

ONCE AGAIN THE MOON

Once again the moon
edges through the trees, solitary
and single-minded, staking
out its shadows—this is what

it is meant to do, and the shadows
go on trying to loosen themselves
from fixed things—
houses and trees that hold down

the darkness, that carry the moon
high overhead like a banner:
“We exist, given the presence
of our familiars.”

I am like them, never far
from what I know, that I name
child, dwelling, husband, street,
as if it were impossible

to advance through the original night,
empty-handed, wordless, everything
as yet untouched by my choosing:
the house gathered around its lights,

the car locked into silence, the roads
slipping through the darkness
on their way out of the world.