

## **Deborah Purdy – Two Poems**

### **Elsewhere**

You thought you might reinvent yourself in Rome —  
buy high heels and fling yourself into  
a fountain of promises, splash in the water  
of new revelations.

Under a full moon in Paris, you took a sip of  
Beaujolais Nouveau and hoped to slip into  
the back door of a perfect life, sing in the choir  
of the church of higher expectations.

Someday you planned to wrap yourself in a palette  
of filaments and hike a prehistoric road  
to the Caledonian Forest or the Isle of Skye.  
You liked to think you'd recognize your ancestors there

and lose yourself in a mirror of rituals and pillars.  
Instead, the bridge is a photograph turned inside out —  
and the high wire world of ordinary  
surrenders to the skin of yourself.

### **Voodoo Doll**

Don't look at me like that —  
Unwrapped, unraveling

red threads and good  
preventions,

Reaching, righting  
that chip on your shoulder.

I'm taking flight  
from a nest of intentions,

Welding wishes  
to whatever it takes

to make a living  
while making the living

dazzle and dance.  
This is my new career —

An offering, a parcel,  
peace in someone else's place.

**Deborah Purdy** lives outside Philadelphia where she writes poetry and creates fiber art. Her work has appeared in *Gravel Literary Magazine* , *Cleaver Magazine* , *The American Poetry Journal* , and other publications.