



what will we say to each other in this room a dream of a common language
solve in my head the days will run together and stream into years as the rivers freeze and burn and
ask myself and you which of our visions will claim us which will we claim how will we go on living
how will we touch what will we say to each other in this room no one lives in this room without
living through some kind of crisis no one lives in this room without confronting the whiteness of the
all behind the poems planks of books photographs of dead heroines without contemplating the
and late the true nature of poetry the drive to connect the dream of a common language
we did this we conceived of each other conceived each other in a darkness which I remember as drenched
in light I want to call this life but I can't call it life until we start to move beyond this circle
where our bodies are giant shadows flung on a wall where the night becomes our inner darkness
and sleeps like a dumb beast on her paws in the corner we are holding hands so I can see everything as
see it I follow you into your dreams your past the places none of us can explain to anyone silence can
plan rigorously executed the blueprint to a life it is a presence it has a history a form do not
confuse it with any kind of absence if there were a poetry where this could happen not as blank space
of words stretched like a skin over meanings but as silence falls at the end of a night through which
people have talked till dawn the scream how do I exist a conversation begins with a lie and each
speaker of the so-called common language feels the ice-floe split the drift apart as if por-
cess as if up against the force of nature a poem can begin with a lie and be torn up language floats
the vanishing point to wake from drowning into this common acute particularity a scream of someone
beaten up far down in the street causing each of us to listen to her own inward scream knowing the
mind of the mugger and the mugged as any woman must who stands to survive this
city this century this life in this room there is vision and betrayal he

