

BLOOD MOON

under the veil
grins and tendons
white-taut
let go
into a watercolor dawn
and
the words
just for us
just for this
red
cinnamon
dream
and that day
at the radiologist
a wonder of shadow
my flesh became
a bone shawl
a gift to find
my leadenness
lightened
into barely
a cloud

but now
now the curve of
the hip
slips into radiant glare
bare and
too soon
nothing more
than a sliver
color of tea
gone cold
remains
and the words
for us
for this
illumine
shine
and *am*
that weekend after
out in the wild
when I wandered
into midnight
cloudless
my bones
a curl of blood
and light