Bomber's Moon

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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.