

1970

Good

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GOOD

It's a little thing,
the word my wife says to me
unexpectedly in the middle of a page I'm reading,
but it opens a door
I can't see, don't want to see,
and I turn both eyes in its direction
where a light swells,
where I thought nobody lived anymore.
Remember that spot on the beach in Margate
where there were no people? well,
one morning while you and the kids were asleep
I went there. Thousands of miniature
crab shells washed up in a border of foam
just above the water, cigarettes too.
I heard the waves hiss as if I had forgotten
how they sounded, and I thought
it's because the sun fell into the ocean.
It was my daughters running down the beach, screaming
"Daddy!", waves collapsing against the jetty,
the word finding its home in the third body
of my mind. Like whose mouth on my mouth
at the beginning of death?
The light has grown over us and covers us
and, I don't know, maybe we'll never understand
"the foot says
because I am not the hand,
the ear says
because I am not the eye"