

**Mark Vuaran**

## **Here be dragons**

Wake as three screams take  
Flight, from window to shadow  
A child's voice deepens,

Like a changeling held  
Over the flame, some strange trapped,  
Untranslatable pain.

What taste on the air  
Led you here? See her red hair  
Last night, gaping smile,

Sharp with the earth's slow  
Bleed, four nights till it sheds  
Its shadow to bloom

In the vast, dust-filled  
Maria of a hidden  
Moon. Now your shadow

Blots the sky, what is  
It looks to flower in your  
Cries, but falls fallow?

Go hungry dear fox  
Do not bloody my door, there  
Is nothing for you

In this night. Redshift  
The stars black—do you still feel  
Their loss? My wife stirs,

As our son within  
Wakes, to return to dream—the  
Stars will wait for him.