

Two Poems · *Jane Mead*

TO THE BODY

I don't know how to speak to you.
I have tried and tried, but I don't
know how to answer.

I gave you tide pools for your feet,
salt on wind for your lips
and the sound of waves for your ears:

Nothing.

I made you stare through the arch of a window
where Simon left his body hanging:
Nothing, not a tremor.

I tried the junkie's twilight sleep,
but you would not come with me. I climbed
the stairs in a house by the sea.

Climbed past the porthole on the landing,
the tailless lizard in the corner
and let the stranger's hands massage you.

I forgot myself and let her have you.
These things I did for you because of what I know:
there is no easy truce of words forthcoming.

And you just pushed the clear tears out—
they dripped down the bench to the carpet—
they kept on coming—as if I'd understand.

As if I'd understand or could go with you.