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An Aberration of Moonlight, Recent Angels

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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

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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.