

The Moon of the Honey-Eaters

Every year they come
out of the staked plains
under a bulging udder moon
of grass still sweet before winter,
now frothing white
over the buffalo bones of Autumn,
to once again collect their tithes
of horses and keening human stock
as the night rots
into a knurling ivory-yellow
seamed stump of a moon
that waxes blood sticky red,
a palm-print on naked
flesh among the scrub-oaks
where the plain breaks
down into limestone and cedar.
Down to the silent dog-run cabin,
the full dark buckets of human spoor
and vomit near the creek-head spring,
past the blue hound
hung in the sycamore tree,
in reprising sonata
of night and terror and a dawn of tears
come black-painted Honey-Eaters
around hogbacks in moonlight.

EATON'S
(CORRASABLE)
BOND
BRASSHIRE
COTTON FIBER CONTENT