

Poetry Porch: Poetry

From My Study

By Richard Fein

I called it a night, darkened my study,
and a pane framed a half-moon, slightly
askew in the otherwise vacant sky.
A yellow-boned purse, almost horned,
it eyed back at me, lucent and blank.
It was also the blade of the *mezzaluna*
my mother wielded to make her chopped
liver Fridays in the scarred wooden *shisl*.

Familiar and weird, that half-moon
looked like I'd never seen it before
even though it held the same old story:
fuller than it had been yesterday,
lesser than it will be tomorrow
and especially the day after,
before it vanishes and starts again
to enter the phases of itself.

It's what Whitman meant when he wrote
of a body bequeathed to the earth
only to work its way back again
in an old form or new-old forms—the way
the moon attended me that night.
Illuminated Nakedness: it seemed about
to reveal something, yet only came
into its own fullness and disappearance.