

**The
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Review**



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Grieving #17: As a River

She changed into a river one day,
though she didn't try.

Her legs grew to
liquid; the bones stretched thin
to sticks that floated away.
The water washed her into circles
when she raised her arms,
her back flat against the land.

Spaces between her ribs widened,
lengthened her. The ground was dry,
and she was taken in everywhere,
her body into dirt. Her pulse drove
the current that cut
the bed she made. Her hair flowed
into waves until taking
the color of the river.

As a river she holds nothing
next to her, nothing to remember.
As a river she passes alongside
and around it, gradually eroding its edges

Deborah Owen

Nearly Blind #23

It is not enough to learn the alphabet.
You cannot feel the raised dots until you're blind.
It does not help to close your eyes.

When the eyes you've opened stop seeing,
your fingertips lose the layer that shielded them.
The braille then becomes an aria you feel,
and your fingers open you like an eyelid.

Deborah Owen

How You'd Speak to Me, If You Could

"All night you painted pictures,
touched your bamboo brush
to silk scarves, the dye
and the ink bleeding and blooming
on the fabric in patterns you anticipated.

"I would like to touch you this way,
my fingers, bamboo brushes on your skin.

"I've seen it before, the blooming
on your face when you paint.
I lay these images on my chest
as I would a photograph,
these, which won't change,
as you might if I touched you again.
I hesitate, and you are always painting."

These are the words you won't ever say.

Deborah Owen