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## November Moon, past Full

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JUDITH SKILLMAN

*November Moon, Past Full*

Pours its dead, mimetic light  
upon the lilac, that shrub still posing  
like the manikin of foliage  
as if it were summertime.  
Moonlight on the witch hazel,  
which was ugly before and then again,  
just after flowering. It was summer  
so soon then it was over.  
She wants to be taken in, to be as gullible  
as before, but something has ebbed  
in her. She feels no resistance to the past  
and no anticipation for the future.  
Knows the present long ago ceased  
to exist—how plastic the words were,  
how evanescent the vowels that taught  
themselves to talk on her tongue.  
If she worries too much, and her breath  
grows shallow, the moon could fall to earth.  
It would hurtle through the window  
without warning, just as every other ball  
to left field came close to her mitt  
and then fell back to earth, scents  
of grass and leather caught in her hair.