

Full Moon Northwest Sky (for Paul)

The last three mornings
the moon has lingered
 in the western sky,
circular,
icy,
though the mornings have been warm,
resting,
changing from yellows and blues
 to reds and whites.

Nothing
really lingers in the sky,
constellations spiraling
for eons,
 the moon in its regular orbit.

Nature, ourselves
live in whirls,
from cell
 to whale,
 stone to teardrop.

This moment,
suspended
by the full moon's passing,
all the stories our body tells,
born from cycles,
 that we are.

David Taylor