

CCW's 2011 Poetry Contest Finalists

Full Moon

Full moon
knots the day's silken
cord at the red-throated
evening sky.

One star anchors
the edge of
Night--our indigo-cheeked
Mother--as still another
takes off working clothes,
to bare in languid movements,
round breasts heavy
with sweet milk--cradling
to each, in tender
turns, her hungry
baby there.

-Rochelle Arellano