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## An Aberration of Moonlight, Recent Angels

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*Kim Tedrow*

## **An Aberration of Moonlight**

A woman. Fog. The fog  
discloses no distance.  
The lover. The absent lover  
in the mountains. Gathered  
in one night like chips  
of beach glass in a jar  
set in a window  
to hold that muffled light.

Years later the woman  
thinks of the moon  
as a series of long vowels.  
Sounds that rise  
from the belly to the nose.  
The high-pitched,  
tremulous apsis. How it,  
in its tiresome, incessant orbit,  
teaches us passion,  
but doesn't deliver.

## Recent Angels

*in memory of Tina Geraci*

If you see her you will know her  
by the way she glances sideways  
as you pass. Keeps you at  
the edge of her sight. She is one

who knows silence as native language,  
and fog as cloud fallen to earth  
to slow recent angels in their  
haste to rise. It is the breath

of those who die young, who are  
alone late, and it is your silence,  
by which she knows you.

She has heard this silence before.  
It is her name, not spoken,  
over and over and over again.

*Judith Strasser*

## 1240 Sherman Avenue

Days, she screams, cajoles, bitches, crawls  
on her belly like a snake. Nights, she throws  
herself onto the bed, muffles her sobs  
with down plumped in long-staple cotton.