



1987

Moons

C. Wade Bentley

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Recommended Citation

Bentley, C. Wade (1987) "Moons," *Inscape*: Vol. 7: No. 1, Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol7/iss1/7>

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EXODUS

A playful breeze
precipitated
The inevitable exodus.

Clinging to parental limbs,
In nervous throngs,
The leaves conversed,
Then trembled
At the mandate
Of wind,
Sinking in air
Onto a liquid path.

Buoyant foliage
In calm procession
Populated the stream,
Borne towards Jordan.

Mark Crimmins

MOONS

In the way the half-moon hangs like a lobe
is the sense of someone listening,
eavesdropping through blue-black chiffon
without a rustle. In the light let through
is all the gravity of confessional, the settling
of dust on wide shoulders like starlit lint.
And by quarters like grimaces the moon rounds open,
the full lips pregnant in prehistoric, cathedral nusus.
Absolution is in the waning only, the mute
abscondus that takes with it something of secrets
and time, and leaves the night
with us.

C. Wade Bentley