Moon Dark

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Abstract

boy, boy, don’t start so— don’t listen in your sleep. . . it’s only the wind the wind running pellmell in countless pieces between the branches...
boy, boy, don't start so—
don't listen in your sleep. . .
it's only the wind
the wind running pellmell in countless pieces between the
branches
the wind circling endlessly on itself in quick frightened whirls,
beating beating beating in dark frantic way
against the petty weakening bounds
because the major hurting limitations are so predestined,
so unmoved, so unresponsive. . .
wind. . .

boy, what is it you listen for behind those closed eyes?
is it quiet?
is it fear?
fear at 4:30 in the morning on a Sunday . . .
the calendar says it is April but the wind says it is night-
without-
stars-without-moon-without-her-without-peace—alone-time—
you know, wind. . .
fear at 4:30 in the morning is a restlessness
that wants to chill
and catch pneumonia with wind blowing through ribs
until there is no cloth, no flesh, no salt-wet unease
now only thin cold ribs singing the desolate sea-song
of unleafed trees in spring in the middle of Iowa
until there is no cloth, no flesh
but only footsteps walking off the rock-rim of the earth. . .
footsteps blown away to wander dimensionless in space and space
and space, feeling for the ground. . .
only footsteps and a bone-rattle in the radiators
reaching for the heat. . .

cold in Father Josiah's room with his cold thin wife
wrapped by his side in the shrouds of his dreams. . .
cold in Sister Carrie's room where the vultures whisper
to her pointed ears in little-birdie voices. . .

see there,
boy with the troubled sleeping eyes, see now. . .
fish and kelp
in her hair, fresh from her mother—
oh Mother Carrie was a byword and a song
in an album by Nelson Eddy
and a smooth-skinned harpy with her sweet sea-voice—
and sister mumbles over the market news
as the vultures chirp their lays. . .
cold in Brother Esau's room,
barred against the devil and the Moses' given laws—
with six bibles on the altar and Auld Hornie pickled
in good scotch—spilled some, goddamn. . .
no kin of mine—Esau-Carrie-wife-Josiah
no chill in me

fear at 4:30 in the morning is dark,
but you are not afraid, boy, because see there is light. . .
look, storm-light, witch-light,
head-beneath-the-covers-don't-listen light
stretched along the sky walls in thinnest whitest veils
that strain and break and vanish all in one. . .

look, boy with the sleep-smudged listening face. . .
your eyes are blue, deep blue, beneath the shadows. . .
I could touch . . I remember. . .
I remember for all the days and years and minutes
not yet broken up and gone. . .
that is the light that cries when the veils crack film by film. . .
that is the pain that burns the earth's blood in its wrinkled skin,
the pain that makes it break out in its annual convulsive fever
of green and life and child-bearing
and crawling worms with wings and fish-eat-fish bait. . .

you can't hear the light cry, boy— too far, too spent,
too born down with creation—
that is a soul in purgatory that weeps . . . you know.
heaven-hell—a man-child weeps . . .

how can one explain that—what can one say?
name-father-son-holy-ghost-amen. . .?

all the heaven and all the hell grounded right here
in a room with a bed half-empty
and . . wind falling in little pieces
through ventilator slots. . .

heaven-hell. . .
and the two are one
like plus and minus infinity and who cares?

who cares when one is a body-feeling closeness —

and the other is not so much different as farther apart. . .

you, boy. . .
walking the streets of hungry city. . .

boy of the shattered nights and breaking chains. . .

why do you cry out in your sleep?
is it that I love you
and only wind warms the dark blotted-out hours?
oh, boy, what is this wet on my face. . .