

MOON GARDEN

For Peter when I nearly lost you

The moon is whole,
a soft white ghost
spiralling blue shadows
onto the blacked out hills.

Purple forms grow blacker,
lines merge into black
rearing up into the night,
exposing small chalky undercuts
in the traces of light, like cold white underbelly.

At first softly wailing
the sea's growl at night
trails the edge where the spirits go,
living and dead.

An edge where the sky
crouches down on the earth,
cajoling a faraway thunder
to stir up the tide

lunging out louder
through the silent long hours.
I prowl the long hours,
restless like the waves.

Warring ghosts have weakened
my 2 day old son.
He's gone in an ambulance.
They asked me to leave.
They asked me to wait with his twin.
I can't even cradle him
against the wind,
blackening the moon.

I'm waiting for signs of his return
wondering if he'll live.

I am in a garden, the moon is whole
like a soft white ghost,
spiralling red shadows
on the blacked out hills.
I shout to the angels
an undercut of light

I watch, disarmed
a long moon figure crouched
hollow, waiting

for a kiss from a friend.

Then *I* am kissed.

The whole moon drifts lower
to slide in the bowl at the back,
sunk underneath,
sunk in the orange hills
and sleeps.