

Judy Johnson

LUNAR

from the odd angles of its attention
we have learned to value extremities

on clear nights the melt is drawn
to the high points of face arm hair

and yet as we are illuminated we are
also devised in its shadow

fruit bats know the dark side
on summer nights they tell each other

stories of how they were
made blind by the moon

when one of them
weaving across its surface

was caught
trying to stitch shut
the lidless eye.

20