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The Touch of Moonlight

Keith Wilson

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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