

The Moon and the Night

When I looked at the Moon
It was a beacon
Bright and too bright
It beckoned me
I looked at the Moon
And I lost my mind in it
Through the kitchen door
The hallway
My garden – barefoot? –
I looked at it
Like a moth, called by the light
Through the forest
Into the woods
Cold breath, damp mist, still air
– Hooves? Antlers? Still human hands –
It was a beacon
Bright and too bright
And transfixed I followed the path that it showed me
Out of the woods, into the lake – cold, cold –
And out on the Other Side
And not once did I blink
Not once did I miss it
Not once turn my head or lose my way
And soon memories of my humanity
This self-absorbed vanity
Left
And I was We and We were many
And laughed and roared and danced and cried
Murdered, burned, feasted
In ritual and song followed the light
Sacrifice over open fire and sheep and wine
And We frenzied, mad,
 We, Bacchus children
And the Moon smiled at Us