

# JARILO (MOONLIT)

**JOHN A. NIEVES**

So this is what it has come to, Moon: you  
eyeing me from across the lawn, making crushed

cans look romantic, throwing the soil under  
the bushes into strict darkness. Some nights

long ago, when shaking would take me, you  
would pretend to be the sun, open up the sky

and say, *There is nothing lurking. There is  
nothing but dust in the hall and snow out*

*the window.* All that and now this. The people  
who walk by throw trash in our yard

for no reason other than the fence is low and you,  
moon, throw a halo around it, give the ants a satin

glow. And I stand bitten, wondering  
if this is the same spell you always cast, if

the danger was always right at my feet waiting  
for you to make it beautiful.