Lady Moon

Freyda Libman

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LADY MOON

Her face is powdered white against the sky
Whose ballroom black tuxedo holds her close
In ardent tango wedding thigh to thigh,
The moisture of two mouths in breath betrothed

She wears a gown of gossamer and gauze
Embroidered with small shadows of desire
That flit across her smile and give him pause
To see her crescent lips outlined in fire

In moments just as these are passions cast
In marble white as death and bright as love:
The stillpoint arch and sway of moments past
Enduring in the endless dance above

The lady moon embraces night her way
Until his darkness is concealed by day.

— Freyda Libman

THE BLUE GLASS BOWL

Lime-crusted glasses,
saucerless cups dismissed,
I stop
to look at a cobalt bowl.
Chipped on the rim,
lustreless, it still
catches light
like an old movie star
whose famous eyes are clouded,
black hair dull and snaggled,
yet, when she passes by
people turn and whisper,
“Didn’t she used to be somebody?”

— Constance Vogel