

## THIRD CRESCENT MOON (AFTER RITSOS)

Whenever I think of crab, my aunt sighs, I think of your grandmother. Steam rises from a dented pot. Live crabs wrestle in the sink. Being careful not to cut my knuckles with the cleaver, slicing ginger into slivers for shallow dishes of black vinegar, I think that I am just like my aunt, who remembers then forgets. Her memory failing. Grief enters the kitchen like a Tang noblewoman on horseback, wearing a tiny balaclava. She rides her diminutive piebald sidesaddle. Dust covers the lindens, which are in bloom again.

