

Dedication

ALLAN PETERSON

A cat, the color of my napkin plays
Twitching on a blue boat, a cat itself,
each pontoon turned up at the ends,
as each of the children at day school
cuts out a moon for their mothers,
also themselves. They save them.
In the archives of Montessori are years
into the future of mother moons.
Just outside a swallowtail fresh
from inflating its new wings is swiped
by a shrike and pinned to a quince needle.
Saved and eaten later. Fathers who think
the moon sissy think this is for them.