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.
Aversion Reversed

Flamingoes have red milk, not surprisingly, made by both parents, interestingly. Mammals don’t have the monopoly on milk. This up sets my mammalian bond; thought it was unique to all mothers who birth. 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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