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# Creation Story

Liz Waldner

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## Two Poems · *Liz Waldner*

### CREATION STORY

I went out with Elaine to look at the moon.  
Elaine sat on the sidewalk  
with paper and pen and Joan's binoculars.  
Beautiful: I looked through.

Maybe I will see you later, I said  
and walked on, up to a road  
and stood on its side,  
to look at the moon.

A car came. I bent my arm, my leg,  
wanting to look like something other  
than looking at the moon when it came by.  
Did I?

I looked at the moon.  
I saw I forget how much I like to look.  
I looked  
around. Up. The moon was there.  
Just what I want for us both, I said: good.  
Clouds  
covered the moon, I  
covered the moon with the boughs of a pine,  
then a streetlamp:  
this means I was walking.

But then I was turned. To the moon.  
I was  
looking again. I had to. I could

see Elaine now lying down on the sidewalk,  
binoculars, paper, pen.  
That car came back slow, turned right,  
who cares. I had to  
look. More. The  
sharp shape of one oak leaf:  
more. Train roar  
along unlikely track  
in the middle of Hudson River water:  
more, more. I

thought of telling it: over water, through night,  
a train. Moon  
light through  
one of its windows, somebody's face,  
thinking of telling somebody this,  
imagining saying these words:  
I HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE

made enough. Made spiderweb touching  
my left hand be  
the walking home to tell.  
Barbara was on the telephone; she made  
a face hello.

## MY HAND

My hand is like a house to me  
Thin, like the rest of me  
Small, hard—  
It's a perfectly good hand.

When I was a child  
I lived in this hand  
In the thin, hard light  
Of that time