

HALF TONES TO JUBILEE

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CLIMBING SHALE AND RAIN

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Rain cavorts
on my metal rooftop,
and I think of you
in your tent
balancing on a mountainside.
You are thinking perhaps
about stones or pine needles,
mulling over the ways of rain on leaves;
the trees confer with you.
Once, you whispered to me
in your tree-voice.

I am speaking to an overly-accented man
who will tap dance for me.
I am not captivated
but distracted. In their various
suits of tangerine and cellophane,
the others like him will do the same.
I am trying not to think about you.

You were already wearing the face of 70 feet up
when I saw you last.
You lay next to me
but were climbing shale,
your hands in the atmosphere
and not across my gravity-bound body.

When you return from the mountains,
you will tell me how they instructed you
in the way everything works.
You will tell me, with your eyes still seeing them,
seeing me only as blind and deaf in any case.

The rain is a carnival on my rooftop;
I don't know it. You know the rain
in your tent, are seeing it, smelling it
through the thin walls. You understand
this cold water, untouchable water.
I whisper this to myself.