

AN APPETITE FOR STONES

I've been climbing the curve of a crescent moon,
probing moondust for handholds. All this time
my eyes glowed secure in the promise
of the crescent's point when I would fall
swanlike and free into the mysterious cradle
that is the darkside of my moon. Mother,

sometimes I find you blue in the parlor,
your eyes aglow in firelight, dreaming
of Texas and a man frightened by thunderheads.
You carried me home to rocky mountains
and in tumultuous birth promised me safety
from any titan's appetite for stones. Father,

I've traced your footsteps across oceans,
carrying stones you left behind in Colorado.

There is no reason for our obsessions —
I can only give you thunderclaps of English
in cupped hands like moondust between fingers.
Little known now, love grows no less
in the honest labor of a poet or a surgeon.

Tom Miller