

Marvin Bell

SOUNDS OF THE RESURRECTED DEAD MAN'S FOOTSTEPS #16

1. ONESELF

A story told over the shoulder, a memory foreign to the touch.
A visitation, a meteor or the idea of a meteor.
Not having had a key at that age, or a voice from outside.
But there were heroes up the road, and a bicycle.
He was myself and can't use all the words.
It was often after midnight in those days, with a heart on one's sleeve and
dreams under one's hat.
Tiers of identity, activity badges, certificates of merit.
A lopsided planet, in that he was not another person.
This disadvantage, not being another, meant constant defeat.
So it was necessary to eat his words.
Our eagle was a gull.
Our orchards were the potato fields.

2. ONE'S OTHER SELF

I want to understand.
It was a town where watermarks meant the moon.
An island where the tides took men's lives.
A quarry was our Grand Canyon.
We lived for the end of the line, the tip of the peninsula, the
deserted beach.
And a girlfriend, we lived for someone to live for.
So a book here and a book there, and then you're talking to yourself.
I walked in the gas of the dead fish and the algae.
I failed neatness and penmanship.
I learned that language can think for itself.
I needed to stop myself from thinking everything at once.
Our ocean was the ocean, but our England was just tea.