

CHRISTOPHER SALERNO

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*Of the Brave*

It was the lunar landing all over again. I'm walking away from laughter and emerge a child on a dark patio at night. TV cameras catch it all: a small white light inching away like a successful mission to the moon.

I feel like I should say a few words about moths. One kind of moth is born without a mouth—it never eats or drinks, just moves from city to city.

I believe my eyes. Our old beds do become reliquaries beneath leaves. Later, the miracle of light snow beginning to fall. The family, their laughter, what it was that delayed them. They said, *holler this winter*. But I greet myself at the door.

Who left these moonboots?

Tonight the moon lacks astronauts. The moon has no smell.