

William Brank

Colloquy

The poems talk to each other without me.
I hear them when they do. Each one says just
itself to listen for what it heard before.
And the others listen; they watch each other's eyes.

All Part of Things

We wake ourselves not knowing we've been asleep,
the move is so easy. And we fall asleep from where
we were already. It's all part of things.
Things go their own way when we're asleep. Asleep,
the waking world becomes an otherwise world
and we meet selves and places we couldn't have known
otherwise. Some of them look like ones we knew,
some of them otherwise gone. And we'll be gone
and still be here for people asleep to meet.