

# 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.

