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## How the Moon Stays Sulphur in Its Sloughing

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## *How the Moon Stays Sulphur in Its Sloughing*

Midnight's sleuth's asleep  
beside the cellphone, closed,  
Orion shining down his spinning.  
Forward-nosed,  
any small being slings in,  
loving the slow wall's silent teamwork  
and indifferent encumbrance.

The hand is ambit to the idea,  
knife, vise, saw, sander, brush,  
and, afterward, a game in the yard,  
sweet drink, sandwich on rough bread.  
Some music makes sense at night only,  
and my car stereo down the mountain  
suggests a loneliness narrative.

Tonight, the crewel silhouette  
of the chain fence rises from the brush.  
The hill's gone dark  
except this spine of property.  
A postman on Sunday unfolds his chair  
at the lake, watches for the rumored eagle,  
froth of beer in his moustache.

I skid toward you, disappear behind clouds,  
grow dark and blue, bloom along highway,  
bruise where you stamped me.  
I hear the fishing boats in your voice.  
The wind through your uncle's wheat field  
where walking we found the dead wolf  
is what I see when I kiss down belly to thigh.

I know the sky is not my mother.  
It is not even sky. But when I say  
it rains, I think of a human in it,  
who wants love. I take your mail,  
read rivals into the black phone.  
They said they couldn't. I knew that.  
Said I'd turn back. I knew that too.

Forget cinema. Your assembled makeup  
on the marble counter of your father's  
farmhouse bathroom, taken from  
the travel bag: I watch you in the mirror  
from the big chair in the living room,  
this process, this craft, that I have no  
analogy for in my life unless it is this.

It has two faces.  
What is hidden within.  
Please, think differently.  
We tend to refocus on similar things.  
It's one of the services night can perform.  
It goes through you; there are worse ways.  
It is the front door.