

Morning Before

for M.R.

This morning, a sliver of moon said
simply: Be careful. While the sky,
spread with a jam of sunrise, cried:
Who by water? Who by fire? You

were asleep when I visited,
wrists at your ears, folded,
elbows dancing, drawing
shapes in space. I watched you

grin, grimace, grimace again.
Tomorrow, there may
be the thinnest of slivers; still,
the sky will have its answer.

—Benjamin Shalva