

ALMOST FULL

by Elana Wolff

December moon,
skim as milk in the afternoon, the blue alluding
through like dolorosa.
I eye the pale archaic planet, mute as light, immense
and low and feel
like il postino
in that film about Neruda and the postman.
The postman so undone by love and desperate for metaphors
can only author O -
assuagement in the bar-scene
as he reaches for a small white
ball the girl has put between her lips to muse him.



