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Poets With History/poets Without History

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I have a secret which I will now reveal—

I believe it is possible to tell if someone is interesting

or not simply by looking into their eyes

on the train each morning it is hard for me

not to stare at each person variously sleeping

or listening to music, to see who they really are

but this is difficult to pull off

among the guarded patriots, the fearful,

everyone talks all day on their little phones

to their mothers, mama, they say,

mama, I had a bad dream

when they haven’t slept,

in the rumble of big cars moving slowly

on the city streets a ghost removes his heart

and falls through the clouds

and the melting icebergs crumple
like a prisoner shot in the side
I move through the days remarkably sinuously
and spinning inside
I wash the dishes 2 or 3 times a day
with the hot water on and on
like a dream behind the yellow gloves
from which I too cannot awaken
though my son is done with school
and holds my hand on the walk home
the feeling of falling backwards
into the bed at night fills me
each time
with sweet content
all the people rounded up in camps
have a look in their eyes
that can’t reach us now

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