

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