

# Moon Mother

Kat Scott

Her thumb gouges deep as the night  
unfolds. Lifting  
to pour sticky jam in divots,  
tart and overwhelming.

As she looms  
heavy and round,  
pregnant with disappointment.

With a face, so faithfully dusted  
concealing acne craters,  
the voice of mother  
through still air

reminds you to floss.  
Then, from rocky silence,  
regards your new lover,  
taking notes.

So then,  
what is the name your pillow calls?  
Perhaps your father's

already half-full  
the moniker, a mould.  
Asking, is the door unlocked  
do the birds have covers?

Until a horizon, pink with sleep  
is duly impressed  
with her pale pale thumbprint.  
She accedes

and  
we arrive.