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In the Heart of the Moon

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In the Heart of the Moon

Kristina Kroger

I'm a coyote in a skirt, a crow wearing thieved jewelry. I'm a wandering
laugh salesman. When you walk Chicago streets at night with me
you realize you have to look down to see
the way light glints off broken glass, because you can't see the stars
here. Yes, my thirty-six second lover, I move much too fast, and despite the fact we
walk together

I always dissolve into pawprints and feathers
and we both, inevitably, end up walking alone.

Do you wonder what it is like, being the heart of the moon? Or do you just
fancy I'm a story you told yourself, a legend that slips in and out of reality, a stoic
laughing myth that does not feel, only tricks and teaches? I do not want to rattle
your beautiful illusions of me, but I am not only

a coyote in a skirt who dances crazy akimbo to singing frogs. I am not only
a crow who stole the crowned jewels--and, scepter clutched-in-claw, laughs
at a Palace Guard who cannot reach me.

I cannot live on magic alone. My interdimensional gypsy wagon has a flat
tire, and I'm far too young and far too tired to try for trysts that walk with me
through broken-glass stars for thirty-six seconds

before I dissolve
before everything dissolves
back into their component parts of coyote pawprints
and crow feathers
and loneliness