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**Poetry contents**

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Edith Cowan University

Deanne Leber

*Three Poems*

**january (28)**

without witness words

slip.

into the cottlesloe cave dusting sand from sandwiches at midnight. angry  
moon's noon.

five more years. taste you when i speak tie you together with string and  
paper clips.

have sex in a cave in cottlesloe watching the ocean fight the moon. five  
more years. taste

you when i speak your words. stretched like cards on string from year to  
year. month to

month. blood to blood. stutter silence. without you i write about you.  
footprints on the

wall. you were

walking away as i spoke.

microphone feedback phh phh phh. significant in the page. invisible in  
flesh. tie myself

together with nonchalance. pin words to my hair. slip into the alley-way.

so far from where i used to

be.

all i had was words to share. scared me to silence.

if i don't write how can i outrun

the noise.

i am an unfaithful scribe. need a witness.

did you see the moon.

it whispered and coughed and wouldn't let me write it out as you walked  
away.

i wanted to say.

i cleaned the wall.

but.

they see my psych ward face washing the counter remember washing the  
floor remember

scrubbing my skin remember scrubbing my skin remember hairy legs can't

use a razor

eat salad with a spoon.

**july (28)**

mirror me icon. in words you exist. lick the page. i want to be you. be.  
you to full.

empty.

fill me with your words. too hard. too fast.

these tears take years. drain them on the page. warm them with your eyes.  
mercury

dolphins swimming in alphabets slipping. did you get my letters did you  
get my words.

will i ever matter.

wake with a butterfly on my heart.

dead. peel it off wear your t-shirt starting a revolution. to your songs i  
rewrite my life.

your words are my words too. hear it in my chest. no-one believes me yet.

sometimes

angels sometimes devils. tripping on the stained glass. mosaic to build  
your face by.

shining through the light. difference between us is only this. resist resist.

if i talk about you they think i'm

crazy.

hide you on the page with a giggle with a star. reality is wherever you  
are.

**december (28)**

found your picture preparing me for take off. named me your icon. you'd  
be surprised.

erase the distance between us filled with words. hold it to the sun sees  
right through to

you.

paint makes walls pretty covers footprints. pinned in cyber twisting  
certain ways so i can

see it. falling. catch me like a star in your palm punched to wind. feel  
you growing in

me all curled up on the inside. the way you call me slut. whisper other  
names in my ear

pushing my head down. pack my things then how dare i leave you. say  
i'm the only one

then hack online cameras with one hand.  
i'm in the shed painting watercolour words. stereo  
blaring your  
song in the sun. see the cars slow down to stare. spell your name to the  
sky then pray i  
can forget it etched on the page across my eyes turning against themselves.  
what we  
wish we couldn't see with eyes closed.  
force the illusion with your fist.  
plan my escape between the washing and the ironing.  
beginning again.  
again.  
after you. i won't unpack.  
they search my case.  
find your  
face.  
with a star with a butterfly. i believe you.

*Deanne Leber was born in 1971, in Western Australia. She has completed a BA in English and a BA in Writing (First Class Honours). Currently, she is working on her PhD at Edith Cowan University. Deanne is passionate about the rights of people with a mental illness, and has worked extensively in the disabilities field.*

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