

[MJTM 23 (2021–2022) 37–38]

EXCHANGE

Laura Reece Hogan<sup>1</sup>  
Los Angeles, CA, USA

When he arrives hooded in words,  
he offers vowels of white vestments  
which I recognize. I take them  
on my tongue, savor my true dialect.  
I give him the chrysalis of myself.

When he arrives with beam of lantern,  
he unrolls parchments which spark  
stars of bells and time. I feast  
on his feast. I can only give him  
the empty nest of this hunger.

But he eats it. When he comes  
he pulls a pigeon from my breast,  
unfurls the scarlet longing for heaven.  
I can only give him the burning sky,  
which I find slipped into my pocket.

When he returns from his journey,  
he gives me light to remember him by,  
instructs me to squint and enter  
sideways. Blind as moon, I climb  
the spiraling hawks. When he comes

1. Laura Reece Hogan is the author of *Litany of Flights* (2020) the inaugural winner of the Paraclete Poetry Prize competition. Her earlier chapbook, *O Garden-Dweller* appeared from Finishing Line Press in 2017. She is a professed Third Order Carmelite.

quietly with his lapis, he paints a sea  
that catches my breath.  
When he waits at the window,  
when he waits at his just-open window,

I pray murmurations of starlings; that one  
might swoop through the slender silence  
he has left ajar  
for me.

SOUL AS HALF MOON

Laura Reece Hogan  
Los Angeles, CA, USA

Let me just glimpse  
the undiscovered terrain in phases, my hidden

mouth half-open with prayer of lustrous sun.  
We are not lesser lights.

The illuminated half holds the mystery of itself  
in crescent arms. Faint earthshine bathes

what I can barely discern as a wholeness  
against the black void

of space. You and I stare to pin down  
the ghost half,

materializing then vanishing. It may take  
a whole life to know that the dark of the moon

differs from the night,  
that what is bright and what is baffling

orb together, full.