

# Morning and Evening, The Second Day

*For Penelope Shuttle and Peter Redgrove*

You saw the blood on my lips this morning  
and ran away and hid among the cedars  
by the river; and though I called all day  
my voice came back on the wind.

With evening you came suspiciously, not knowing  
the smell or name of death, but sensing it  
in the stain growing  
now in my flesh. By sunfall  
you found me sitting washed by the fire  
and your body stood up white as the waters  
plunging where the cedars grow, your whole  
desire a fountain wearing the face of stone.  
But your shadow fell down before you, a dark tongue  
lapping darkness on the ground in the fire's glow.

From *Eve's Diary*  
by Kathleen Moore