

# SAINT JULIAN PRESS

Kara Briggs ~ Poet

## Ancestor Moon

and yet the smell of him like a wild beast  
perfume of pine mountain soil he must  
have heard my spirit call not him my quest  
my purpose my guide I am turned to mist  
wild valerian in my hair I am obsessed  
I run, black hair behind turns to dust  
he answers, a breathing man, not ghost  
petroglyph memory I align to night  
darkness him alone I have no might  
a dream I once heard, tell me, is it right  
that I, a lonely searcher with no fight  
blackberry moon, beguiling and bright

chiefly my heart I say when wedded I  
return, he is mine, I his, this I cry