

and 'moon' means full
whether blood or wolf or snow or hunger,

where tomato-eating squirrels dodge
old men's pellet guns

and health is not the measure
of how ill the others are,
where a steady, head-first answer
comes to every praying mantis prayer

wandering unmown fields in human-less
surround with two dogs (plus a last-legs cat

lifted to her food), hands idling on seed-heads,
nudging kernels from pods to fall into their futures.

Do flies know they once were maggots
because their tastes remain the same?