

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.