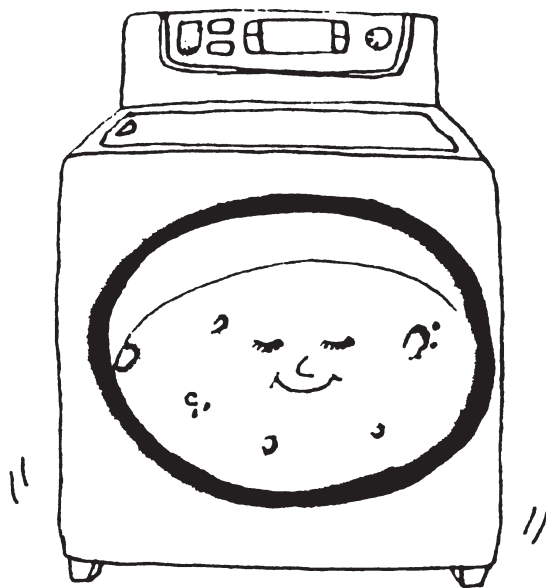


MOON CLEANING



by Skip Weinstock

illustrations by Yura Osborn

Millennium Press

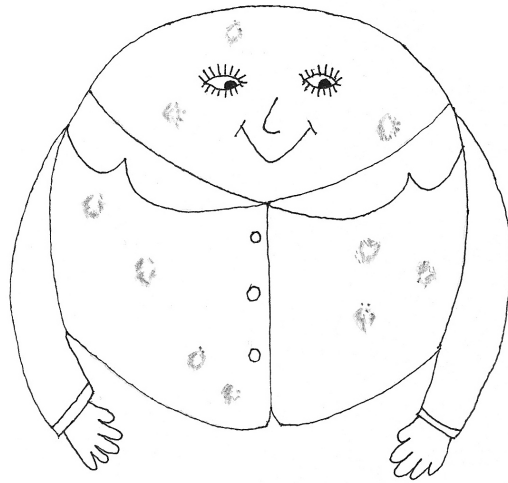
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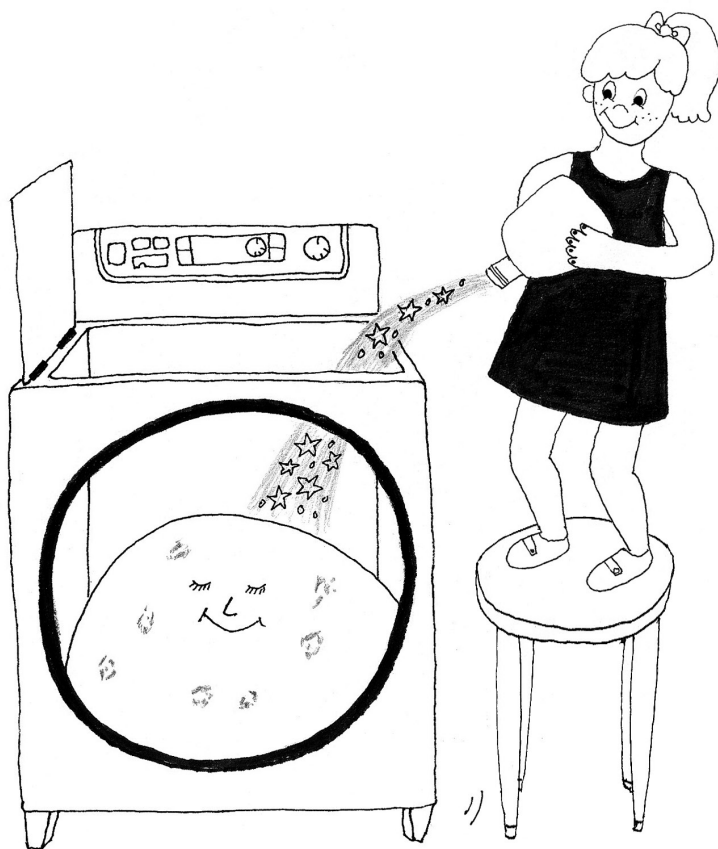


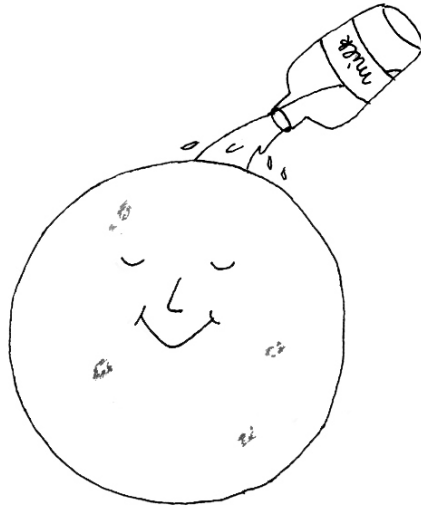
for
Marc and Jonah



Moon Cleaning

The moon looks like a laundry shirt
With tiny specks of crater-dirt.
I know a way to get it clean.
You throw it in a moon-machine
And measure in a hundred jars
Of moonflakes made from laundry stars.
Then set the dial to Soapy-White:
The moon will come out clean all right.

