

Full Worm Moon

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [September 2, 2015](#) issue

Sap Moon, Crust Moon, Crow Moon—
by any of its names, this moon
announces, in all its fullness, worms
stirring in earth's softening center;
sap thawing in the maples;
snow dissolving by day, crisping by night;
& calls of crows converting from haunting ballads
to heralding hymns. A robin reappears,
throwing off the pine cloak it hid behind
all winter like a god hard to find, hard to hear,
maybe hard of hearing in the ruckus
wind made as it bayed across the plains
& yowled in the valleys, hard to see in ice
suffocating once-tasseled fields, pinecone & bayberry,
numbing perhaps even wings,
rendering the soft touch this moon offers
almost senseless.

 Welcome, worms,
twisting & teeming with prophecy,
welcome, crows & robins, plucking
these crawlers from grass now breathing green,
welcome, syrup, born again, pushing through the spout,
welcome, waxing light & waning dark,
welcome one, welcome all, no matter your longing
for answered prayer, come, sun yourself
beneath the low Lenten Moon.