

## IN THE SILENCE OF OTHERS' VOICES

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*Lance Phillips*

1.

Here's my eye against fear, its satellite:  
dark mechanic, palmed-communion, react;

the tree flags with piety and ribbon, ants congregate—  
react, death's a cathedral, a reliquary,  
a meal—.

Bleachers and events constitute a relief,  
mothers and little ones. The man, "this is the story  
of my life"—all those holes not hearing,  
preparing, a truth—, "my goddamn life."

Night alight

with necks, fingers. This-is-December-of-what-lacks.  
The paper moment. I remember paper and the sack  
of the moment. I remember a bee-swarm in its mauve hive.

—A desolate idea is a hive in lieu of a landscape.—

Parking space scrolled with late rain, soon the squirrel's  
deft step. The safer world: space is a task not a body.

2.

Cardinal-augury flushed from the holly:  
berry expanded to bird, a heard lament—

recalcitrant-

needled-leaves—, red from green, sunk  
now in the oak. This shirt's a sieve; a radio  
faintly disclaiming loss.

The trump  
of the world is exile. Trunk and leaves  
—brighter nearer the trunk—and avowal of loneliness.  
The tree's the road to my place in the body.

3.

*You're with me,  
who is learning to die, who  
violates you in the no-moon  
night.*

*What troubles flame  
my escape are coins made light  
with age.*

*Window and cactus do  
not lie, wholly, but transact  
in elements entirely new.*