

MICHELE GLAZER

Child and Woman

The moon is bigger than the girl is.
It rises as she bends, the woman.

The girl behind her.
And the moon rising
Immense and round and marvelous
Filling up sight until knowing rests
Like a yellow dragonfly on a yellow leaf.
Until it flies the girl will not know it's there.

It is all the girl sees
For now, the enormity and then the whiteness of it
Before the others arrive strange

With laughter, to the bathhouse.