

Fall 1984

Calling Them Back

Deborah Burnham

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Burnham, Deborah (1984) "Calling Them Back," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 23 , Article 39.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss23/39>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mail.lib.umt.edu.

Salomé

The lips, salt-cold
and dolphin-white, tasted
of the sea. I gave
them back the desert
with my own. I cradled
him in veils and pressed
the mouth against me
till I shivered. I was
too young and small
except for dancing. Let
my mother nurse
the loving dead—I will
chafe those lizard eyes
like the wind. The slits
will follow and the dark clots
widen on those swathes
of silk as I weave
and bow. Let my father
fatten on his years
and my mother wait
forever—I will
pry those lips apart again
for song.