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“Blood Moon”

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Blood Moon

Athena, Wall-e, and I
under a blood moon in eclipse
in Gallup, New Mexico;
we are silent because
we do not speak each other's languages.
Athena smells like cat piss,
Wall-e howls in his sleep,
and I have fingers and
the tongue to tell stories:
so here is another one of my stories.

Athena has her back to the moon,
climbing up a tree,
who cares?
She is playing and it is 6
in the morning in this border-town,
unlike Wall-e and me,
Athena was born here
behind a shed,
her white fur running
like a baby spirit
all around the driveway and street,
despite the hanging moon looking like
another planet,
it is nothing to her.

She was almost trapped on a roof
when she was a baby, but she flew down
and landed near her mother and brother.

Wall-e is attached to a leash,
he has no place to go
except where I pull him;
he is low to the ground,
smelling some old shit from another dog,
the blood moon gives him no story, no way out.
But Wall-e, born in South Dakota,
knows all the smells of snow,
knows how snow mats on his fur,
knows the taste of that metal cold,
it takes him back.

I am already creating a story here,
the blood moon looks like the

inside of my mother's mouth
or the sound of language
when I cried in my crib.
I was born near the ocean
and now in this desert town,
the moon is a menacing ocean to me,
blood washing over the three of us,
I did not expect to be baptized
this early in the day,
but when I saw it and said "Oh."

Carmela Delia Lanza