

## Tracey Knapp

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### *Stealing*

Kent stole a sports coat from the Big and Tall  
and Lucy lifted a gentleman's monocle at the antique fair  
She says sometimes she steals because no one is watching  
I saw a homeless guy steal some Slim Jims, but I didn't tell  
Tom believes there is a difference between stealing from Jake at the corner store  
versus batteries at Walmart, which he has done for years  
I agree with him that it's less personal when your victim is a corporate entity  
but the homeless guy was just drunk and hungry, and Tom is a smug asshole  
My brother stole a duck phone from a police station once  
when it rang, it quacked  
and also a guitar strap from a Sonic Youth concert in 1993  
I went to court for the Bob Marley tape I took from the record store when I was seventeen  
My father was a cop, so you can imagine my humiliation  
I swore, never again, but then there was the half-moon pendant at the River Fest  
You'd think they would know better, keep an eye on the small stuff  
Watch the things that matter most and trust no one  
but then there goes some dickhead with my backpack  
and his new box of tampons, his eyelash curler, an anthology of Japanese feminist poetry

## *To the New Moon*

Come night. Come  
sirens and midnight babies  
born in the backseats  
of taxicabs. Come moon.

You crazy weeping  
alcoholic, quit drinking  
yourself into nothingness.  
Someone's trumpet has  
gone missing tonight.

Someone is looking  
for you, holding your  
hair brush to the nose  
of a bloodhound.

Leave your shadow  
on the door mat and come  
inside. I'll cook  
you up something good,  
a grilled cheese sandwich  
to go with that frown.  
It's just us girls  
tonight. Let's spray paint  
the stairwell pink, burn  
a rosebush in the bathtub.

Even though you're telling me  
you're done, it's over, I've still hung  
my clothes out to dry overnight  
in the ocean wind, and that tide  
is all your work. You may  
have been the first,  
but you're not the only one  
to circle your grief, to slowly  
darken because of it.

I know that it's hard to show  
your face in the face  
of the sun and his narcissism,  
the earth's pushy shadow,  
but I've seen you in the daylight,  
edging into the sky  
early for a while, urging  
the herons to stab at fish,  
the street cars to lurch  
up and over the long hill  
before they rattle on towards the bay.

Moon, it's two in the morning  
and it's time to stop hiding:  
the French Alps are talking  
about your new glow,  
how you actually look younger,  
and all the dogs adore you.