

Blood Moon

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [April 29, 2015](#) issue

Beneath this April's full moon,
an inch of snow fell, eclipsing

daffodils and tulips, their budding
genius. Cherry blossoms wear

white gowns now, shivering
as they somehow—is it possible?—

become more beautiful, as if the cold's shock
rocks their simple, pink world,

spurring metamorphosis beyond
the binaries of winter-spring,

bleakness-promise, cocoon-
wing. They move into a third space

hospitable for another life
more rare, more raw.