

The Poetry of DAMON FALKE



When October Comes

I know all the roads that lead into town,
Even after these years away.
The way I find them here
In the shadows of my old hopes still,
In the unexpected gifts of earlier days,
In the taste of some things left in the air
Where so much has become once.
Once we caught twelve pigmy rattlers
In and around a sandstone butte.
Once we hunted arrowheads with an old woman
Who could name all our mountains.
Once we shared a river camp with an old man
Who came west in a wagon.
I keep them in a loneliness
And in times we could never save.
I look for them in those places
That were never ours alone.
The bowling alley. The dump road. The schools.
Our private lives hid among those open doors.
What will we do, I ask, without knowing
The what or the how anymore.
Maybe this is why I ride in silence now,
During these days and mostly this way
When watching the streetlights flash
As if they could say something else
Of why we come and go, we come and go.



Damon Falke
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DAMON FALKE, a former resident of Moab, Utah, is the author of Broken Cycles, a collaboration between his poetry and the photography of Rebekah Wilkins-Pepiton, formerly of Pagosa Springs. Falke is a graduate of the University of Texas and St. John's College-Santa Fe.

He lives in Marshall, Texas with his wife Cassie and their two sons.



Notes on Paper

a poem



by Damon Falke

In **Notes on Paper**, Falke walks us through the landscape of one man's mind, which contains both his past and an awareness of our common future. From within private memories the narrator reaches out to us with 'we' and 'you', and each spare line invokes the hope that we, like him, are worthy of return to our most longed for places. And if to return is not our fate,

and really it never can be, the narrator bids us survey our own memories, taking time in the present for the winds, and the words, that move the world.

NOTES ON PAPER
DAMON FALKE

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When Women Were Birds:
Fifty-Four Variations on Voice.

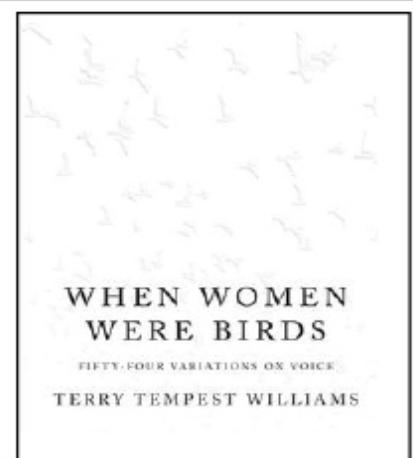
By Terry Tempest Williams

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Terry Tempest Williams's mother told her: "I am leaving you all my journals, but you must promise me you won't look at them until after I'm gone."

Readers of Williams's iconic and unconventional memoir, *Refuge*, will remember that mother. She was one of a large Mormon clan in northern Utah who developed cancer as a result of the nuclear testing in nearby Nevada. It was a shock to Williams to discover that her mother had kept journals. But not as much of a shock as what she found when the time came to read them.

"They were exactly where she said they would be: three shelves of beautiful cloth-bound books . . . I opened the first journal. It was empty. I opened the second journal. It was empty. I opened the third. It too was empty . . . Shelf after shelf after shelf, all of my mother's journals were blank." What did Williams's mother mean by that? In fifty-four chapters that unfold like a series of yoga poses, each with its own logic and beauty, Williams creates a lyrical and caring meditation of the mystery of her mother's journals. *When Women Were Birds* is a kaleidoscope that keeps turning around the question "What does it mean to have a voice?"



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