

The Secret

by Philip F. Clark

Your hand came toward me
as you laughed, in the middle of a story,
and I forgot listening, and just looked
at you, bright, and sure in your tale:
and I heard something else; the soft
sound of you sometimes at night,
with silence all around us in the room,
as you whispered some vulnerability to me
and asked if I understood.

It was always your body
that told so much -- lips working
some secret out; some part that
spoke like that, in the quiet, where
our voice, of lack of it, filled the bed;
the way that holding someone
is never about language.

