

In Hiding

Is the war still going?
From this cave I hear much
but not enough. One gets
greedy for company, longs
to escape thoughts which become
claws scratching scratching
for hours at a time.

Well,

there's the radio, these headphones,
and those books that I snuck. That's good,
most of it, when I can pan out the propaganda
about how loathsome is a certain species,
switch on Delius, read Henry James.

Often,

I'm all the characters and then can pretend
that this too is another part, a fine job,
sold out for years. In the evening, afterwards,
we have a banquet: wine not yet vinegar, smuggled ham,
big pearly onions. I confess, it's a pleasure, your
voice, the Adriatic, swooshing off this Sahara.
Sometimes

I rewind it, your presence's reeling tape,
set up a candle by makeshift stage curtains
and come through fishnet donned, a gold cigarette
holder, Marlene Dietrich in the raw.

Do you laugh still when I write you of this?
It must be weeks since the pigeon swooped through
bringing your last note. That was the day these
wall cracks emitted a bit of sun. I stared hard,
closed my eyes, and they seemed to be orbs, all
doors beyond keyholes. Darling, what's wrong?
I'm still

listening, aren't I? And you? It's just that 'til
I read you and know I am a surrealist going blind.