

# gathering

*by* Kitty Boots

north of the equator  
skeletons with crooked little fingers  
lie buried in finery, with flowers  
faded, yet still fragrant

the moon tops the monolith and grins  
pale  
the deer on the edge of the forest is indigo blue  
and she dances on the shoulder of a shaman

drum beats, footsteps  
we seek to keep time  
gaze into the smokey fire

and raise our cups to a ghostly clan

