

Kristina McHaddad

A Different Moon Poem

I want to pinch the moon from the sky,
two weary fingers on that thin secret,
that wry smile,
that purely false light;
I want to grind it into a million pieces
against some gray flint-like stone
and throw it up to the ceiling
to cheapen this room
still smelling
but so distantly
of you.

Following a Storm

We watch for night to come
with the windows thrown wide open,
the waves and the clouds
heavy with the light they hold,
and darkness comes late
moving through
those dark gray storm-filled clouds.

Through the night
I cannot distinguish
which is rain and which is waves
and you and I are surrounded
in loud water
I sometimes do not hear.

In the morning,
light skims across the water
like shaved ice.

The Garden of Two Women

Somehow I know
without being told
that two women live in this house,

the two pairs of shoes
set side by side in the garden,
the two lounge chairs
close to one another,
close but not touching,

close but not touching
like you and me that night
wrapped in December clothes,
our bodies not even as close as those two chairs
but closer and so much more
touching without touch.