

## 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.