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A Night at the Silver Moon

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Sun and shadow lean
against each other;
the storefronts outside,
lavender against lilac,
seafoam against moss.

Inside this restaurant
a hundred voices collide.
Chatter, laughter
and a baby's cry.
Low pulse of rock 'n roll

piped in through
large sound system speakers
tonight's performer
will soon overtake.
We wait for his time.

But now, one song swells
into another as one
wave, and many waves
of conversations
slip between pool balls

cracking against each other
and cell phone rings—
each a different tune.
From somewhere unknown,
bells chime, otherworldly.

No one notices the painted
faerie, winking, as if she weren't
captive inside the bright mural
on the western wall depicting
how the beer is brewed.

By Susan Botich

Susan Botich has published poetry in *Margie*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Rattlesnake Review*, *The Meadow*, *The Danse Macabre*, *Illya's Honey*, *Wildflower Magazine*, *The Tonopah Review*, *Avocet*, *The*

Inflectionist Review, About Place Journal, and Edgar Allan Poet Journal #1.

She currently works as a freelance writer for various publications and businesses. Susan lives in beautiful Bend, Oregon.



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