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I don't like this coolness, she said

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I don't like this coolness, she said

I don't like this coolness, she said,
it's not the sound. She liked words
wet or dark, to stop her. But then
she stopped. So hold back,

the voice said. The trick's to
shrink down to *vanish*—not a verb—
where it all looms up. Forget's not
the same as forgive. Those thorny bits

outlast us. Besides, rain was yesterday.
Today light is good, grass
and leaves weigh nothing again.
But the wind, she said. The wind?—

it turns no pages now, hides no fury.
What a *philosophe* you are, she said.
And the voice: See? the poem's
sweet, I'm not duplicitous.