

A TAB OF IRON ON THE TONGUE

Each time you see a full moon rising,
you imagine it will express
what your life cannot otherwise express,
that it's a figure of speech.

This really means watching yourself
turn something unknown into
something manageable.

As human tendencies go, this one is not
so terrible, and possibly winsome, besides.
Say *November*, and you name
the death working itself out in you,
season after season.

Call the bed you lie down into each night
a *raft* or an *island*, depending on
whether it's love or work you're running from.

Every moon has so much to say
about the unsolvable losses.
When it disappears behind a cloud,
filled with its own shining intentions,
it's an important translation.

When Schoenberg pointed out
the eraser on his pencil he said, "This end
is more important than the other."