



Moon phase

*She laid her head against my cupped hands,
Resting as I examined her on the table.
Neck arched back, she looked at me,
Eyes sunken in their orbits,
Lips curling. After a few weeks her face
Curved inward too. A full moon
Fading to a waxing crescent.*

*"How much time?"
She mouthed the words.
The cancer in her pharynx
Blocked the cords.*

*Just as sound fails to travel in space
Her voice was silenced on earth.
I don't do horoscopes.
I just know Cancer.
I can't judge time.
I just know it waxes and wanes.
And all I want to tell her is that
The white hairs against her black tresses
Look like a meteor shower
Against a black sky.*

—Natalie Ailene Moreno, MD, MHS