

TELL ME

I was sitting at my desk and I heard your voice
in the bathroom. You were bent over crying
between day and night, you were getting on a streetcar
after a long illness, you stood on a bridge over a river
that said all this is true.

Someone is kissing your sour mouth.
I'd like to fall asleep
and wake up after the war years when this is over—
tell me

I forget that this is what I'm saying,
tell me whiteness
should be the rain,
the stone,
your lips hiding words.
Tell me you don't stink of killing.