

BPJ

BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL
VOL. 57 N°1 FALL 2006



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Hypotensive, Or, The Day I Became a Bird and Back

Largely things slowed. Lengthened.
Lightened. As if I weren't there.
I no longer needed all that

blood and turned away from such
solidity as bones (hollowing out)
and skin (thinning). A cold veil

of water bathed me as legs shrank to
sticks, wrists shriveling. Arms now flat
expanded. What I had was sound:

waves of wind pulsing through, up
sweeping me, louder than the tensed
voices pitched and clicking, calling me,

back. Breath, too, was left, rising high,
quick, ballooning my chest. Exalting.
Someone pressed me down then, pricked

in needles for sacks of fluid pumped into me.
I thickened. A cold gurney named thighs,
fingers back to me. I can't say I wanted them.

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Unearned, Still Offered

Sometimes I forget you
watching there—you, blue
breath, teeth of angels.

You stand in grace,
and I am cleaning walls
with a camel hair. The cracks

are that thin. Nothing
can interrupt me. Body full
of fissures, eyes full of soot,

I cannot turn to you.
You wait without impatience.