

Stop Singing

Mount Eerie

The possibility that if I stopped clapping
My hands in the void
I would notice that I can't hold on to things
And
The possibility that if I stopped using my voice
I'd notice songs that, all around me, sing
Looms in weather,
Lives buried in my days,
With all my songd and rhythms going like
The darkness surrounding a flame.

It's what I don't say with my mouth.
It's my mouth open
To breathe in.
It's open windows.

Still, I will go on and on describing the shape
Around the thing I want to but can not name,
In song
And, though my long life feels busy
And full of usefullness and drive,
I will sleep through every single dawn
And those I see I will not really understand.

I will sing through every single song
About the spaces left when we stop singing

And I will sing this
With longing.