



I got greedy. I kept plucking

ripe moons from branches

until my pockets were full.

I walked to the car leaking

moonlight through my pants'

legs.

At home in a large pot

I cooked them down to

luminous marmalade.

I have it in jars on a pantry

shelf.

On toast, moonlight

goes well with black coffee

and fried green tomatoes.

from Say Those Stars Slowly I Am Still

Learning

Russell Salamon is the author of eleven books of poetry and one poetic novel, *Descent into Cleveland*. His work has appeared in *Passager*, *Sunstone*, *Uncommon Ground*, *Daybreak*, *The Listening Eye*, *Saint Petersburg Russian-American Anthology*, *Peckerwood*, *Puckerbrush Review*, *Retooling for the Renaissance in the Third Millennium* among others. He is the winner of the Passager Prize for 1996 and has performed his poetry at the Cleveland Bicentennial Celebration. He serves on the editorial board for *California Quarterly*, published by the California State Poetry Society. He has been a featured reader at many venues in the Southern California area including Beyond Baroque, Autry Museum of Western Heritage, Mission Viejo Public Library and Bakersfield Art Gallery. The Inevitable Press, Laguna Poets Series # 213, produced *Breeze Hunting* for the featured reading in Laguna Beach in 2001. He lives in North Hollywood, California, and is currently working on a collection of poems, *Woodsmoke and Green Tea*, soon to be published by deep cleveland press.

