

Moon of the Crusted Snow by Taya Hleck

It holds me soundly by the neck,
Fallen slave to the modern tech,

Mother, why have you never taught me to speak,
My tongue sliced from my mouth,
Are you ashamed,
For my ways of living are weak?

The soulless eyes of a windigo,
The seconds feel bleak
One shall not scream nor cry,
From my skin, our blood leaks.

Teeth sink into the flesh of my shoulder,
My feet lift off the ground,
My fingers prickle, colder,
Would I have understood if I was older?

Moon of the crusted snow,
Why must my desperate cries fall faint?
Oh please, let me go,
Out of sight of the windigo.

False importance of the self will make him end up alone,
Mother, is this how it must be?
As now I float, fully grown.

The fruit of my neck runs red,
I cry,
Pull the string of the shed.

Is this what will become of me,
Will I not make it ten feet below?
My feet wrapped in fabric,
Under the moon of the crusted snow.