

Roslyn High School English Department Poetry Anthology Summer 2024

"Poetry now is as necessary as ever." - Ilya Kaminsky Chancellor, Academy of American Poets

Dear students,

Welcome to your suggested summer reading of 2024. We've thought quite a bit about what we can offer you.

We know that a lot of your time is spent knee-deep in media: in texts, videos, visuals, and clips. We respect that the demands on and for your attention are numerous and overwhelming. Thus, we have decided to give you something you aren't likely to get anywhere else, a presentation of language with which we suspect you haven't engaged too much. Something foreign, something familiar, something fresh.

Enter poetry.

Why poetry? To start, poetry can surprise even the most jaded of readers. Poetry takes language to task and pushes it to do more than merely communicate. It's digestible and accessible, with a brevity that encourages and rewards close reading and rereading. Poems can simultaneously bear witness and keep secrets. They bathe us in cognitive dissonance, getting us to say *That's exactly what I'm thinking!* even as we realize *I never thought of it quite like that*.

There is no prerequisite for enjoying poetry, so we invite you to come as you are. Regardless of your reading history, we hope that you may find some pleasure this summer in immersing yourself in poems. Feel free to engage with the collection as you see fit: read and reread at your leisure, skip around and read out of order, try beginning or ending your day by reading a poem. Try reading the poems out loud. If you stumble, try again. We are not connecting these poems to any specific assignment, but it is likely that your teacher next year may introduce some of your grade level poems as points of study, so previewing these poems will only benefit you.

We hope your summer is restorative, relaxing, and replete with moments of beauty. Perhaps these poems can help contribute to that.

See you in September, The Roslyn High School English Department

How to Read Poetry Like a Professor

(a brief guide to engaging with poems)*

Thomas Foster, an ex-literature professor and author, explains how to get the most out of poems while avoiding intimidation.

Read the words

Ezra Pound says the poem ought to work on the level of a person for whom a hawk is simply a hawk. That is excellent advice. Read that way, too, on a literal level first. Read what's actually in front of you. And the next tip, which seems a little redundant but I don't think it is, is read all the words. Not only do you need to read them, but you need to read them in the way that they are assembled. [Get] a handle on what it is that it is saying on a literal level.

Read the sentences

There's a great tendency in an art form that is written in lines to want to read lines. But lines, in a great many instances, don't make sense and don't contain complete meanings. If we stop at the end of every line as if we just read a full statement, and we all do at a certain early stage of reading, we'll never get anything out of the poem because we will not have understood what it is that's being said. Poems have this in conjunction with everything else that is written in English: their basic unit of meaning is the sentence, and we shouldn't ignore that fact.

Obey all punctuation, including its absence

If there is no punctuation at the end of the line, we want to keep that pause as the eyes travel back, and we don't want to drop our voice as if the sentence is over. Keep it going and flowing as much as possible. Now, if there's a comma, we want to pause as if there's a comma, but not as if there's a period. And if there's a period or a semicolon or a question mark, something that approximates a full stop, we want to do a full stop there and understand that we came to the end of some kind of unit of meaning. That's how the poet understood it when she wrote it and we should do that as well.

Read the poem again

I say <u>reading is rereading</u>, and that's especially true with poems. It's really hard to go back and reread *War and Peace* right after you finish it, or *Moby Dick*, any of those chest-breaking tomes. But we can do it with a sonnet or any kind of shorter poem. For a lot of people, if you read it aloud the first time, you can do it silently the second time, because now you've got a handle on it.

One final note...

I think of poetry as a laboratory. What great poets largely have in mind, the thing that makes them hang around, is that they speak to our imagination in some way. They don't speak to everybody's. This isn't selling car wax or something. But they will find an audience and there will be people who go, "Oh, yeah, I get that. That rings a bell with me." It will be one imagination speaking to another. So it's not just about words: it's about the way that imagination expresses itself, and the way another imagination receives that message.

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Introduction to Poetry BY BILLY COLLINS

I ask them to take a poem and hold it up to the light like a color slide

or press an ear against its hive.

I say drop a mouse into a poem and watch him probe his way out,

or walk inside the poem's room and feel the walls for a light switch.

I want them to waterski across the surface of a poem waving at the author's name on the shore.

But all they want to do is tie the poem to a chair with rope and torture a confession out of it.

They begin beating it with a hose to find out what it really means.





Like Collins?
You're not alone.
Scan to follow Billy
Collins on Instagram!



Ink runs from the corners of my mouth.

There is no happiness like mine.

I have been eating poetry.

The librarian does not believe what she sees.

Her eyes are sad

and she walks with her hands in her dress.

The poems are gone.
The light is dim.
The dogs are on the basement stairs and coming up.

Their eyeballs roll, their blond legs burn like brush. The poor librarian begins to stamp her feet and weep.

She does not understand.
When I get on my knees and lick her hand,
she screams.

I am a new man.
I snarl at her and bark.
I romp with joy in the bookish dark.







Still I Rise BY MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns, With the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high, Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.



O

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your feed?
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Ozymandias BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening BY ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

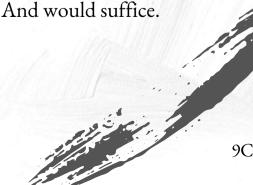
My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.

Fire and Ice BY ROBERT FROST

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great



Landscape with the Fall of Icarus* BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

According to Brueghel when Icarus fell it was spring a farmer was ploughing his field the whole pageantry of the year was awake tingling near the edge of the sea concerned with itself sweating in the sun that melted the wings' wax unsignificantly off the coast there was a splash quite unnoticed this was Icarus drowning



Scan above to see the painting that inspired this poem!

