

It All Takes Place in The Whole

John Siddique

A little detail to lead us in.
A little weakness to act as a doorway.
A glass on the bar. A bed in a cellar room.
A few streets in which to live.

The unspoken question in
a few simple guises that the wise
men and women cannot see.

Faces in a bar room broadcasting,
searching for the resolution
in newsprint and blather.

Misremembered story of an unpicked
blackberry amid October's thorns.

All back to mine,
singing and drinking
until we sleep.

The lack on the street,
the lack of heart there,
the lack of a kind word,
the lack of here and now.
So much 'this and that' instead.

Riverruns
but it's always the same question.

Nurses and commentators.
Invisible poets trapped by visibility.
Not daring to ask for love,
but asking with every word,
with every glass and song.

Trying to remind the world of
truthfulness.

Trying to cajole the residents
of the streets into an admittance.
While not admitting to the YES
that I know you know.
And if we did, would I see myself
in your eyes?

I was never able to say before this year,
that I have never seen myself in your eyes.
Not that that changes anything.
You probably don't know what I mean.
You have always been so invested
in the duality of this and that.
But time will have her way with us all.

Always the same damn question
in all the wrong places.

And if it was just a little weakness,
if it was only north and south.
The self, the soul, the silence
The cellar door, the river, the room,
the street, the doorway.

Because the YES, despite our best efforts not to,
like love, gets through our little weaknesses,
until we get so full of ourselves again.

It sneaks into the books and gets into
the heart through the eyes. It's not me,
it's not you, it just sneaks through.