

Where Are We Now

“the Indians call it the Squingaany —
Place-Where-There-Is-No-Reason-To-Be.”
from *The Charcoal-Burners*

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a voice, on the fine
edge of the bearable,
spoke us

words
so far
beyond doubt
even belief
could not reach them

we listened
 the only act
 imaginable
 or real
and knew
without the pause
that falls
before & after belief

a smouldering certainty

that caught
in the steady thrall
of circumstance,
brought us
 to that one
 unimaginable
 act
 to let ourselves
 go unheard,
 unspoken
and left a
final, quiet
truth

our best efforts
not to be
do not belong
where we are:
we cannot
be long in
them

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