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)