

Unseasonal

by [Rebecca Bratten Weiss](#) in the [November 2024](#) issue

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Everything is crawling out of the earth tonight

creatures who ought to be curled in autumn's quiet are restless
looking for love thinking the earth has turned and spring is here

something skitters through the arc of my light.

I feel myself watched. The eyes on a moth's wing have me in their sights.
The painted spider descends on aerial silks.

Overhead the stars glitter like blood diamonds.

Far away in yellow canyons coyotes sing to wild dogs.

Voices echo in the dark coal hills:

Be fruitful and multiply, the season of dying is over.

The earth's heat passes through my fingers like water
and I know, the season of dying has only begun.