

LIVING WITH YOU

Barbara Blatner

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[WHERE WE SPEAK]

where we speak
words are the first thing
what takes two

in the isolation
of the planet
its myriad
cold and glitter,

where we speak
pushing words
forward and back

what do we speak
that takes two
and begins before
and after

that the first time
we speak
is every time?

as in the ocean,
two white-lipped breakers:

one is thrown back
on the other
entirely

BEYOND AUGUST

I'm dying
always. why not
get close to
as many people
as I can?

what else might this
life between deaths
measure to

other than
touch, no impulse
of love
renounced.

November's dark shield
raises
silver air
fine-hammered

love gathered
and the gathering
held

within
its white
numbers

MEASURE

I hold on to you
away from the world,
try to find strength to go
there again

no matter what happens

the oceanic world
rocks around us
to us
broken glass, sky
on water, mixing elements,
tragic switching shapes.

closer are objects
we know by ourselves—
a shoe on the rug
a blue candle
their silence is a clock

its minutes
interleaved

move us
forward and back