Moonstory Poems

Trent Walters

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2017/iss39/30

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4.
O sacred oracle! O beacon of the age!

To you the Mystery is unveiled in the secret womb of the Mothers. In your innermost depths—at the threshold of transfiguration—a strange, new world labors to be born.

Moonstory Poems

by

Trent Walters

The Moon Wages War against War

As ad infinitum, two human old women, sick of the all’s-fair-in cosmic rows in heaven, root up enough carrot and turnip roots to burrow out of the martial din of winged shields, pitchforks, long knives, and tin-pot helmets; to burrow from their home’s den out a hole in the holy clouds and climb through on knotted bedsheets with their child, the Moon—born of star-faring seamen, launching falling stars at one another across the heavens. The child, bundled in bedsheets, sleeps safe in motherly arms, cradled
as though she were a candle wan.
They erect teepees and warm milk.

The seamen sent salmon
to steal the Moon when her blind
grandmothers weren’t looking. She grew
among cattails and catfish, accounting for
certain tastes, and as she aged,
the celestial salmon enticed her, promised
the finest glittering jewels in the heavens,
so she followed those bad salmon. When one let slip
that they intended steal her, she drove
the fish to market and traded them in
for love food, and money. She wandered
the world & found her dear, Deer
whom she immediately loved,
but he always wanted war, sharpened bones
into spears. So she transformed
Deer into a buck, & his spear-bones into antlers & hooves.
His warrior chums she bewitched
into Stone, Duck, & Clam. She swam home
but paused near a calm
pool. A herd of elephants out-crowded, stomped on
the hares. She said, “Leave
the hares to tipple, or go throw
your weight around elsewhere.” The elephants
filled their trunks with water and fired
it at her. Being less serious and grave,
the Moon’s water falls more slowly,
and she sidestepped easily. Knowing
greatness,
the elephants bowed & left. The hare
mouthed, “Elephant juice,” and leaped
on her face where it laughs to this day
when she waxes full.

The Moon Accepts Gifts from a Twin-Faced Lover

She waxes so full figured, the Sun numbers
her lovelinesses, & she eyes his. He is
Seventh Heaven itself. Desire
flamed their prayers up for a union. Heaven
replies, “Raise your arms,” and the Sun spreads
irrepressible orgasmic lightbeams into her
palms, and she burns, too, but too
late realizes the mistake. Her skin is singed
and bruised. “Stop!” she states. “I can’t live
with you.” But the Sun has eclipsed
in two: one rises on a halo,
the darker one glows with a murky light,
staggered after her, blindly walking on shafts
of beams. Heavenly one yells
to the Moon, “Accept this comb
& whetstone to protect you from back on Earth & the Brujaja half gives chase, the Brujaja he’s become.” He lays her pursues to the earth’s end. She drops back on Earth & the Brujaja half gives chase, the whetstone, which throws pursues to the earth’s end. She drops the whetstone, which throws 

a mountain between them, but the Brujaja gnaws, where we will only see sharpening his hungry teeth on jagged cliffs each other on the longest glinting in the sun. She drops the comb, day.” She jumps to where which throws up prickly she is celestially secure

conifers between them, but the Brujaja but cold & comfortless, where sets them ablaze. “Go she pines.
to the other end of heaven,” shouts Heaven, “where you’ll be safe,

The Moon Accepts Gifts from a Familiar Stranger

She floats to a sandy shore & spies a handsome man, with bright

eyes that pierce hers. As she gapes, he asks with teeth glittering white, “Try

on these golden knee-highs.” Shiny, they are dated & right away, she suspects he is the Sun, disguised as a shoe salesman. He slips them on for her & clasps

her buckles tight. The boots burn her feet; she screams & fumbles with the buckles: “Take them! Take them off!” But he

will not. She fades into wisps of fog, escapes, and swims to rest upon a rocky shore.

The Mythic Circle #39, pg. 31
The Moon Finds True Love at Last

Upon a pebbled beach stands a strange hut. The Moon drags her bedraggled body inside. She tidies up & at the crunch of footsteps, changes into a spindle. Beat from warring with the Sun, the Northern Lights hangs his dappled hat—shifting green to blue—upon the bear-skin door and sniffs the air. He sniffs again, letting the smell guide him toward his new spindle. He says, “Lady, if you’re old, be my mom; my age, sister; younger, wife.” “Wife,” she lies and loves. But mornings when he flies at the Sun, her loneliness lengthens into shadows. She sews white stars on seal-black skins & flings it over the windows. Her husband stumbles home, collapses on his mat, sleeps, and bleary-eyed, gazes out the window to see the dark, he falls asleep believing until she throws the bear-skin door up, triumphant: “It is noon, and you’ve waged no battle!” The Sun takes a ray and lances the Northern Lights where he lies. She covers her face. Regolith leaks between her fingers. She hovers over her lover, says, “If you must kill, kill me!” In rage, the Sun hurls both into the sky but not together. She pines.
The Moon Finds That Persistent Love, If Less Than True,
Lasts

She pines,
she pines,
she pines
for love, grows fat
for love, & drags the lakes
for love. Her rotund

belly opens valleys in her
search through Earth. A herdsman in disguise
rides reindeer over tundra. Wooly Mammoth, kin to Elephants who never, uh,

remembers to, uh, forget to re-
member, warns him of the Moon’s approach,
transforms the man to snow.
The Moon arrives, shoves aside

wooden reindeer, seeks under branches,
shoots, & leaves, but cannot find him.
She rages, snorts, contorts,
to no avail. “You nut!” she seems
to cry. She drives her sled
back up the curtain-black of night. He steers
his herd home to the tent
& curls into a womb of

warm blankets. Woolly Mammoth
awakes him, saying, “Moon returns! Allow me
to turn you into tent poles.” “That’s too obvious.”
“A mole?” “Too dubious.” “A foal?”

“Too ostentatious.” “A rocky knoll?” He ruminates
before shaking his head: “Too smart
for us.” “A shoal?” “Lugubrious.” (He weeps
at deaths of salmon he has known & loved,
“Then what?” the Mammoth asks, exasperated. “A lamp!” he decides just as the Moon flings up the tent flap. “Where’s he at?” she asks. The mammoth gives a sheepish shrug. She rummages the premises & overturns big stones, stuffed ducks, & clams big bones, racked antlers, ancient spears, but he remains unfound. She leaves. He pops his head out tent flaps: “Hey, Lady, here I am!” She runs inside & overturns old stones, racked ducks, ancient clams, old bones, stuffed antlers, & spears, but he remains unfound. She leaves. He pops his head out tent flaps: “Hey, Lady, here I am!” She runs inside & overturns a couple other things, but she is weakened, thinned from pursuit fatigue. He overpowers her and trusses her, demands his space. She lifts her face and acquiesces, “Oh, whatever.” “Promise never to chase me.” “Never.” He imagines that he understands, unravels her ties, and she is now unleashed to prowl the heavens.