

## Beauty Emergency

*runner*

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Steam curls, dancing over a bowl  
of homemade lentil soup,  
warming the tops of my thighs  
sitting in front of a fire,  
tucked away in a friend's backyard  
on Larkins Street.

Tonight is the full Worm Moon  
and I am soft, unraveling  
the bandages  
from places I cannot see  
and if there's ever been a time  
to be reborn  
to reset  
to recenter  
it is now. In March

as an ancient softening sets in  
again.

The kind that happens before  
a deep thaw.

The kind that invites you  
to witness the divination of this place,  
to believe that rejection must be protection.

My eyes crinkle on the drive home,  
smiling when I finally catch sight  
of this outrageous full moon.  
Heavy and orange, hanging over I-96  
on an otherwise unremarkable Tuesday.

This moon is a diva  
The moon is a mother

A shimmering topaz in a bowl of rocks  
A sacred text amid dime store novels

A beauty emergency.

Looking outward and then in,  
I notice the service to something  
bigger than myself  
is paying off  
and so is the rest.

Bless up to some god  
that I didn't get  
what I thought I wanted.

Dressing up the everyday  
in majesty so special  
it could be a holiday.

This glowing empress  
This persistent awe  
This regular night sky  
brimming and boasting  
overflowing lunar light.

I mention this moon to the man at the gas station  
at the corner of my street,  
while someone plays "Cuff It,"  
and I bob my head while the tank fills up.

Smiling the man says,  
"I know, it's really something."

It really is.

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