“Phillips' meditative, quietly assertive poems have a balance of joy and shadows, certainty and uncertainty, which points to an alert contemporary sensibility.”

— Dennis Haskell

GLEN PHILLIPS
THE MOON BELONGS TO NO ONE
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TO NO ONE

Some claim the moon sends specially
to them their very own moonbeams
to shine into their eye or throw warm gules
on Madeline’s fair breast, as the poet
put it. On the other hand, I claim,
the moon belongs to no one.

The lost airman, after midnight, dragging
himself and the hanging shrouds of his
torn parachute as well as the shattered legs
that broke his fall, may look up at this moon
through thin canopy of desert mallee
and think, out here, a hundred mile from
anywhere, he has special claim to that
cold sphere’s blazing grace. But I claim
the moon belongs to no one.

Therefore in sharing on distant streets
in distant continents as we make our
separate ways home to narrow beds,
in sharing this same moon to light our way
haven’t we claim she shines for us?
And yet we know as we draw breath
the moon belongs to no one.