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# Though I Long to Be No One

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how could you choose this life, & how,  
among friends, deny kindness? You keep your eye  
at death—or death's abyss;  
you never choose to drop.

Sometimes you refuse to put up with yourself  
but you go on talking,  
thinking, maneuvering  
over the dark & chartless waters  
& under mysterious orders not to come in.

### THOUGH I LONG TO BE NO ONE

I passed for two nights  
& days, alone,  
on a train.

Whatever I do  
I am always leaving.  
Whoever's face I lay my own along,  
the cheek bones bruised & rose.

Faces of friends,  
of women;  
the elongated face of my third wife, aged  
& concerned about my house . . .

Nightly I carry them forward in sleep,  
though I long to be no one.

The wheels of iron pass  
over these rails  
& boards above water.  
Over the bodies of my constant departure  
into my constant longing.