

# Full Moon

By Elinor Wylie

My bands of silk and miniver  
Momently grew heavier;  
The black gauze was beggarly thin;  
The ermine muffled mouth and chin;  
I could not suck the moonlight in.

Harlequin in lozenges  
Of love and hate, I walked in these  
Striped and ragged rigmaroles;  
Along the pavement my footsoles  
Trod warily on living coals.

Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,  
In their corrupt disguises clothed,  
Mortality I could not tear  
From my ribs, to leave them bare  
Ivory in silver air.

There I walked, and there I raged;  
The spiritual savage caged  
Within my skeleton, raged afresh  
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,  
The clean bones crying in the flesh.