

## Dutch Moon in March

The moon's spun in from a Dutch painting, heading  
for the shoulder of South Mountain this morning.

Last night Karen turned me toward the kitchen window  
and we watched it rise behind the ornamental pear

and beyond, the blue spruce. If this had been Brabant  
in the Golden Age, there would have been peasants

threshing wheat by its light. I've tracked these landscapes  
in my old black notebook from the Rijksmuseum

to the Metropolitan, the same arc Hudson's *vlieboot*  
took to the mouth of the eponymous river,

the same moon as in the *River View* of van der Neer,  
on the cusp of full, moving westward as we slept,

past Venus, past Jupiter on her left, now come  
to rest in our wild cherry. Briefly, the silence

that usurps silence, as when a child leaves home, then  
Karen's light breathing, the *click* of my espresso cup

against the porcelain saucer, the Great Horned Owl's  
rough wooing, the Emmaus train, the furnace firing.

The lonely midwives rouse themselves; the infants  
turn their moonlike heads to many birth canals.

*Steve Myers*

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