

turning point

*O cara luna, al cui tranquillo raggio
danzan le lepri nelle selve*

dark of the moon dark of the year
snow rutted on the city street where the cars run
in their grooves the homes tuck themselves
into drawn curtains the river sealed

no one else to see the hare leaping
down the road in his pale winter coat long ears a-lop
like the moon strayed from his snow-speckled sky
for the compact joy of earth

and coming in from the cold
 we feel foreign to ourselves
as though we have been turned into new creatures,
faintly radiant
 we are turning into the new year,
year of the rabbit year of possible peace

oh my dear moon
on your light, plenilunar paws

Translation: "O cherished moon, beneath whose quiet beams the hares dance in the woods" - Giacomo Leopardi

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