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## Vanishing Acts

You could tumble into a crevasse,  
pitch your tent on a sinkhole, paddle too far out  
in the Pacific, wade in above the rapids.

Sometimes it's not dramatic.  
You fall silent at the dinner party.  
Tune out like a broken transistor. Panic  
and go amnesiac during your big speech.  
Take to your bed in a dark mood.

Perhaps your cell falls in the PortaPotty  
or GPS fails on the drive into the Mojave.

I've read tribes in the Amazon  
believe dreams are the real existence.  
If you forget them you disappear.

It's a great effort not to disappear.  
Who among us can show up everyday?

Even to enter this world is to vanish.  
From the region of unblemished souls,  
we all made a great escape.

Beverly Burch

Beverly Burch's work has appeared in *New England Review*, *North American Review*, and *Poetry Northwest*. Her second poetry collection, *How A Mirage Works*, was finalist for the Audre Lorde Award. Her first, *Sweet to Burn*, won the Gival Poetry Prize and a Lambda Literary Award. She is a psychotherapist in Berkeley.