

*Robin Behn*

PRELUDE FOR PENNY WHISTLE

*for D.*

Since then, no day is silent, or only a rare day  
has enough forgetting in it to be silent  
enough to keep me from calling you  
back up out of water or sunlight.

I have a bridge but it is not the one  
you stepped from. Nor the one  
you used to move from key to key.

I learned it  
from the spider who expresses  
her beautiful hunger in one strand.

If you play the fat black note of her body  
anywhere upon her intricate staff  
it only sounds like her.

And her and her.

And her-and-her-and-her.

Other notes she handily  
devours in their brief casings.  
And so she has no *you*  
that lasts. But still she hungers.

Subject, you are subject  
to these, my spinning whims  
because you will not leave  
and because you will not fill me.

Mind, our favorite house,  
is just a kind of body, not,  
as you thought, a body  
of thought  
that reaches the utter end  
of sucked-back silk.

You'll feel it, this spin.  
(Forced grin.)  
Let's begin  
to tinker on your old tin  
whistle with a tune:

Water and sunlight.  
Water and cloudlight.  
Water and dark.  
Dry dark. Dry dock.

Tick tock.  
Dark clock.  
It's time  
you knocked.