

WENDY BISHOP

My Moon

All my years—
yet full moons
still surprise me
late when I'm trying
to make meaning
out of darkness.

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Exclamatory. O
milk and butter smooth.
White pool of oil
that makes
love's evening linger.
Or huge lamp
that shows up too often
empty-handed.

*

Place to put my hands
and not burn them—

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Not apple-shaped
or pear-shaped
but a woman
curled around her knees
hair streaming
into the next galaxy.

*

When we see each other
neither of us
 blinks.