

*a wintermoon*

E. J. Graff

*I am myself  
I am*

*The cold wind  
shivers around  
the silent  
moon tears  
that  
fall*

*The wind  
freezes around'  
the naked  
brown limbs  
that clutch  
the sky*

*Moon  
hangs*

*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*

