

## ALMOST FULL

by Elana Wolff

December moon,  
skim as milk in the afternoon, the blue alluding  
through like dolorosa.  
I eye the pale archaic planet, mute as light, immense  
and low and feel  
like il postino  
in that film about Neruda and the postman.  
The postman so undone by love and desperate for metaphors  
can only author O -  
assuagement in the bar-scene  
as he reaches for a small white  
ball the girl has put between her lips to muse him.

