

Lunar Calendar

Chris Dombrowski

Three moons in particular seem to have it in for me:
 The Moon of It Gets Late Early Here;
 The Moon of Winter Stores Wearing Thin;
 and The Moon of I Have to Quit Fishing/Return
 Underappreciated and Underpaid to Work.
 Of course there is also The Moon of Too Many
 Plastic Presents and Cups of Unspiked Nög,
 not to mention The Moon of Everybody But Me
 Flies to a Beach Town and Drinks Free Margaritas.
 And while I take rare comfort in The Moon of
 We Start To Get Some Color Back in Our Cheeks,
 it often devolves into The Moon Of Crunching
 Numbers for the Man. Praise be, though, to the Moon
 of The Long Larch Colored Light!, unless of course
 you are a wild ungulate in which case it becomes
 The Moon of Dodging Hurling Pieces of Lead. Moon
 of Not Too Much But a Little More Light in Each Day,
 I thank you and beg you not to morph into the Moon
 That Recalls the Time She Left for Good; this goes
 as well for The Moon of Picking Wild Asparagus,
 which doubles as The Moon of When I Caught Her
 in the Backyard Kissing Him, aka The Moon
 of When All Resentment Ripens. Moon of
 We Finally Put on Our Fleece Again and Watch You
 Refracting Light Onto the Peaks Covered in a First
 Dusting of Snow, you redeem these god-cast stones,
 as does The Moon of When the Muddy Water Clears
 and Fish Can See My Flies Again. This leaves you,
 O Moon of Wool Hats at Night But Naked Lake Swims
 at Noon, Moon of Ripe Huckleberries by the Fistful,
 Moon of Dragonflies Cupped in Daughters' Palms,
 Moon of We'll Clean the Bottles Up Tomorrow, It's Alright,
 Moon of Everything—Even Talking to a Mute Stone—Is Alright.



Chris Dombrowski's most recent collection of poems, *Earth Again*, was a runner-up for ForeWord Magazine's Book of the Year in Poetry. His poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Gulf Coast*, *Crazyhorse*, and others. He lives in Missoula, where he writes and works on the rivers.



