



[Home](#)

[Summer 2014](#)

[Fall-Winter 2013-14](#)

[Summer-Fall 2013](#)

[Spring-Summer 2013](#)

[Winter-Spring 2013](#)

[Fall-Winter 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Winter-Spring 2012](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

Three Poems

by Rosemary Dunn Moeller

Body Piercing

When you wear the white identification bracelet,
and insertions hanging from sensitive genital tissue,
pierced hands, wrists,
arms, throat sore from tubes
pushed in and pulled out from
the gentle violation of orifices;

when there're the incisions,
opened by blades, closed by needles sharper than the jokes
in get-well cards about indignities,
exams, unintended exhibitionism,

then you heal through pain,
discomfort,
aches,
until you discard
cards and balloons,
and a tumor,
a white bracelet.
A surgeon's tattoo for a souvenir.

Resistance Strengthens

Displacement supports
with the assurance of buoyancy. I feel
capable and safe, even if it's illusory.
I observe pond skaters, yellow bladderwort floating,
mostly on the surface.
Canoeing gives superficiality a good connotation.

Wave rhythms and wind currents cause waves
to resist the paddle. The leverage
of wood in my hand becomes a fulcrum,
swirls and vortex of a stroke, cooperative and
contrary simultaneously.
I'm in control and controlled,
coming and going for no purpose but
pleasure, sliding along with exertion
and effort. My shoulders
will ache, stiffen, strengthen.

I should be doing more of this and less of importance.
Canoe is a perfect shape and draw,
paddle smooth silk strength that I wish my arms had. And
kneeling feels right,
for a working, straining, balancing act.

Autumn 2008

Feet tucked under, back resting on bench,
knees on canoe wales and face forward.

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

Aversion Reversed

Winter/Spring 2008

Flamingoes have red milk, not surprisingly,
made by both parents, interestingly.

Editor's Note

Mammals don't have the monopoly on milk.

Guidelines

This up sets my mammalian bond;
thought it was unique
to all mothers
who birth.

Contact

And I've never liked flamingoes,
pink and prissy footed steppers,
look fake, as falsely colored as blue carnations.
Now that we've something truly
special to me in common--
feeding milk to our young from our bodies--
I have to drag out my preconceived notions,
prejudices and preferences and re-evaluate.
My discrimination is faulty, my aversion an unfair bias.
I have to rethink my feelings,damn,
admit to cultural culpability. Damn.

Rosemary Dunn Moeller has had poems published in *Patterson Literary Review*, *Rockhurst Review*, *Outposts of the Beyond*, *Broadkill Review*, *The Alembic* and many others. She farms with her husband in the Dakotas. They've followed migrating birds to all seven continents. Nature writing is her preference.

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