

LEAH MOONEY

Melusine

Melusine, locked away.
Husband at the key hole,
young ones tearing around other rooms.
She lit a solemn candle.

The door between them,
the shadows on the wall.
Then her tail. Unfurling woman
then serpentine fish.

We all have secrets
kept to a womb of hot water.
Late at night, my husband and I
wash the grime from the other's back.
Water trickles in rivulets.

The door left ajar to detect
sounds of nightmares
or small feet on wood planks.
It's painful and terrifying to love,
so I covered myself in scales.
I glued them tight to my skin.

Saturday afternoons, I bathe alone.
Every door has a key hole.
Another being pressed
against the other side.
Human skin— It's always dissolving—
in bruises and scrapes. In tender
embraces.



ABOUT LEAH MOONEY

Leah Mooney received a BA from Winona State University and lives in western Wisconsin, where she works as a photographer and title agent. Her poetry has appeared in *Boxcar Poetry Review*, *A River & Sound Review*, *Poemeleon*, *The Country Dog Review*, and *Atticus Review*. Her photography website is located at ironflowerstudios.com.

HERON TREE

13 April 2014

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