

A M A N D A N O W A K O W S K I

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## The War

The moon leaves the clouds  
as the sea moans low  
over the black shoals.  
Like Job the moon bows  
to the hunting rooks  
at the churning holes.  
A dandelion seed  
sown against the sky,  
turns sideways, disappears,  
then it's white again, the turn and  
flip like the underbelly of a sparrow,  
or a plane. My mother  
never spoke of the past, here,  
where stone leads in  
and out of the water. She never  
recalled the shelters, the low flung  
bombers cleaning the sky, or  
the common heather where

the moon bends low  
to acknowledge a girl  
who crouches, counting forty  
breathes, ready  
to go. She never admitted  
to us that the moon is  
pale as a bird.  
She must have  
seen it, though.

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**AMANDA NOWAKOWSKI** was raised in rural East Tennessee and studied at the University of Tennessee and Leningrad State University before earning her doctorate in Russian Literature at UCLA. Her poetry has appeared in *The Chattahoochee Review*, *The International Poetry Review*, *The Red Rock Review*, *The Mochila Review*, *Poetry/LA*, *The Jacaranda Review*, *The Coe Review*, *The T.J. Eckleburg Review*, and *Amethyst Arsenic*, among others.