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Bomber's Moon

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JULIANNE BUCHSBAUM

Bomber's Moon

Rainfall at night is the color of foxgloves,
of death in the roots. It falls on the cube-
shaped cabins, cold as a dream of autumn.

No one monitors the cold, and for the next
several years you will lose the beauty
of the strangeness of your face in the fences

of a new empire. Deadlocked in this private zone
of pine trees, its long dereliction of trailer courts

and old motels, you drop a stone down a well,
make a wish on the polestar, as if the last thousand
lunations had never been. But no one can take

the stain from the osprey's nest. As if offended
by the light of a bomber's moon, you entertain
the cedars with the achromatic matrix of your face.