

JEFF BERNSTEIN

## **The Moon Burned**

My father died  
at the end of July.  
August waned, white  
stars of Clematis flow-  
ered like never  
before, exploded in  
a series of quiet  
sparks and hisses. Meanwhile,  
the Moon caught fire  
in the near-regions of  
coldest space. At mid-  
night on that late summer  
evening, all that  
remained was the scent  
of cinnamon.