

Full flower moon

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [February 1, 2017](#) issue

The moon tonight smells like linen,
clean & pressed, spreading
its blue fabric over not just May's fields

but the willow by the pond,
the hens in the one-window coop,
the Lab on the lawn,

poking her nose into the myrtle.
The sky tastes like a mug of tea,
warm & smooth with cream,

served at a welcoming table.
Should God suddenly speak,
the phlox would not be flummoxed

or the red-tailed fox baffled.
After all, green already
pulses through everything,

its rhythm in sync with this full
flower moon and the worm
below, writing a new word in dirt.

Would it really be so strange
if the still, small voice broke open
like a bulb beneath the earth,

then aired something sensible
as the strong stem lifting high
its lit lantern, signaling us

to join in, do what we were made to do?