

Advent: Moose in Moonlight

Anita Tanner

*... he hath no form nor comeliness;
and when we shall see him
there is no beauty
that we should desire him.*

—Isaiah 53:2

Among the death of foliage
in skeleton trees
he appears, moonlight gracing
his rack—that upturned,

awe-inspiring crown.
Hint of his heavy breath
grizzles the air
beside the ponderous weight.

He comes to the edge, pauses
as witness of winter's extremities,
careful that our eyes meet:
stark litigant.

Flake by flake the dark earth
fills with exquisite whiteness,
depth and abundance amplified
longer than the moon endures.