



A Price

There is a price we pay by listening
at night in the dark to sighs
we allow to linger in our swollen mouths.
We make poetry out of our thighs
our bodies not damaged by their work
or desire not changed too much
by our squeamish imagination. Others go berserk
but we do not for we are still able to touch.

Together embraced we lie perfectly still
while the night forms couplets around
us. Our small faces glow as our eyes fill
with the moon above. Every sound
we recognize but our own
as our singing escapes from this poem.

ROBERT HILLES