

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Shadow Box

by Lauren Holstein

Grief is a movement  
an arm lifted by the breeze  
fingertips brought together with a breath

trickle of mucus  
sticky hair  
organs sticky  
tacked together with sap  
burnt molasses on stainless steel

Why is the moon always full?  
opening the tight corners  
of the birches  
the gravel  
my mouth  
the silver of my night-thoughts

I wonder at your soft  
soul  
a fragile crying thing  
in the basement  
Is it released now  
from its fine  
complex box  
of sacred mind-weaving  
and unheard vintage feeling-wood

Let it be true  
Let this be  
(what you wanted)

I dance

I dance

under the cruel stare  
of the moon