

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,

with a rose-like tutu and a glazed pink smile.  
She has risen as far as the ceiling,  
near the resting place of the chandeliers.  
From the dirt you can tell it is  
taking place in an important city.

The audience does not panic or move  
though a girl is hanging above them.  
Do they think it is part of what they have come to see?  
Their faces turn upward, rose and white.  
The dancer, her eyes closed,  
does not stir.  
She thinks she is dreaming a dream, probably,  
in which she has floated away from the earth.  
When she opens her eyes  
and sees that she hangs there at the center  
of a real proscenium at the ceiling like a lost balloon  
will she be startled, fulfilled or terrified?  
Surely she has never attained such elevation,  
and will have to consider all over again  
how to cope with  
what it is possible to do.

## Person Smoking / Daniel Halpern

Cigarette smoke floats up  
to this second story room.  
It doesn't mean too much,  
but it is a sensation.  
Below me someone sits quietly.  
There is no reason to believe  
it is a woman, and there is no way  
I can look out the window.  
I imagine a woman sitting on a bench  
smoking quietly, looking off  
into the trees. I could of course  
call out, but that would be ridiculous.  
I wonder, as I stare into the trees,