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Once Again the Moon

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Once again the moon
edges through the trees, solitary
and single-minded, staking
out its shadows — this is what

it is meant to do, and the shadows
go on trying to loosen themselves
from fixed things —
houses and trees that hold down

the darkness, that carry the moon
high overhead like a banner:
“We exist, given the presence
of our familiars.”

I am like them, never far
from what I know, that I name
child, dwelling, husband, street,
as if it were impossible

to advance through the original night,
empty-handed, wordless, everything
as yet untouched by my choosing:
the house gathered around its lights,

the car locked into silence, the roads
slipping through the darkness
on their way out of the world.