

Following the Moon's Trail

Every country shows her a new
way to fold laundry,
hoard her words like whittled bars of soap.
Today, more black leaves in teacups,
faces of old women
who want to right her with
their scarf-long histories.
Their streets are busy with horse hooves,
the peppered sleep of shopkeepers.
"Show me the way!" she says, holding
onto skirt hems.
She wants the hands that are stained
yellow from potatoes, feet licked
by the sun.
She breaks the night into black notches,
follows owls back to the moon.

Laura Lush