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Once Again the Moon

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ONCE AGAIN THE MOON

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.