
Prague Moon

Sarah Putney Weisberger

The full moon sidles over Prague,
A white face in a silver sky.
Beneath it the city bustles and throbs
And I too cannot sleep.
Lying in bed I visit again
The old cemetery I saw today.

I looked for pebbles to mark my remembrance
But every one had long since been taken
And laid neatly where the tilting angles
Of the weatherworn stones would hold it.
I take comfort in this:
That the random paths were as smooth and clean
As dirt can be. For others like me
Had come before
To add their pebbles to the tiny cairns
And whisper a prayer standing amid
That crowded field of ragged love.

The moon shines over all of Prague
Over shallow renderings in ancient alefbet,
Carving night shadows among the stone markers.
As quietly as the moon moves,
They fall one against another
Toward the earth.

Sarah Putney Weisberger lives in Waterville, Maine, with her husband and two daughters. She visited Prague in October, 1991.