

## David Phillips / FOUR POEMS

### POEM for barry mckinnon

“i wanted to say something” the  
right thing

then you would talk to me

beyond this self  
seeking, just then

i was trying to talk to you  
& don't have to  
know why

i know it makes you  
some one else  
in this

i think even you would use me  
to say the right thing

get me past  
the apparency of  
this private fear

i fall into when called upon  
to be anyone  
in particular & press

against my chest so hard

the heart seems to stop  
in the attempt to speak

asking that you see me  
outside a likeness  
of my desire

bound as we seem to be  
in our subjectivity or

cautious, cautious at its  
edge, caught  
saying what should be said

strange, how saying  
i want to say something changes

what is said, Hope  
said he hears a murmuring of

some real speech  
in our talk

Songs & Speeches  
Songs & Speeches

it reaches into  
my personal complaint  
to ease the restraint

there is no single person  
told us what we could or  
could not say

you & i  
you & i  
begin to untie  
what binds us  
in the public lie

## THE PICTURE

i can't hold you  
in place

i stare at the picture of you  
your eyes always look  
so directly  
out

a flicker of wildness  
i catch sight of  
changes me

a glance, let me follow  
the movement  
toward you

i wish i could say  
what i really mean, the shape  
in which i would  
most easily make  
the crossing

how love is the movement  
toward you, the crossing itself, how  
love is  
the crossing, how long

how long it has taken  
i'll never know, saying it

turns into something else,  
how long will i writhe in the forms  
of my intent

i can't hold you with it, the picture  
of desire, can't hold

you long enough to say what i really mean  
the words keep changing

## THE TALK for John Pass

in the bar we talk & talk  
taken away & allowed

to hear each other, allowed that  
pleasure, inside it

we speak, there is no  
other time

place outside of  
what is said, ourselves

aloud

## THE LAKE

the surface beneath the bow  
reflects the sky, clouds & sun  
for an instant, perfectly, deeply

then breaks & waves  
apart as the paddle dips  
into it

we move thru,  
an occasional disturbance, buoyant  
& swift  
in our craft

it will not go away without us

we stop & drift, talk of it, stare  
down at what is above us, the sun

our star, the blue  
heaven at the edge of the clouds, so deep

it seems our gaze  
is lost in the depths

suspended in a motion of lazy  
tension, thinking

that is the world, that is

the world