

Moon Musings

By Celia Reissig: in response to the artwork in general and specifically to Ilse Schreiber-Noll's artwork, "The Earth Recedes" into the Night" and "Silent Companions."

sun flares

singed paper

forest moons

clay urns fire-etched in earth colors

 sundrenched blues

 brick reds thick with auburns

cloth stretched taut on wood

echoes at the cusp of dawns

 of dusks

 of nights of deep ebony drenched with stars

moon paintings

crescent and full

i have seen deaths and births

rebirths tucked in glass seeds buds spider sacs lace white

circles carved from rock

spaces between words

silver moons carved deep into stone

reclaiming sacred origins

fire water earth infused with lilac & sweet grass

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when she speaks of moons

songs burst forth

deep throated bathed in lavender and sapphire blue

water cascading on rock

moon tides tug

 at ocean floors

 at river currents

 at earth wombs

worm moons

draws life from frozen earth

sap from maples

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an apothecary of dreams

like moon drops

they dwell on wood and stone

tiny jars sliver thin

starlit glass hold seeds

sacs thick with larvae carcass

twigs as slim as daddy longlegs