

Going on • *Jon Silkin*

“They wail their souls for continuity” Isaac Rosenberg

1

Tugged from your fallow, my seed chills,
'And there won't be kids.' It is your mouth's
o exclaims two presumptions.

2

Be in no other place; no no
never any than this.
Our spirits' lumpy unguents concentrate
to this idea, and you smile.
It's the structure of all, all smiling.

3

Obscene tenderness: belly and torso
mix in sure-sexed stillness. If there is
more nakedness, where would I find you?
Is there more? It's where God's first
soft shrug of death's nucleus rubbed.
So small a cherub of fear. Yet whatever
it is, love, love, make our child.
And, in any event, you.