

# Luna Moth

By Carl Phillips

No eye that sees could fail to remark you:  
like any leaf the rain leaves fixed to and  
flat against the barn's gray shingle. But

what leaf, this time of year, is so pale,  
the pale of leaves when they've lost just  
enough green to become the green that *means*

loss and more loss, approaching? Give up  
the flesh enough times, and whatever is lost  
gets forgotten: that was the thought that I

woke to, those words in my head. I rose,  
I did not dress, I left no particular body  
sleeping and, stepping into the hour, I saw

you, strange sign, at once transparent and  
impossible to entirely see through. and how  
still: the still of being unmoved, and then


the still of no longer being able to be  
moved. If I think of a heart, his, as I've  
found it.... If I think of, increasingly, my

own.... If I look at you now, as from above,  
and see the diva when she is caught in mid-  
triumph, arms half-raised, the body as if

set at last free of the green sheath that has—  
how many nights?—held her, it is not  
without remembering another I once saw:

like you, except that something, a bird, some  
wild and necessary hunger, had gotten to it;  
and like the diva, but now broken, splayed

and torn, the green torn piecemeal from her.  
I remember the hands, and—how small they  
seemed, bringing the small ripped thing to me.



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