

Full flower moon

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [January 12, 2017](#) issue

The moon tonight smells like linen,  
clean & pressed, spreading  
its blue fabric over not just May's fields

but the willow by the pond,  
the hens in the one-window coop,  
the Lab on the lawn,

poking her nose into the myrtle.  
The sky tastes like a mug of tea,  
warm & smooth with cream,

served at a welcoming table.  
Should God suddenly speak,  
the phlox would not be flummoxed

or the red-tailed fox baffled.  
After all, green already  
pulses through everything,

its rhythm in sync with this full  
flower moon and the worm  
below, writing a new word in dirt.

Would it really be so strange  
if the still, small voice broke open  
like a bulb beneath the earth,

then aired something sensible  
as the strong stem lifting high  
its lit lantern, signaling us

to join in, do what we were made to do?