

SELECTIONS FROM

# Wayfarers



KATRINKA MOORE

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# THE ROLLING WORLD

The fire burned for days and then the most bereaved  
    rekindled it and camped in the ruins.

Others of us turned our backs, built our own fires.

The old woman remained, sleeping on fallen brick, eating, if  
    she ate, from abandoned stores in shells of houses.

But I had my daughters, so I left her.

I looked back — the stay-behinds drifted, digging in the debris,  
    carrying artifacts from one pile of rubble to another.

I was afraid, but I remembered how to find water, forage  
    thistle and tuber my mother had shown me long ago,  
    before we came to that place, before I settled there.

I was afraid, but I would not fall in with others from the city.

I took the children on paths I knew from my youth, then we  
    quit those and forged our own way.

# COSMOGONY

I'd been cast out, into  
    silence and solitude, caught  
between all that might happen  
    and what comes into being.  
Traveled through stillness  
    through soundless stirring  
chanced upon denizens  
    in an abraded world, sitting  
beside open fires. *Wait,*  
    *eyes open:* A gathering  
of elements, entangled, burst  
    apart, flew asunder — radiated —  
shifting center, periphery. We  
    scoured for remnants, then  
clustered to enter  
    the unfolding.

# GEOMANCY

Astray in a wayward

world unsheltered, keep

an eye out for the yawning

beneath Stumble across

a signal, sound pulsing Thirst

bumps at your side Stay

or strike camp settle

or seek This once-peopled

track rank shadowy

secant cut through

a bend in the trail

Moonlit circle handful

of thrown earth

## SCATTER

Some say the soul's a ghost,  
immortal, immaterial. Lucretius

claims it's particles, scattered  
throughout the body, gathered  
into blood and bone, the visceral,  
and like the flesh, ephemeral.

My mother's ashes blow across  
the caldera, the sunlit grass.

Some feel the world's cold weight  
some find its light.

Our home's a given-up-on farm, stone  
walls that slump, fields growing trees, no  
neighbors near, but city lights far off  
are strong enough to crowd out stars  
the ones we see a smattering  
of those the farmer knew.

The boy bounds out, the screen  
door slams and finches fly, some  
settle in the pine, some soar so high we  
watch, hands shading eyes, till all are gone.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Katrinka Moore started out in dance and choreography, made a brief foray into performance art, then shifted to poetry, eventually bringing visual components into her work. She is the author of three previous books, *Numa*, *Thief*, and *This is Not a Story*, winner of the New Women's Voices Prize. Moore grew up in rural Texas and now lives in New York.





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