

CAROL A. ADAMS

**The Missing Line**

I always forget this side of it  
as if something vital had been removed  
the search for the perfect image  
the dense preoccupation  
extended to forgetfulness  
of what day it is  
There was only so long your memory  
could fill gaps between spaces  
I return to you  
endlessly in my mind  
like a guttering candle peering

into soundless corners  
backing off at the blank stare  
of another misplaced phrase  
It goes on and on  
and why am I insistent  
It could be called natural to lose words  
perhaps because we own  
so many of them  
Whose language is this anyway?

So this is the line  
the words stand out  
from the silent places  
I wonder then what got into me  
They light up when they see me  
It's their surprised body reaction I like  
they smile with recognition  
depend on me for something  
offer themselves to me  
What can I say?

**Extra Sensory**

It doesn't matter how it's done  
these signs, this knowledge  
or what goes on in pauses of our speech  
when some air sprite tips  
a mind with his curving wand  
All we can know is the gist  
of magic performing outside distance  
deft images conjured to slide  
across lines of vision  
like the whisper of cartwheeling sparks  
wholly unconscious  
of anyone's effort

It's not important what is said  
these hints, this foresight  
you can't live here without breathing  
someone else's thoughts  
and silence in this case does not mean failure  
The words we form rise effortless as smoke  
find acceptance on the other side  
of all these rivers, borders, continents  
This is a ritual that dances beyond structure  
We can teach ourselves about edges  
know that we are never alone

It's as close as we ever come  
on this tiny island of us  
to be under a perfect spell  
and there is a certain fascination

*Carol A. Adam's writing has been published in an anthology and several literary journals.*