

## Desert on the Moon

There is a big rabbit  
who is pounding steamed rice  
into cake.

On the veranda  
I see  
the harvest moon.  
Few stars  
defeated by numerous lights  
but the moon,  
round full moon,  
So clear – gold.

Eating a rice cake  
with bean jam,  
I ask my sister,  
How can I see the big rabbit?  
My sister says  
she knows the secret way to go there.

That night,  
I go there,  
Desert on the moon.

Sand-laden wind  
blows.  
Countless stars  
twinkle.

I walk with my sister  
searching for the big rabbit.  
Barefooted,  
soft fine gold sand  
steps into the thin spaces  
between my toes.

Following my sister,  
I grasp the end of her shirt.  
She says  
This is our Great Expedition.

—Chie Katsuda

