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Another Coil

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Another Coil · *Jack Myers*

*for that one who dropped dead in his tracks when he asked
and nobody answered.*

Vicente Aleixandre

I have lived up here for two months and know no one.
That window across the way from mine is my sun.
I think someone over there must also look out at himself.

Today I can hear his dull yellow wall hand up the message
“No,” as if bending back like this, I were a question.
When I was a boy I thought I could walk through walls.

Sometimes it pleases me to stand on the balcony undressed
and listen to the hum of the voltage towers in the fog.
I get quietly thrilled under the mild, cold moon.

Then I go inside and hear a door slam. Someone’s home.
From somewhere the heavy cooking of soups and meats
opens up my childhood and waking I feel glad.

After days my woman knocks and for an instant I can’t see her.
There is so much noise and light I hold her as if something
terrible had happened in the middle of a very nice day.

She tells me I am sighing again. I’m sorry. I must allow myself
these long oar pulls across the room. It’s not because of her.
It’s almost not me. The old man weaving blue rope inside me
has told me that he’s finished with another coil.