

## *Still to Be Said*

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If my words have, as you once said while you  
cradled the cup I offered without cream,  
if those words have gotten inside you,  
consider this: it is only right, an echo returning its  
clear sound, geese seeking known currents,  
a clocktower chiming each night the same pattern of hours.

I am tracing this river back to its source, separating  
dancer and dance, unraveling the threads of cello,  
harpsichord, violin, bass as the canon spins on. These are  
the moments we move through: the sure shades of  
spring summer fall to this stark wintered sky.

If we are entering silence, we are entering as  
gently as the cup in your hands, gently  
as the soft light at the window, the fog over the city,  
your sweater tossed on the chair. Words come full  
circle: like grapes pressed to wine, deepened by time  
they grow lovely and lovelier still.

Keep listening: these measured lines,  
learning their places, are really your own.

