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.