witness
That loves us all.