

## LULLABY

*after Lorca*

The old tortoise of the moon drags its heavy shell across the sky.  
*Sleep is coming* says the wolf. *It's human nature to believe*  
*in the invisible* the sheep adds. Chickens scabble in the coop.  
New constellations rise – Lenin the Hunter, Warhol Majora.  
Child, there is no difference between the strangeness  
of earthy and of heavenly bodies. Both spend their light.  
Both raise their pitch as night fades and morning bleeds away.  
The afternoon longs for the moon but the moon wants only the stars.