

## 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.