

POETRY BY THE PAGE

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(for John Gill)

THE MOON'S GONE BLOOD

*and we are waiting
for the light
that destroys*

*summer pulls its longest days
across our dreams,
redwing blackbirds
call from cattails,
berries ripen to sweet darkness
along melting highways*

*we wait in fear
of the greater melting
shock so strong
no eyes will remain,
no ears, no tongues*

*silver flashes in the sky:
storm? the long fork
striking the horizon
among black fists of cloud*

*every night we grow more wary
how long before the stars go pale
around us, frogs cease song,
all becomes a brilliant whiteness
blue in every core*

Katharyn Machan Aal