

*Dana Gilkes*

## CALABASH MOON



Walk into the yard

nigh on two  
in the morning.

In this season  
of the witch  
and under a calabash moon  
remember the old woman  
whose house  
you used to walk  
forty yards  
out of you way  
to shun?

Well the shed  
is hipshot now  
and she has long since  
performed  
her last exequies  
for the bone-man.

So what it is  
you so frighten for now?

That the crapaud  
with the night  
down deep  
in its throat  
might husk and cough  
like a man?

Ghostly  
pallor of the moon?

You scared  
the cabbage-coat palm  
by day  
might really become  
a giant *Baku* man  
once darkness  
elapse

– what?

What so it is  
that crippling  
you shoes?

And then you look down  
at you foot  
and see that earth  
is first of all the place

where you

rise up.