

Moon of Yellow Leaves
Brian Allan Skinner

The sun.
I keep him safe
through the winterlong night
a twilit memory
a glowing coal
in the chamber of my heart.

The moon.
I sing to her
in my wolfen skin
and watch her grow pale
for the sadness in my soul.

The earth.
I lay my head
on her grassy belly.
She clothes me with flesh
sewn to cover
my naked bones.
And when the garment
rustles in tatters like leaves,
she will take me back
in nakedness
into her belly
and let me sleep.