

Your Mind.

Such was your mind
and so I tore myself from out the wood
of your imagination.
You had succeeded
for my heart was bare & bleeding;
your thorny briars snugly encircled
had scratched at me in passing;
your law, denking - despoiling beach boughs
had remembered all my movements
and the noisiness of your chestnut spikes
had poisoned all my blood
to nausea.

Telephones.

These tiny wires that link our voices, dear,
that make me hear the words you hear to say
in your own voice thinking & resonant.
These tiny wires together weave & play
& so, together form a mystical,
mechanical device which brings from you
a message, a vibration over space,
to me, the hearer, captured, & one who
has waited breathlessly for confusion
to catch a sound resembling? No,