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## 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.

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Autumn 2008

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

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

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## 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.

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**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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