

Moth Muse: A Sapphic

Find him—mention loneliness. He forgets you.  
Give this God your skinny soul. Feed him meat from  
under breastbones. Monument. Find him—paper lantern  
in electric wires. Bring him down. Give him water.  
Make him a tiny

ship to carry something dirty, decorated light,  
flinching eyes turned orbital. Look around at  
particles of life. At the rise and fall of  
soundless planets, musical measure—feet on  
pavement, a rhythm

means someone wants feasting, a handful, basin,  
river—veins pumping in a liquid prayer:  
*Father, give me hundreds of mornings. Nightly,  
give me meter, beating drum of madness, sparrow  
wing your eye is*

*on the sparrow*—cry, it's not wings or teeth or  
little folded hands—this thing wanted—faint desire  
for a belly like we have. Give him limited  
access, beastly child, underneath his wing are  
raspberries. Eat them.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

---

Sara Moore Wagner is the author of *Hooked Through* (Five Oaks Press 2017), and her poems have also appeared in *Cider Press Review*, *Glass*, *The Tishman Review*, *Midway Journal*, and *Stirring*. She is the founder of Cincy Submits and a copyeditor for *Midwestern Gothic*. A stay-at-home mother, she lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, and can be found online at [www.saramoorewagner.com](http://www.saramoorewagner.com).

HERON TREE

18 August 2019

[herontree.com/wagner3](http://herontree.com/wagner3)

