

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.