Moon to Moon Nights

Dixie Partridge
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like time-lapse film,  
signify now a moment,  
now a lifetime. A bonedrift of stone shapes  
pale and rise like years  
along garden's edge. . . .

What erasures there are in memory  
remain a presence—  
like every pasture since  
that first childhood bringing in of the cows.  
A remnant fear of drought surfaces again,

decades after turns for irrigation  
on your father's farm, changing canvas dams  
in the shallow ditches, twice before bed,  
again before dawn—that early acquaintance  
with twilights, the lit variegations of water  
moving in the dark.

Now the voices of children—your own—  
ribbon the sheer deep of sky  
\textit{no bears out tonight}  
\textit{what time is it Moon?}  
And their children answer, present tense,  
your own voice fading  
with stars in this moonrise light.

Like the river and all rivers  
you have ever known—undercurrents pulling  
out of sight—  
night breezes tune in  
and out with peripherals of sound,  
their patterns fractal, ongoing,  
and still unsayable.

—Dixie Partridge

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