

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.