

# Moon

By Kathleen Jamie

Last night, when the moon  
slipped into my attic room  
as an oblong of light,  
I sensed she'd come to commiserate.

It was August. She traveled  
with a small valise  
of darkness, and the first few stars  
returning to the northern sky,


and my room, it seemed,  
had missed her. She pretended  
an interest in the bookcase  
while other objects

stirred, as in a rock pool,  
with unexpected life:  
strings of beads in their green bowl gleamed,  
the paper-crowded desk;

the books, too, appeared inclined  
to open and confess.  
Being sure the moon  
harbored some intention,

I waited; watched for an age  
her cool gaze shift  
first toward a flower sketch  
pinned on the far wall

then glide down to recline  
along the pinewood floor,  
before I'd had enough. *Moon,*  
I said, *We're both scarred now.*



*Are they quite beyond you,  
the simple words of love? Say them.  
You are not my mother;  
with my mother, I waited unto death.*

Source: *Poetry* (October 2012)