

HALE CHATFIELD

Another Love Poem

The cells of skin are perhaps
not perfectly inarticulate,
yet I am sure none tells
any of the others, "We are examples
of one thing, we are harmonious
instances, we are inevitably in love."

Sometimes, possibly always, you and I
are performing our lives at considerable
distances. I will admit that very often
I find myself yearning toward my typewriter
or my telephone. Instead I let the hurt
or tender places soothe themselves
in their own specifics, balms of the body
that bears and will bury them.

There are things we do not need
to tell each other. But our names:
we have told each other our names,
and that wound will not quite heal.