Autumn

Autumn approaches
and the heart begins to dream—
—Basho, translated by Sam Hamill

My heart comes back in a very large FedEx box.

As though it has accumulated many new possessions.

But no, it is just surrounded by a lavish amount of bubble wrap.

Kneeling on the carpet, I lift it out.

& feel for a moment like I’ve won a raffle, though I don’t recall buying a ticket.

Then I bring my heart up to my face.

& find it giving off a mystery odor.

Like a relative you want to have to buy a bus, no, plane ticket to see.

Yet this pounding is, undeniably, me.

Demanding a flawless performance of the entire Lion King soundtrack.

Asking, does the moon ever get sad?

Needing to know, does the moon get terribly sad because it is simply called the moon, & not some fancy Greek name, like the myriad moons of Jupiter, like Callisto, for example, from the Greek kallistos, superlative form of kalos, meaning “beautiful”? 
Then, knowing:

The moon does not get sad. Or at least, not because of that.

Of that, the moon is terribly proud.