

## Something to Do

Some days were almost voiceless,  
the silence cut by the grocery clerk  
or speaking with the meter reader, nominal contact:  
*hello out there.*

I steered towards music instead,  
put in a tape, requiring that light  
to push back walls, raise  
the roof, feel air become seas,  
the vibrant siren

choir. Also,

I have one particular cassette,  
a cassette of friends fetched  
from an old answering machine  
& ushered forth by every pictured face,  
all their words of significance.

I can trace relationships & break-ups this way,  
who was having  
a bad moment, who was ecstatic  
to have time off.

The tones show it all, give a collage:

*Where are you? I can't talk.*

*How about lunch ...*

Sometimes I consider combining them,  
tape of songs, tape of friends, keeping furies at bay,  
but the more often I play them, fast forward, reverse,  
the more I hear how transparent the space was and is still,  
and their voices, the same.