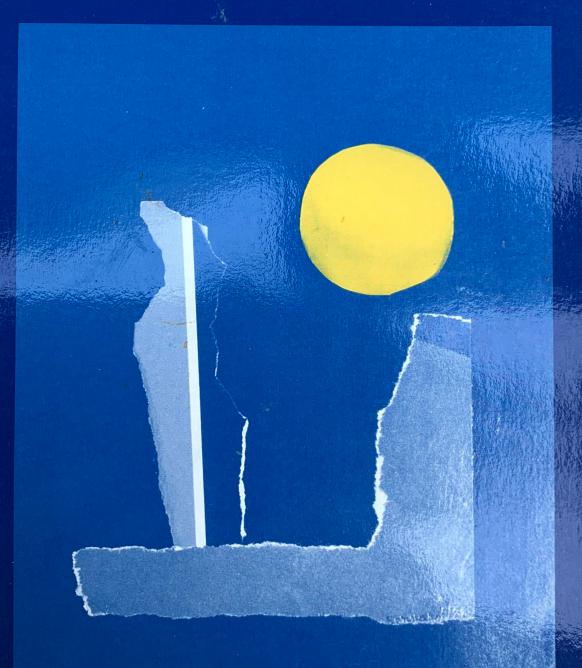
\$10.00



# CONFRONTATION

No. 60/61 Fall 1996/Winter 1997



Southern Climates of Expression and The Weather Elsewhere

## On Becoming Air Deborah Moore

I.

I am sleeping under two inches of soil and trying not to move during this dream; I must keep it from shifting: dirt is fragile.

I do not want my body to fly up through the spaces.

II.

I am not a space-taker

I could easily fit in your palm or in any canyon you name

And it would not be too much to comfort me: basic arms around and a blanket above.

#### III.

I wish for the metal of wires which could attach me to the ground or floor lights to mark or invent me with edges.

I would be still beauty with edges.

### IV.

I pass myself through a sieve, and I am the same. Nothing stayed in the wire bowl.

V.
I displace nothing.
You fill yourself to the edges yet nothing spills over when I enter.
VI.
Someday I may learn to see my own outline.

## Salty Dog Deborah Moore

You and your salty dog peeling things to eat their skins. You throw the middles out, toss them over,

onto sidewalks, into elevators.
Your salty dog stomps out the beat,
and you keep his time.
You both play the spoons till midnight.

You and that dog, you run for no reason. Legs that drum until feet hum. You stop when you've been everywhere once.

Your salty dog plays you the banjo, and you sing in circles to the tune. When you're finally weak, he lies with you; You lie until you sleep. None of these things is separate from love.