

Moon Phases: Childhood

Dixie Partridge

when it topped the mountains
the shell of moon laid down
 such plenty
 all over the fields
 over the hills the barn and us
it went hunting in the trees
 those cloaked figures
 watching from creekside

and we seemed small in its sweep
but could smooth its potion light
 into our skin
choosing pale clothes
 to mark our places
 more than shadow

our calls carried
like they never did
 on daylight
 deflected across fences
 onto the host of hills
no stars out tonight
 all star points flooded
 by the moon filled to its brim

the bleached wood of barns
the granary roof
 slicked in silver salts
that cadescent amulet fastened
 above our night play

our pause
as a shadow dampness crossed
our backs
a sudden cloud trail
wreathing the moon
and we looked up and behind
knowing that something
raven quick
could reach out at any moment
and turn us
to our own dark sides