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## The Touch of Moonlight

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KEITH WILSON

*THE TOUCH OF MOONLIGHT*

My male ancestors  
 prowled this land  
 like heavy mountain  
 cats spewing their  
 hatred & their life  
 dropping spoor, flicking  
 tail, a howl in their chests  
 for the darkness, the chipped  
 winds of the highroad valleys

—my dad was tailed by  
 a puma all the way back  
 from some girl's house. He  
 forgets her name but he went  
 back the next night, quick  
 —shadowed as any cat, its  
 cries like a woman's cries  
 breaking through the shafts  
 of moonlight

I walk the high thin  
 fences, domesticated,  
 dig my claws in rotten  
 wood & feel my belly  
 rock from side to side  
 as the door opens, yellow  
 street light! and out  
 into a night crisp with  
 exhaust smoke & pretence

I am a fatcat and walk  
 the slender fences of a city  
 remembering woods

the touch  
 of moonlight on my eyes, the  
 touch of moonlight