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Last night was murky; wild moonflowers  
opened wider to make their own light.  
Tonight, fish silvering to the surface,  
ravel the moon's face in the water.  
We try to hold on to summer,  
our fingertips coppery, slippery  
like the powder from a monarch's wing.  
A loon on the lake hails the passing,  
two chilled notes spilled in space,  
blue ice peaks plying my spine.

--Glenna Holloway