

The Shroud

My spindle is nearly empty, and the moon
has worn itself down to horns
around which the darkness hangs
ragged as the fleece on the rams' bloody foreheads.

Your father wrapped your poor, broken
head in wool, certain you'd awaken
from a fevered sleep. Three days he left you
in the cave's cool mouth,
your stillness a word unspoken
between us.

We buried you
when the wolves came.

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore