

# Comparative Woman

---

Volume 1  
Issue 1 *Spirituality*

Article 15

---

12-30-2018

## “Blood Moon”

Carmela Lanza  
*University of New Mexico at Gallup*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://repository.lsu.edu/comparativewoman>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), [Comparative Literature Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Lanza, Carmela (2018) “Blood Moon,” *Comparative Woman*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 15.

DOI: [10.31390/comparativewoman.1.1.13](https://doi.org/10.31390/comparativewoman.1.1.13)

Available at: <https://repository.lsu.edu/comparativewoman/vol1/iss1/15>

## Blood Moon

Athena, Wall-e, and I  
under a blood moon in eclipse  
in Gallup, New Mexico;  
we are silent because  
we do not speak each other's languages.  
Athena smells like cat piss,  
Wall-e howls in his sleep,  
and I have fingers and  
the tongue to tell stories:  
so here is another one of my stories.

Athena has her back to the moon,  
climbing up a tree,  
who cares?  
She is playing and it is 6  
in the morning in this border-town,  
unlike Wall-e and me,  
Athena was born here  
behind a shed,  
her white fur running  
like a baby spirit  
all around the driveway and street,  
despite the hanging moon looking like  
another planet,  
it is nothing to her.

She was almost trapped on a roof  
when she was a baby, but she flew down  
and landed near her mother and brother.

Wall-e is attached to a leash,  
he has no place to go  
except where I pull him;  
he is low to the ground,  
smelling some old shit from another dog,  
the blood moon gives him no story, no way out.  
But Wall-e, born in South Dakota,  
knows all the smells of snow,  
knows how snow mats on his fur,  
knows the taste of that metal cold,  
it takes him back.

I am already creating a story here,  
the blood moon looks like the

inside of my mother's mouth  
or the sound of language  
when I cried in my crib.  
I was born near the ocean  
and now in this desert town,  
the moon is a menacing ocean to me,  
blood washing over the three of us,  
I did not expect to be baptized  
this early in the day,  
but when I saw it and said "Oh."

Carmela Delia Lanza