The Body as Braille

He tells me "your back is so beautiful." He traces my spine with his hand.

I'm burning like the white ring around the moon. "A wicht's moon," dijo mi abuela. The schools call it "a reflection of ice crystals." It's a storm brewing in the cauldron of the sky. I'm in love but won't tell him if it's omens or ice.

Lorna Dee Cervantes (Emplumada, 1981)