

The Moon Keeps Her Secrets

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There was that ride home from town, the back seat
of the old Chrysler, the sky navy-dark, a vigilant moon
following us, rounded, steady, silent.

And the news: missing high-school drop-out, her body
found near the road in the field we were about to pass,
when my brother yelled BOO! and I screamed.

How many times we'd passed that place not knowing,
how many phases of moon crossed over it for months,
the rain, the wind, the frozen snowdrifts.

She lay where someone dumped her body next to
the fence line trees, where in spring a low sickle bar
revealed her face, by then as blank as the witness moon.

Afterward – the sheriff, state patrol, scuttlebutt – the field
continued to grow alfalfa. My brother and his buddies
found bits of hair, fiber, comb, dared each other to touch.

Oldest homicide in this state unsolved. Somewhere,
someone long-gone by now knew what happened,
the nightmare that rose up to an unblinking moon.