

Evie Shockley

my last modernist poem, #3  
(or, how enlightenment looks at night)

the moon shows nearly thirty faces, time  
and again, and time and again i swoon  
away from surely. knowing profiles teem  
in barren skies, maybe answers lie strewn

around, meiotically more and less,  
yours for the taking. yours at the low, low  
price. lines wax into stanzas. don't confess  
you guess or press faint yeses into no.

i concentrate on craters, evidence  
of the sun, shifting shoreline, the fat track  
diana makes some nights, irreverence  
patterned upon dance—let it all attack

my senses. i succumb, fight back. i grow  
weary, filling out forms in afterglow.