Called Back, Called Back

Acquit me, make me
purblind, unbloomed, a thing that,

when aroused,
                remains dormant, unused, none
among many. As the bulb that persists within its sullen,

despondent mood, alive, but no more, no better than,
some kind of senseless meat.

I turn but wherever I turn I encounter
the same soft refrain—

                I did not call you, lie back down.
I did not call, lie back, lie down.

There is death and then
                there is sleep, or I no longer know who's
calling or what I've heard or what I'll say. As, when roused

by your voice-light, its endless drag and weight,
I move as a tuber

                on the verge of swelling, the called forth
fruited body, caught between monad and many,

between almost and already.

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