

S I B Y L

Your whole age sits between what you hear  
and what you write

when you think you're getting younger  
it's the voice coming closer  
but only to you

so much of your words  
is the words  
once they've come out of the ground  
and you've written them down  
on petals  
if it's spring

The same wind that tells you everything at once  
unstitches your memory  
you try to write faster than the thread is pulled  
you write straight onto the air  
if it's summer

with your empty needle

straight onto a face if there's light enough  
straight onto hands  
if it's autumn