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Touched-by-the-Moon

David Wagoner

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Split: 1962 / Stephen Dunn

You hold the negative up
to the light, appreciating the shadows.
It is you and I posing
as you and I, what seems coming apart
at the seam at some hidden locus,
some meeting place of sensation and nerve.
Looking at ourselves this way
we are surrounded by the low clouds
of trees in full bloom, my hand in yours
is an erasure, perfect, oracular.

Now you take the scissors and cut me
out, keeping me for yourself.
Then you hand me
you. The sentimental we agree
has its place, if undeveloped.
I place you in my wallet
in the compartment I never use
so the light cannot touch you.
You do the same, as if it were possible
nothing could ruin us now—
so separate, almost unborn again.

Touched-by-the-Moon / David Wagoner

That woman had given her heart to Crow-catcher.
She said, "Who is beautiful?" He said, "Crow's Egg."
Strand by strand she pulled out her long hair.

She said, "Who is beautiful?" He said, "Stone-Wearing-Snow."
And she plucked out her eyebrows and eyelashes
Till her face and her scalp seemed worn by weather.

She said, "Who is beautiful?" He said, "Ice-on-the-Mountain."
She pulled out every hair on her body
And lay as smooth as water without wind.

She said, "Who is beautiful?" And he said, "Moon,"
Looking away, turning away, going away.
So she walked out by moonlight to die.

But the Spider People lifted her up to Moon,
And Moon touched her and said, "Crow's Egg, Stone-Wearing-Snow,
And Ice-on-the-Mountain are your sisters."

All of her hair grew back more sleek, more shiny.
Her skin was like Moon's. Slowly the Spider People
Let her down from their web into the morning.

Crow-catcher saw her. Now she was beautiful,
And he went toward her. But Touched-by-the-Moon
Wandered away to live with her sisters,

Crow's Egg who says, *Young darkness waiting,*
Stone-Wearing-Snow who says, *I will not melt,*
Ice-on-the-Mountain who says, *Here it is coldest.*

Elevation / Andrew Glaze

It's an old fashioned theatre with cupids along the lintels
round-bellied girls riding draperies up the beams,
and Athena looking abstractedly over the arch of the stage.
The proscenium lights have been turned on,
it is brilliantly white to the left,
all over the auditorium there is a red glow.
Alone in the baking illumination
stands a man in black tights.
His blue tunic flashes with rhinestones,
he is apparently unable to believe his senses,
he stands with both hands trailing away into the upper air,
the girl with whom he was dancing
has floated away out into the semi-darkness
of the central space.
She hangs above him like an iridescent paper figure
one leg passé to the knee, arms overhead in a box,