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Prelude for Penny Whistle

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Prelude for Penny Whistle

for D.

Since then, no day is silent, or only a rare day
has enough forgetting in it to be silent
enough to keep me from calling you
back up out of water or sunlight.

I have a bridge but it is not the one
you stepped from. Nor the one
you used to move from key to key.

I learned it
from the spider who expresses
her beautiful hunger in one strand.

If you play the fat black note of her body
anywhere upon her intricate staff
it only sounds like her.

And her and her.

And her-and-her-and-her.

Other notes she handily
devours in their brief casings.
And so she has no you
that lasts. But still she hungers.

Subject, you are subject
to these, my spinning whims
because you will not leave
and because you will not fill me.
Mind, our favorite house,
is just a kind of body, not,
as you thought, a body
of thought
that reaches the utter end
of sucked-back silk.

You'll feel it, this spin.
(Forced grin.)
Let's begin
to tinker on your old tin
whistle with a tune:

Water and sunlight.
Water and cloudlight.
Water and dark.
Dry dark. Dry dock.

Tick tock.
Dark clock.
It's time
you knocked.