


AMANDA EASON

After the Argument

One wants to hold the other at the precise moment the other leans away. I exaggerate. I mean this table is long and I sit frail and empty at the end. The silent movie left me tight-mouthed.

See, I can be silent too.
A fountain is a river pumped backward against itself. So it is with voice.
The actress would not speak, I have exempted myself from the stage.

Speak, and wrap the night around your partner who will not give in.
He, on this small point remaining firm, refusing. And (perhaps mistakenly) I took this for a sign. Quietly slipping away eel-like into the silk of the night. Every noise is him coming to check: Let me crease the stones from your shoulders, smooth them to silk.
Instead: The crocuses in the windowbox have died, he said. And she noticed he was right, their petal-tips had rotted.

How long can I bear the cold, toes turned onto their knuckles and the deaf actress singing in my head.

Amy Eason is a New Zealand poet living in London, England. She has published two collections of poetry and a third is forthcoming.