

# Hoodwinker

*Thomas R. Moore*

No wife, no mother, so I hoodwinked my son,  
a damaged kid. I wore grayish talons and

the penalties have grown stiff—no balms and  
only wisps of grassiness sewn into dreams.

*Woo Woo* sings Joni, thin and high. Drifts  
curve behind the boat-house and one cedar

hangs like a falling axe over the snow. I took  
him up, led him on, and left him in a white

metal crib. But there was no thicket, no ram,  
so I was the trickster. Was it my voice? Was

there no chapel for prayer? *The seasons go  
round and round* and O, it weights me—

I led the way. May I investigate *miraculous  
repentances*? May I forgive myself?