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# 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.