

Genevieve Kaplan

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We've hardly slept or
At least not all at once

As we passed
on the street, you approached

from behind.
Out of your mouth

came rocks,
stones, grains of sand.

Speak. Bitter breath
loses ground to night,

morning, and tomorrow,
lives on after shiftings

such as time. Speaking, yes
speaking, say yes

yes, as if you knew, back
when you believed it,

that the statement would be formed
in many mouths.

Moon, sound,
what resides, what

lies after,
how we would not lie

together.
A problem may

be our songs
never shone like lace.

*

So we
Become deliberate in

the present situation. As always,
speak, in speaking

passing, the sounds are made to slip
by drifting.

Why now, my current affection?
The bird flies off your arm; the bird

flies into mine. You find yourself
let down near the steps

of your apartment, alone to cross
the street which I am parked on.

Your face is white
and your arm

swept back.

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Night. It appeared we

forgot. You came,
pretended to speak

to have to speak to presume. For example:
baby my condo in the city seems lonely

without you, baby your eyes are like springtime
in Aspen, baby, invincible

winter: one should have proposed to vanish
more neatly.

Each poem
is a sphere, sidling up past your

wrist. The grass
gets slack; the sidewalk softens. It is likely

spring will happen again
because you were gone, are gone, come

and go regularly. I mention what flits
through space, how exacting

the letters may be, you saying hello
love, it is snowing. I watch

how my shins lie, as if posing
in a mirror.

In the city, the terms
become nameless. Your eyes

are lines and widen
and you look just like your son.

I visit you
and the office turns its head

away, lost between say, the sea
of space and motion,

melts into a pattern of pavement
upon pavement

under snowdrifts.
We may not be fond

of the texture of the path.
There is a harmony

that coincides with danger.
Occasionally, the temper

results from heartbreak.
Or: no voice,

wind
shuffling.

From my angle,
just from listening,

one can tell.
What would it have meant

that you sent me such a letter?
I chose it

by its cover: the finality was worn.
I want you not to admit

that you had done a thing and
for that matter, the gates

are also beginning to sway.