

Twelve Algonquin Moons

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Buried in blankets of charcoal darkness,
a lit face rests.

Sunken, pale skinned.

Marked by
thirsty, barren seas.

Wolf moon.

Descending 300,000 miles below,
starved, worshippers of the night on
padded furs,
pray to the great frigid light,
ignited by rejuvenation of
the mighty planet's orbit.

Snow moon.

Abandoned paw prints
of the devotees
vanish.

The mighty Algonquin families
seek refuge
from a frozen plague in
roasting, smoke-clogged wigwams.

Worm moon.

Iced crystals thaw,
then fade
and dismantle.

Wriggling creatures,
knighted by the great wood
shift and sift
dense, oxygen-hungry soil.

Pink moon.

Beneath the squirming toes and
moist, ripe earth between,
infant stems
jet up towards the
illuminated orb.

Flower moon.

Immature roots enter
adolescence and finally bloom into
maturity with
warm-colored buds

Strawberry moon.

Burning, thick vapor
diffuses across long rows of
cultivated soil and young
native children gallop

to the crimson, juicy
fruits.

Buck moon.

Cloaked behind the green
deciduous camouflage,
a lone deer
spies on the crowd while
stabs of pain emerge in
bearded, ivory racks atop its
wise crown.

Sturgeon moon.

Birchbark kenus slither, causing
wrinkles in stagnant water.

Sun-dried natives cast far-stretching
knit nets into
the mansion of aqua life.

Harvest moon.

Foreigners of the old world labor
late into the climax of the
total face's trek above.

The snow-skinned laborers
shuck and hack
the Algonquin three sisters
in chilled fields.

Hunter's moon.

Arrows pierce dull air
And whisk into the side
of a fox.

Strong warriors praise
their gods with thanks
for a new gift.

Beaver moon.

Frost creeps into the atmosphere.
Nature's dam builder observes
the cold,
gathers bark for the coming
winter.

Cold moon.

The great light of the night rules
darkness.

Dutiful, sundown submits to
Night king's lengthening lifetime.
Behold -
the moon.