

Mangoes in Russia

for Rebecca

Aaron M. Moe

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*(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart*

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

E. E. Cummings

The Prairie

In shadows of twilight, lightning
Bugs rise out of earth.

Whole constellations: towering Orions,
Lumbering Bears, poised Scorpions,
Scintillating Cassiopeias. Each lingering
In the fringe between grass and sky.

Arms extended in the midday sun,
We felt like elephants lost in a sea of green.

That night, clouds whispered rain and the wind
Ushered incantations of thunder, while we rose
Out of shadows of candlelight. Our own
Flash of bioluminescence.

Tonight

I thought of the two coyotes

Who paused in the field to look inside our window

Who beheld the jubilation of our breakfast

The morning after the bouquet of long-stem roses

The champagne

The will you

?

The yes

!

Beneath Color of Jazz

In the stillness of night's soft darkness;
White blossoms are moon.

Hiatus

During the rush of day
Our morning kiss

Reminds me of the dew
On a leaf of aspen.

Last Call

You wanted our tropical
Martinis, but less

Stiff

So we cut them with sweet
Vermouth & laughed about mangoes

In Russia

The Photograph

You called on the way to class to tell
Of the harvest moon rising through branches
Of a Plains Cottonwood near edge of lake.

I grabbed the camera telephoto lens tripod

In that same flurry

(the moon is now above the tree)

that same rush

That misses the pull of your arms the nest of your hair.