

Beginning Moon

The instance of there being more is an instance of more. The shadow is not shining in the way there is a black line. The truth has come. There is a disturbance.

~Gertrude Stein, "ROOMS," from *Tender Buttons*

The instance of there being more is a garden suckled by thaw,
a time of dawdle and dew. Here, shadows don't shine

in the way of shadows, instead they cocoon daydreams and cherry blossoms.
The first time she shed, she knew its scent, unafraid of the copperhead

basking on stone. There is a disturbance and then a line, how many shades
of crimson? A line after and then before, muddled as spring's emergence.

Here, don't press letters into her skin, let her play with onion grass and sweet gum pods.
Truth wears bare feet, spreads each pore

like when the Red Sea is an instance of more,
or when she lit the wooden match behind the shed and discovered fire.

