

## David Wilk / TWO POEMS

expressions of breathing, that is, the soul

for such sound  
as breath is,  
its mark —  
    the 1st word  
spoken  
is a whisper  
  
the time it takes to measure up & blow it out  
  
suddenly there  
as in  
‘the holy forest of the soul’  
banging  
at the gates of  
resonance, the physical  
  
    word/& image is  
  
the face of the needle  
thru space  
is the consecration of the act of speaking  
its truth is seeing  
where it goes  
once it is out

*10.30.73*

## where we go in love

add em up, each way  
gets you there  
faster than  
you can count/  
                    this in things,  
naming, counting  
the distances between us,  
between  
what I say  
& what I see:  
                    that's where you are  
                    & where I stand  
holding my breath  
counting as  
the seconds disappear  
these mythical points in time  
that our bodies contain,  
are made of  
the stuff we stand on  
stands on us  
our names, our visions  
of how & who  
we come to be  
                    that's where you are,  
                    precisely  
& no further

*11.13.73 for Geof Walker*