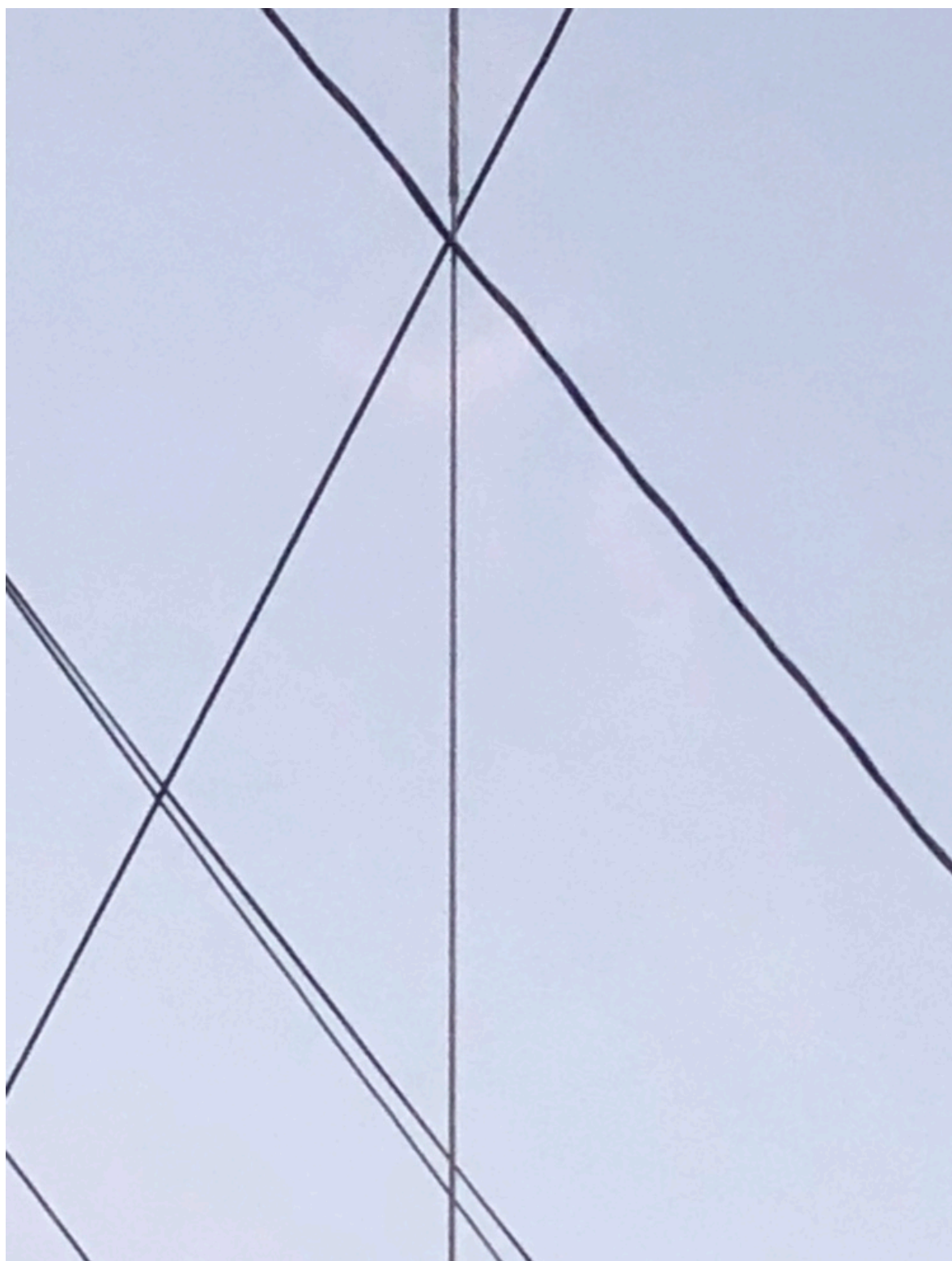


# New Poetry from G.H. Mosson: “Warrior With Shield”

*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.