

Poetry by Julie L. Moore

From my book, *Slipping Out of Bloom* (~~WordTech~~ Editions, 2010)

Joy

*The cup of life is not so shallow
That we have drained the best.* ~Ralph Waldo Emerson

Fireflies flashing over hip-high corn—
breathe deep
as if it's the first time this joy unfurls
like a ribbon from the pith beneath your ribs.
Witness dusk now shading in corners
of the sky, indigo shadows
tunneling with the sun. Taste
a miracle tonight. Taste its sacred
nectar. Hear the low whine of the owl.
Hold the jewel of the night
in your open hand.