a wintermoon
E. J. Graff

I am myself
I am

The wind
shivers around
the silent
moon tears
that
fall
The wind
freezes around'
the naked
brown limbs
that clutch
the sky

Moon
hags

a sweet white breast
full
falling
from a velvet dress

and the wind
chills around
her whiteness
and the wind
stings around
her tears

I am myself

I am
am
I