

# Full Crow Moon

by [Martha Modena Vertreace-Doody](#) in the [March 21, 2006](#) issue

*After a while, one starts thinking in that language,  
dreaming in that language, as well as speaking in that  
language, and the behavior becomes different.*

—J. J. Jameson

Wind cannot change the dark, late March,  
when the strip of soil  
along my fence goes soft, ready for seed.  
From morning sky, a promise of heaviness.  
Clouds curl like smoke, cigarettes you ask for  
the day they fly you,  
bound, to Dedham. So I plant orange flowers, and yellow,  
whose petals trap sunlight, beacons lining the walk  
from garage to house. In my dream,  
you tell me

you have one more thing to do  
before you can come back: prune trees before sap rises, you say,  
no pain, no ooze, the firs sleep

beyond memory. From my angle of repose, do I see  
a branch blown upright  
or a hawk at rest in his hunt, moon melting  
layers of gold on new grass? In an orange hard hat  
you swing the cherry picker. The bandit raccoon  
crosses a network  
of roofs yard to yard. In the alley, the grinder lops wood  
into sawdust. “As long as I go to heaven,  
that’s all what counts”—your answer to my fear  
of awakening

to my heart chained to a wall.

Meanwhile, the storm comes slate-grey while monarchs weave  
among unbloomed sunflowers.