

## **Moon Slips Her Skin**

The feverish summer Moon  
has slipped her luminous silver skin  
to bathe—

there it rocks on the black water.  
A gleaming film.

Now her glistening hot stars dive  
to dance on frothing glass horses  
like incandescent lilies.

Some moons and stars never return,  
drowned by dawn—

washed up on the blue shore  
as flatfish, starfish, jellyfish.

With a last luminosity.

***Gillian Ferguson***

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