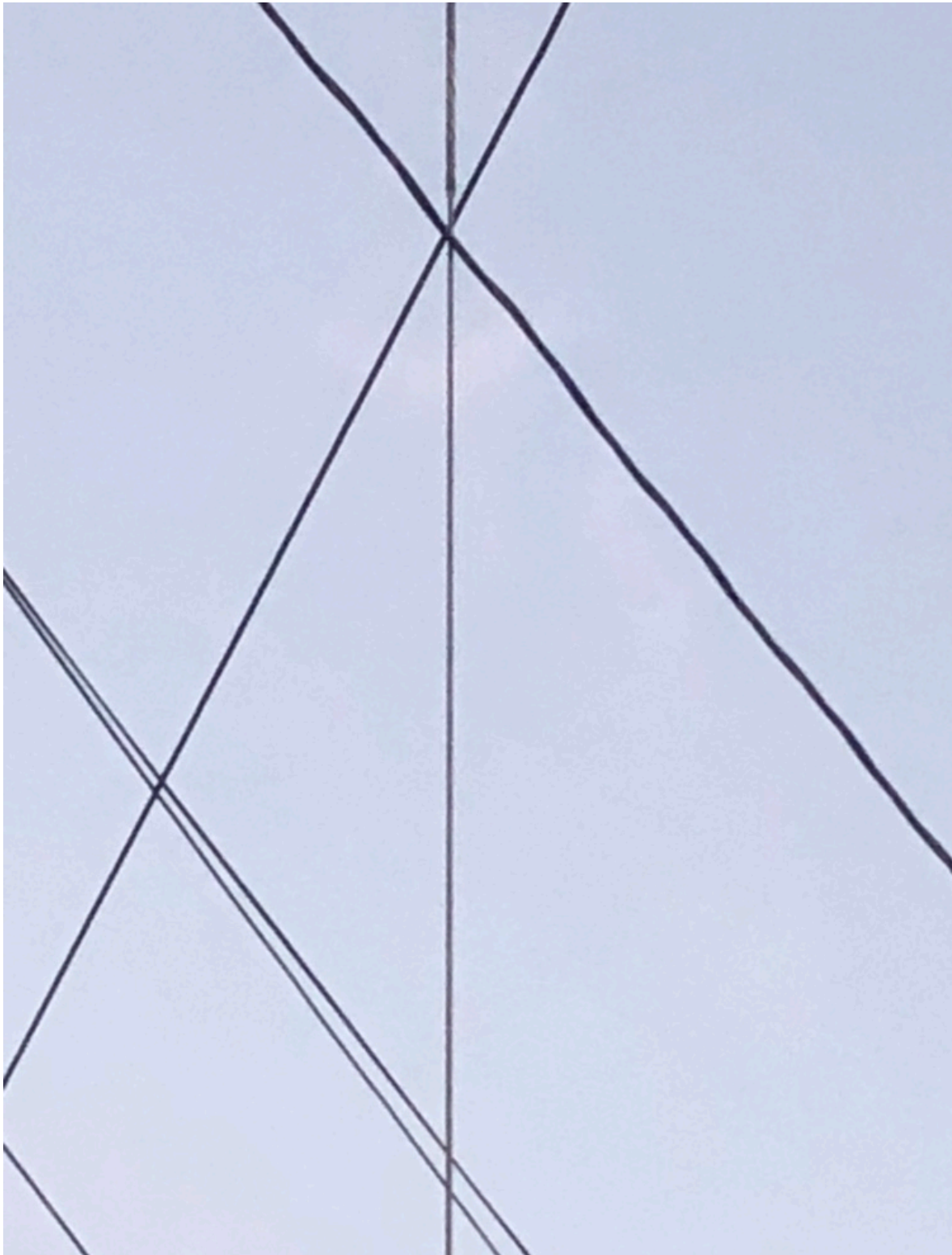


New Poetry from G.H. Mosson: “Warrior With Shield”

after Henry Moore



AN X STILL / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Blasted, broken to frag-
ments, left arm won't—
both legs blown &
absent, the spaces abuzz
w/ anger—but I edge
forward, shield up
as leg-stumps toe
for foothold. My mouth
is an X. Still-
ness. Yet I see.
I've been left.

Moonlight empties
onto my chest,
rivulets down
in a branching sheen
& I swell w/ a hunch
I'll make it
as if an old tune
warms the heart,
as if I too
might sing
again to Shelly.

I've been
 some-
 one
else
 once
 some-
body
 other:
 a child.
Dandelion
 pods
 tumble

past my

open

palms.