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Translation

You are given a couplet that hisses like a snake
for once, you permit the left hand to lead

rummaging through the meantime
where a part of you considers dying

but a scarcely larger part allows you to go on
it was a memory just a memory, let go

in the attic room, where cupboards line the wooden walls
you fling each cupboard door open finding cut glass;

vases, pitchers, so alluring, but you are not searching for transparency,
you seek a color, thick earthenware heavy in your hands

a capable rhetoric, you have been awake all night
trust surfaces to continue the process toward change

the couple wants to see the kitchen, *come this way then*
but they prefer the hidden back staircase

you pass into the room that appears more like a cellar
a frayed grey carpet and no windows seven steps down

to the level of the room and on the other side seven
steps up to the back stairs, you glare

across the way and see the someone who looks exactly
like you dressed in a business suit with a small child

by the hand, *It is time to unify* you say walking forward
to embrace the you that waits upon the stair

the mouth is fascinating, *come closer*, it shapes
words suspended like brume or trance

remaining two separate you's , you picture the place
her lips part as horizon, later you throw open the door

allowing November to circle the room; the temperature
descending to 60, now 40 you suckle upon a nipple of wind

naming it Ya Ya, sharing, and wonder what you can possibly give in return.