

Presence I

you are not here
and neither am I

here is between us

the where in wherefore
where from its else-

one silent letter to mark
whole from hole

words maps or nets

a space not uniform
a scale not fixed

and now is forever

this stage upon stage
escheloned as if stairs

books stacked to heaven
words our sole footing

now now and now

tracks on a blizzard
of paper we are

gaps and echo misheard

notes of two songs
playing both at once

a disunion of thought
vaguely webs us in

its trick of perspective

we've never met before
few have if ever

are hours ours then

we may yet meet
on words between us

how else come here
pages by one spine

turn roll unfurl finlike

tongues in the way
tongues are the way

this silent speech this

spoken silence of mass
a volume like water

sunbright in its weight
present but inured to

a shared air breathed