

Moon Tryst Near Sundance

Carol Deering

Watched by red rock, green hills,
in shade behind a peeled-satin
cabin, we old flames and rivals
rendezvous and swagger,
roused by an enchanted glow.

*One tree plays deadpan piano,
fingers in arthritic splay
bearing down on manic chords,
an arpeggio of broken vows*

in a deafening minor key.

*Another stays in timid shadows
wrapped in a shawl of leaves,
nodding and stirring at every tune,
swept and stunted, on the verge*

of a disjointed swoon.

*A third stands poised, belly out,
arms raised warty and bare,
wrists bent to clap pom-poms,
gut and backbone eager*

to kick up a knotty cheer.

We scrub oaks ache and flutter,
lured to this feverish frolic
bursting through our bark,
and stagger, pose, and croon
beneath a crescent wraith of June.