

I Have No Land To Call My Own

I have no land to call
my own.

The one I thought I had
disowned me from birth.
And long before.

Two languages I know.
One by heart
by birth
and long before.

The other
was acquired
by my head
through pain
in my gut

by shame
and struggle
where's my need
was stronger
then my might.

Morningness

...and I am saying it.

I am repeating myself.

...in the dark of the night.

I am repeating myself,

in the dark of the night...

And my message is so old

and so trite,

these familiar, used

and loving words,

these soft, full, and tired

arms of mine

in the dark of the night.

Do you know it?

Do you know that

I am bursting with love

shy, humble,

and tangible love...

after all.

Would you care to know

that I love you?

No, just listen,

in the dark of the night.

And then...

In the simple hours

of another morning

In my nightdress

and bare arms

Breath out the night,

the dreams and all,

your body next to mine.

...Step by step,

treading through minutes,

...Inch by inch—

through the hallway

to the water supply.

In the easy hours

of another morning

Open eyes

to another day.

Love you all over again

I can't really do it,

can I?

Start from the beginning

Love you all over again,

can I?

What a wonderfully curious notion,

this love of yours.

I loved you forever.

...You always looked so familiar

like an old relative of mine,

Like an old lover

from my fantastic past.

And now?

When I turn around

and see your

thoughts, your pain,

even when you don't see it,

don't wish to see,

to know it.

My Fall

Again and again.

The cloudy air,

the light.

Small pleasures of fall

the smells

and my slow, engulfing,

reluctant feelings.

My Fall.

Stay, envelop my senses,

and stay.

Don't go.

My Fall.

Allotment

Being a part,
to share;
anyone who listens
would know.

There is boredom and nothing
suggesting staying
silent like pebbles
under my shoes—

translating myself
into letters.

Pebbles remember rain,
air, sand, roots of grass
squeezing into the earth.
The rustle of wind
over last year's dead leaves.

The wind rakes the sand
near the edge of stilly water.

I want the unsaid,
unexpressed, untranslated.
I want unexpected.

To manifest into this rain,
into this air,
onto this grass.

I want the unspoken,
The rustle and rattle
of pebbles,
smooth insignificant
pebbles
Under my foot.