

Love in the time of coronavirus: Quarantine day #8: Super moon

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [December 2, 2020](#) issue

Last night we walked along the river path.
The full moon rose and shone its pale light
across the water. It did not feel like night
but, rather, evening or morning or something
in between, blue and smoky, like the last
set of a Jazz Man's song. What could go wrong
on a night like that? The sick & suffering
lay a few hundred yards from where we walked,
the hospital windows just out of view.
For now the world was just me and you.
We strolled slowly, eyed the sky and talked
of stars, how far they were and how long
it took their light to reach our river path,
how long after it dies a star's light lasts.