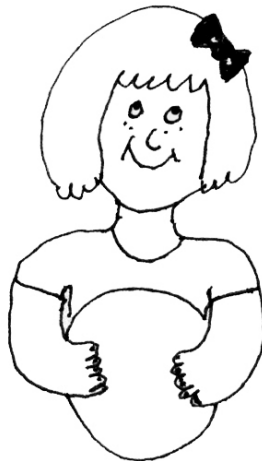


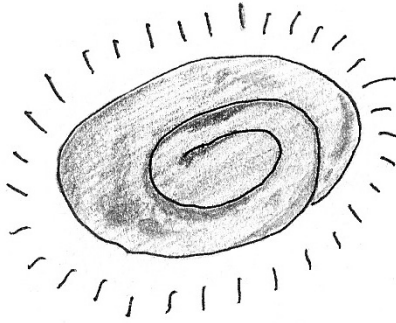


Moon Milk

When I was small
I used to think
The moon was full
Of milk to drink.

But now I'm older
And I know
It's really just
A ball of snow.





I Sometimes Wonder

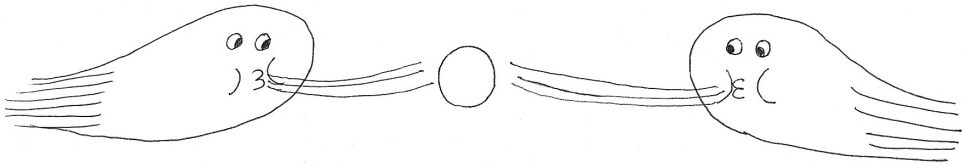
I sometimes wonder if the sun
Might be a golden honey bun
Some little girl refused to eat
For fear she might become too sweet.

At other times I think the moon
Might be a giant silver spoon
That sprinkles in our cups of tea
The stars, all white and sugary.



Moon Ball

I used to think
When I was small
The moon might be
A ping-pong ball.



And when the wind
Blew south and north
The moon went sailing
Back and forth.

A Big Mouthful

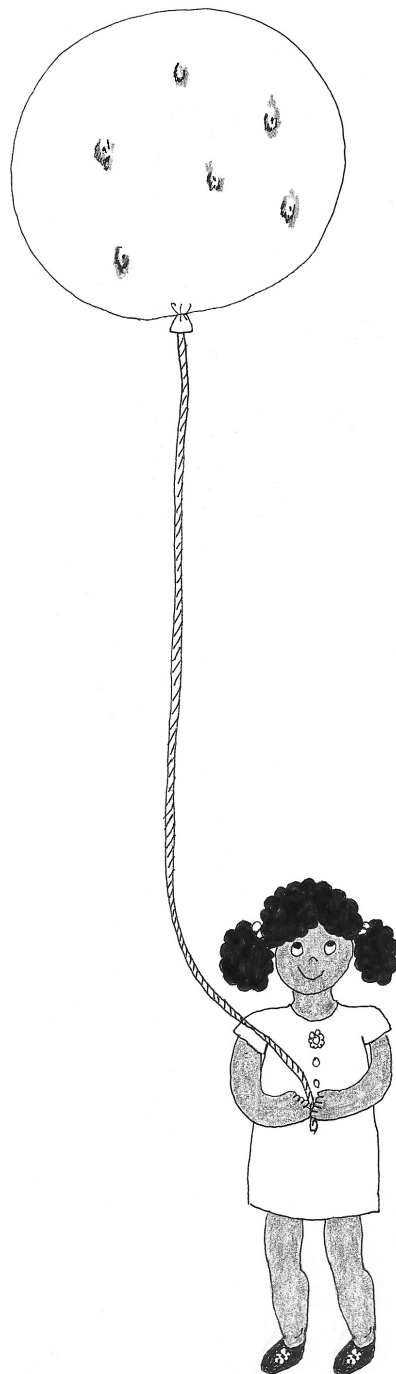
If meteors were chocolate
And stars were made of sugared light,
I'd gobble up the universe
In one gigantic bite.



Moon Drop

When I was small
I thought the moon
Might be a giant
White balloon.

I wasn't sure
So I asked Pop--
He said it was
A lemon drop.



Star Jam

The moon's a jelly-maker.
He picks a bunch of stars
And presses them together
And crams them into jars
And mixes in some moondust
To make them sour-sweet
For star-jam in the winter
That all his friends will eat.

