

Science Lesson

Fincastle, Virginia: 1805



What a little fool to think the moon
free & unheeled, to assume she visits

of her own volition, dons her dark
tunic & turns her back upon her

particular mood. Of course a larger
force compels her. Silly, silly, to think

she would blithely beam on the markets
of men were she unbound as she seems

even now, through the barred panes,
violet as a turnip in a tin bucket,

but caught there, snared in her
cistern of blue moss & mirrored fire.