I see it shining there like a Moorish virgin in damask robes. It smiles behind its veil of delirium at the promise of sacred kisses and prayer. The configuration on the surface is subtle: it will only be recognized when the cathedral is finished, when a thousand thousand tons of carefully laid stone crushes her shriveled breasts. To remove the abomination it will be necessary to unbuild the cathedral stone by stone.

-- David A. Adams

Bird Island MN

CALLING THE MOON BY NAME

we said he was crazy, 'cause he looked through a telescope at the moon then howled, and howled again, and the dogs joined in, the way they do when the fire trucks get their sirens going, and we hear tell, from a lady who knows, that he had thirteen, that's right, thirteen, pictures and drawings of the moon in his room, and a book of black magic dead in the center of the floor. he called it his bible, and cackled like a bundle of kindling breaking.

he stayed up all night one hot friday with a pile of empty cans in front of him, and right before god and everybody, took a pair of tin shears, cut those cans into one-inch squares, then stitched them bits into the lining of his coat.
We call it the New Moon, the Crescent Moon (new and old), the Gibbous Moon (waxing, waning), the Half Moon, the Quarter Moon (first and last). In Hawaiʻi, there are more ways to call the moon as it grows and shrinks: Hilo Moon, Hoaka Moon, Kā-kahi Moon, Kā-lua Moon, Kā-kkolu Moon (with a low tide in the afternoon), Kā-pau Moon, ʻOlekā-kahi Moon, ʻOlekā-lua Moon (the most challenging moon), and now weʻre only halfway through. Each of these moons is just a sliver more in the sky, but people noticed and called each lunar advance a new name. A Supermoon sets over the front range of the Rocky Mountains, And I called your name in vain - in vain loves my bane and time marches on. Same old same old game like father like son legacy of pain the truth wonʻt set you free. A fire lost at the cost of love my stare bares witness to the demons I fought the things we wonʻt do for love. And I called your name in vain - in vain loves my bane and time marches on. 4 years till this day in this slow decay a prayer for an end and youʻre far away youʻre far away. The wear and tear these tears I bare the ones weʻll never share claws at my heart.