



7-15-1993

Glass of Wine for a Moonchild

Holly Hunt

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Recommended Citation

Hunt, Holly (1993) "Glass of Wine for a Moonchild," *Westview*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 4 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol12/iss4/17>

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Glass of Wine for a Moonchild



My husband has gone off
to talk to the woman he loves.

I am hanging on the silk
threads of heaven because
they are all I have left.

The television off,
radio off,
my mind off.

I am the small pool of water
shimmering and rolling
on the thick felt pad
of the water lily.

I close my eyes.

Then the thunder begins.

Somewhere up there above me,
the clouds come crashing into town.

The lightning flashes
one thousand one
the thunder comes.

Oh yes, part of me is whirling
up there somewhere.

My darling, leave if you so desire
for I am centered so far above
you may never find me again.

This night I have been torn
apart and forced to say:

Whatever makes you happy,
whatever makes, whatever makes.

At the mercy of the planets,
when I am powerless over my own life,

I find my fingertip on hydrogen
that could burn up the sun.

This thunder and careening columns of lightning
endless chains of rain knocking upon my roof
is lifting me into the huge peace.

My thunder, my lightning, my flood.

It gives me a dream;
unfinished play I've often dreamed:

I come to the cool night window.
There is no screen.

The window of life is raised.

A huge hand appears
from out of the darkness.

The hand of hands offers me
a glass of red wine.

Every other time I have
reached for his offering

he sweeps it away
and a curse remains.

But on this night

I step forward.

I take the glass from his hand.

Finally the glass is mine.

I turn inward toward my future.

Another glass of wine comes
from somewhere into my other hand.

My delight floods
into all dark space.

Your footsteps are coming up the steps.

The key turns and you open the front door.

You would have left me on this night,
but the woman grew timid

to risk so much under sudden thunder.

The storm quite ruined her nerves.

You hate it. But I will always be
a weatherchild. Big rain comes for me.

My apologies, but I was born to a mother
who left me for heaven when I was ten.

That made me take over the atmosphere.

I say nothing but sweetness to you
as you disgusted fall into our bed,

but this night has been a warning.

I don't have any control over it.

I tell you the hurt center

just flew out of me.

I give my worst fears to the clouds.■