

MORNING GLORY MOON

The night you left, a ring-tailed muskrat stood
and stared from the edge of our prickly close-
clipped lawn; four raccoons climbed from a culvert,
rapped and scraped at the back screen door.

The night you left, seven house snakes
crawled from murky places, came up close
on the ground, to the pristine porch to gather
and watch with their wee black eyes.

In a midnight blur, I scattered around me morning-
glory seeds, in the dirt by the alley, and all the way
to the house and along the drive. (You always said
not to plant them. *They are weeds. They'll take
over*, you always said.)

I ripped
the packets three at a time, and hurled the seeds
in the ditch by the culvert, cast them, strew them,
about... then buried the best in the potted plant you
carefully placed in the corner, in our room, by the bed.

The night you left... a morning glory moon
appeared—a floating piece of petal and a cleansing
silver light. All night long I sat on the bed by the window,
listened, leaned, a crooked ear cocked. It was almost dawn
I heard it: the whining call, a cry... a tapping... something
out there... waiting... something wild.

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