

The Skirt of Leaves

You came with a fan
of leaves like those
we shunt the wind with
or use to keep the light
from our eyes.
What have you there, I asked
and your face
for an instant bowed like the golden
bearded heads of grain to wind or scythe.

Then you eyed me
with the dark,
seductive eyes of thieves
masked in the face that marks them.
Too often
that furtive boldness takes you now,
and most when you come
to me wanting a kiss
or love. Which you always get
and go away
primping.

What is it, I said again
and you held it out
to me, gracefully,
as I've seen you dangle
a beautiful bloodred berry
when a carp swims near.

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore