

from: "If I Could Sleep Deeply Enough: poems by Vasser Miller", Liveright Press, NY

Confession at a Friends' Meeting

Thoughts paddle in the floods of silence,
no single spar of sound to cling to,
except the rumble of my neighbor's belly,
the creaking of his shoes,

only my tears to serve as notes
upon the staff of unflowed air
for all the selves born, battered by
waters bearing none home.

Heart flails among those billows, washed
half way, uncentering down
in love saying itself
a word, singing past music.