

# ripples

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"The Chair"

by Karen Moon Schaefer

## Interior

I washed my face  
in a bitter creek.  
I took my face  
from the rippling, water,  
carried it within, hidden,  
never casting out  
like the arcing line  
of a fly fisherman  
to drop into a hidden pool  
somewhere.

I kept my face  
within cold mirrors,  
never filling it with eyes,  
never seeing it held  
in the gaze of a lover.  
Instead, beads of the bitter  
stream fall like tears  
on my cheeks and beard  
into the lake beside the hills.

And when I joined the hills,  
joined my face  
to the master of the hills,  
he held me in his hands,  
brushed away the flesh,  
and saw through the empty  
bone beneath in silence.

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