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## Atmospheric Moon River

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December loomed  
with its supply chain of moods  
The plum tree's last medallions of golden leaves  
its rivièrè of blue  
light emitting diodes for Diwali  
In my dreams  
I could do no violence. No matter how  
hard I tried  
I'd no force to execute my attacks  
I stomped  
dream body after dream body  
but no one  
was ever hurt  
as if something wanted  
to remind me, even in my sleep  
of my impotence  
in global affairs, as if something wanted  
to save me. *Westron wynde when wyll thow blow*  
I listened  
to *In a Sentimental Mood*  
nightly. I borrowed a distinction between porn  
and pornography  
Mornings, the moon lowered itself  
over the western mountains

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and hung there  
golden white  
against the sky's cool complexion  
not even looking at me  
but looking at me  
if you know what I mean. Tomorrow sex will be good again  
is a phrase I read  
and repeated via text to a colleague  
working on affect theory  
in Hungary  
a person for whom I had indeterminate feelings  
Psychic excess  
they called it  
quoting  
Judith Butler Yeats  
On the other side of the mountains  
a thin river of water  
poured like grief through the atmosphere  
wiping out everything  
bridges, hillsides, farmland  
Only debt survived  
barely  
I got to thinking  
how that cameo moon might look on me  
with my undertones  
of firebush and raspberry  
my cobalt  
disbelief in money  
the thin tremulous needle of futurity  
that fluttered  
in all my poetry. I was in an elevator  
ascending a glass tower  
the floor numbers lighting up  
like cigarettes  
in the dark, like parts of my brain  
when I sang  
*the smalle rayne downe can rayne*. Across the province  
we gathered  
candles and sandbags  
We prepared  
to lose all

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power  
Above the building  
beyond the many panels of tempered glass  
a tower crane floated  
in the river  
of rain. Even then we knew abundance  
Autumn's harvest  
of darkness  
in which tiny green lights grew  
like mushrooms  
along the jib of the crane  
There's no such thing as an aesthetic death mudslide  
Atmospheric moon river  
I'm crossing you

