

## Advent: Moose in Moonlight

Anita Tanner

*... he hath no form nor comeliness;  
and when we shall see him  
there is no beauty  
that we should desire him.*

—Isaiah 53:2

Among the death of foliage  
in skeleton trees  
he appears, moonlight gracing  
his rack—that upturned,

awe-inspiring crown.  
Hint of his heavy breath  
grizzles the air  
beside the ponderous weight.

He comes to the edge, pauses  
as witness of winter's extremities,  
careful that our eyes meet:  
stark litigant.

Flake by flake the dark earth  
fills with exquisite whiteness,  
depth and abundance amplified  
longer than the moon endures.