

*New Moon*

Her waxing body must have been too heavy—  
she sat down to rest on the ridge at dawn.

Sometimes even God is unmasked!

Deep in the mountains, I turned around  
and caught her furtive eye, her soiled feet.  
Blushing, as if she was being watched,  
she hid behind a cloud  
and reappeared in the distance.

The imprint of her bottom will still be vivid  
on the ridge,  
and the trees will keep the bright scar,  
like Isaiah whose lips were cleansed by a burning coal.