



*In response to Carolyn Berry*  
*Attack*

**Collage**

Talk to me about your sternum  
how it expands with light of breath  
rises into indigo memory  
bright with fish sparkling in a stream,  
or about your diaphragm  
how it breaks open  
to boundaryless dreams  
confusing skin with sky and sun,  
or about your gut  
how it makes your chest heave  
with rounded weight of wisdom  
and the invisible line  
between footprint and smoke,  
a deer peering out from the black  
edge of a still forest beneath white  
moonlight.  
And your liver, the machine  
that picks up detritus  
holds it tight at random intervals,  
your body not only a temple but a water carrier,  
a packaged hammock of particulate. You move  
the corpus in and out of danger as you open  
doors, turn right, speak with the divine,  
dance with angels, leave clouds  
drying in mud fissures, snake through stark  
night to a spiraling stasis some call God,  
you call collage.

**Debbi Kapp Brody**  
Invited Guest of Roaming Writers



Carolyn Berry, *Attack*,  
encaustic mixed media  
sculpture, 28 x 7.5 x 4  
inches