

1991

Crossing the Table

Chana Bloch

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Recommended Citation

Bloch, Chana. "Crossing the Table." *The Iowa Review* 21.3 (1991): 90-90. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4056>

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CROSSING THE TABLE

That Olympic couple on ice
with their satin swoopings.
No, it's not ease I'm after.

I hate table talk *Pass the
salt, tomorrow rain.* Goodbye
tired bodies trading clichés.

I want the language of lovers before
they touch out loud,
when their eyes telegraph
verbs only, because
each word costs.

The way they startle and
contract: have they given away
too much too soon?

Across the table
you're a foreign city
where the natives always talk fast.

A whole swarming life to tell, no time to
tease the words out, crazy
to connect, we
strain like children breaking

into speech.

 You look up: I
step out in frantic English
into the traffic.