

DARA WIER

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*Moontalk*

Sometimes I envied the white down  
On a snow bunting's breast.  
And once I told the sun to go fry ice.  
Everything every kind of wind did to grass  
It did to me.  
I think I took moths and milkweed for granted.  
Sometimes I tried to steal the devil's bit  
Out the children's mouths.  
I thought the ox-eye daisy silly but had a  
Soft spot for water and calla lilies.  
I took pity on lonesome strangers,  
failed the arithmetic of secrets.  
I noticed who stayed awake all night  
And why some never married.  
I sometimes got a little tired of all the  
Mopey, loony faces looking up at me.  
I felt the chills and echoes of the kind  
Of things they said to the stars.  
I believed flocks of geese wished me well.  
I liked to toy with tin roofs and the tops  
Of skyscrapers, white spiders on white flowers.  
I wondered what wolves wanted from me.  
I can't remember a time when I was ever  
Close to my mother, I barely knew her.