

ANN STAPLETON

*Gibbous, This Moon*

Gibbous, this moon, their bitten bread.  
Let these trespassers off with a warning.  
Across the lack lit land Instead,  
let them wander, found, until the morning.  
Let them linger with their long lost loves,  
where their nights are never at the full.  
Open the cage for the one-winged doves,  
and let almost exert its pull.  
Let something be said for somewhat less.  
Let otherwise now make its case.  
Let the less-than light the nearly, bless  
the empty hand, the downturned face.  
Lead them not unto the world's perfections,  
but deliver them from every wholeness.  
And on their partial resurrections,  
let not quite shine, in all its fullness.  
As broken hearts fuse partway open,  
let not all of the moonlight spill  
on all the love that could not happen,  
and all the roads that came to Nil.  
Let somehow tryst with never do  
in familiar ruins east of when.  
Let where they didn't make it to  
receive them, never, once again.