

# LAMENT OF THE TŪĪ

Lola Farquhar

My mother curses the moon  
The small animal curls away into silence  
Gauzy-faced and jaded  
She moves in craters  
Hollows into hag stones  
A storm brews in the ceiling

Dusky sky bled into the soil that night  
My skin bloomed lunar pink  
And fragile as a neck  
I have cold hands &  
My rolling stomach snarls and bites  
We shared a sandwich over the sea

My mother curses the moon  
Puckered and hiding from her grief  
Gloating in scorpio  
Her face waxes and wanes  
My bones are just tall enough  
To wrap three times around her



