

July 28

The wind tonight moves
like a person
squishing all of me to one side

or the deer: outdoor antlers full
of indoors, but turned outwardly

sharp, cute things.

The deer and the antlers confuse all my moon-boundaries
(a good thing)

The deer makes out
like a bandit, laughing

makes the outdoor world a kind of inward facing home

Tells a joke, eats a tomato.

Don't even get me started on
money says the deer/moon,
both of them talking now
that they've caught on to
the poem

The deer turns the backyard
into a drawing room, aka the "epigraph"

stitches me up
like a personal-
ized doctor

Moonworthy, I think

Outside, the wind & the night & the deer all look
at each other

for permission
to squish the world back into place
and me and my
indoor/outdoor confusion
toward the sky
so that blue stays
always blue and the moon
stays half of everything
it thinks the night should be