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First Person Plural Is A House

where I put myself in the third person in a bed I know
his older brother's hands will visit. It's no mistake incest starts with an eye:

at this distance they're theoretical as dolls, rhetorical as pain imagined,
but they can't see the word they create with their bodies, can't know

their bodies won't stop speaking, always somewhere
that word on the tongue in the mouth of another.

In the kitchen stands Mother, wringing her hands
like wet laundry, no: rubbing their stained fabric together

to clean them of song. Living room geometry: Father's face acute
behind a bottle of whiskey: his arithmetic kisses. How many fingers, sucked

down, will fill him, how many until the bottle's clear?
On the porch, outside the poem, I smoke a cigarette, note

how a narrative's ending denotes another beginning, how no bottle
remains empty, no hands, no mouth or hips. I'm not worried:

no one else watches his story being written. I want to know:
with what grammar he'll enact it, with which line, breaking,

he'll hold the slip of syntax between him
and me. When I say *I*, I mean eye, sum of my watching.