• This is a notable example of a ekphrastic poem, which is a poem that is a vivid description of a scene or, more commonly, a work of art. Through the imaginative act of narrating and reflecting on the "action" of a painting or sculpture, the poet may amplify and expand its meaning.

How to Triumph Like a Girl BY ADA LIMÓN

I like the lady horses best, how they make it all look easy, like running 40 miles per hour is as fun as taking a nap, or grass. I like their lady horse swagger, after winning. Ears up, girls, ears up! But mainly, let's be honest, I like that they're ladies. As if this big dangerous animal is also a part of me, that somewhere inside the delicate skin of my body, there pumps an 8-pound female horse heart, giant with power, heavy with blood. Don't you want to believe it? Don't you want to lift my shirt and see the huge beating genius machine that thinks, no, it knows, it's going to come in first.



Scan above to follow @adalimonwriter on Instagram 🗿





Scan above for a poem quide for Hayden's poem.

Those Winter Sundays BY ROBERT HAYDEN

Sundays too my father got up early and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold, then with cracked hands that ached from labor in the weekday weather made banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

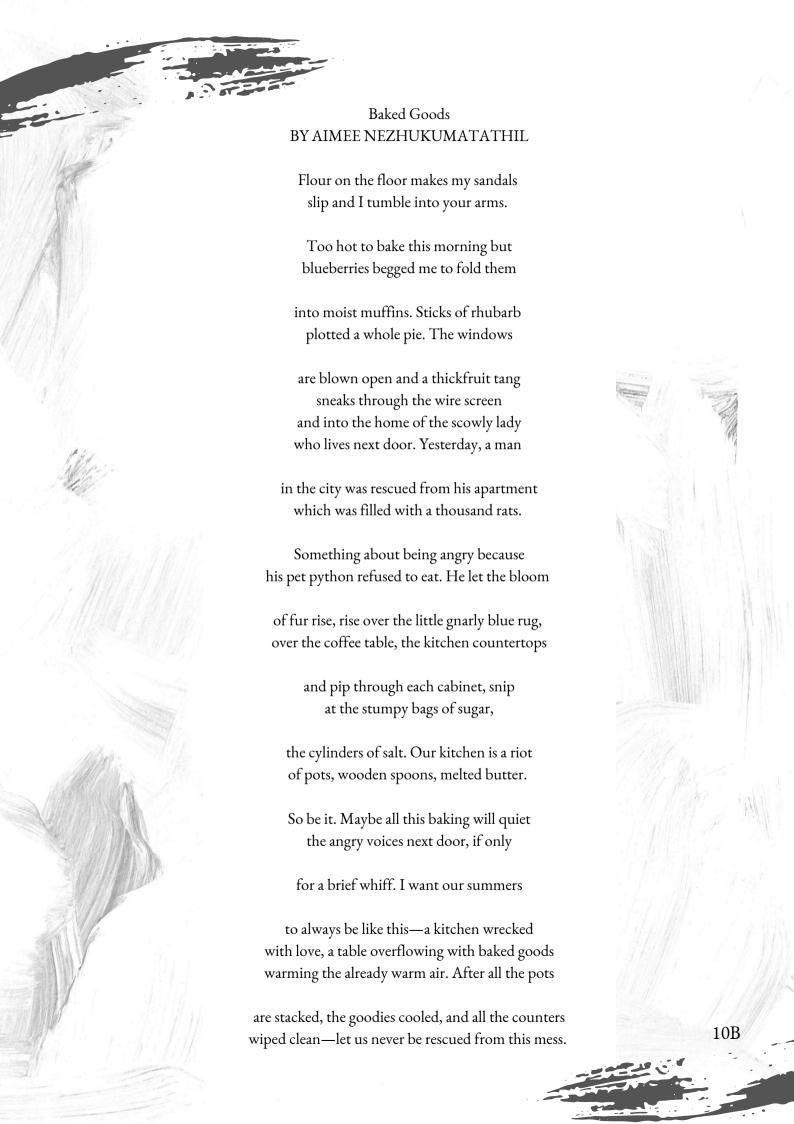
Speaking indifferently to him, who had driven out the cold and polished my good shoes as well. What did I know, what did I know of love's austere and lonely offices?

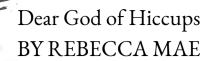
Reasons to Log Off BY KATE BAER

The girl who said she could never eat a second slice of pizza my senior year of college is doing really well. My cousin posts a photo of a loaded gun. Have I ever heard of the Second Amendment? Have I ever heard of this new recipe? Cauliflower, a hint of lemon, some chopped-up ginger root. Hey, do you want to lose weight in only thirty minutes? Hey, can I have just a moment of your time? Click here to receive a special invitation. Click here if you want to believe in God. Tomorrow there's a Pride walk to support the right to marry. One comment says: I will pray for your affliction. Another says: I hope you trip, fall down, and die. Swipe up to find my new lip filler. Scroll down to read why these four girls were horribly afraid. Greg is asking for your number. Greg wants to send a big surprise.

> Scan to follow @katejbaer on Instagram









Scan to see Rebecca Mae's live performance of this poem.

Dear god of hiccups
I come to you now,
White flag of surrender, to please
Rid my body of these tiny deaths,
At least within the next two minutes and 50 seconds
Dear god of hiccups,

Dear god of hiccups,
I forget how well you punish,
Jostling my insides in these still moments of silence,
More holy than sin, waiting for you not to arrive,
But you always do.

Shattering hope with all the frustration of an earthquake, somehow I never notice you leaving.

Your return is like realizing you left the stove on

When the distance between you and your apartment is as large as a forest fire.

Dear god of hiccups, I forget a lot of things between your visits:

All the air that enters my body disregarded as I exhale.

All the seconds that pass uncounted.

All the moments spent without thinking the word "happy,"

And even though I am not my most happy when you're around, I know you will leave me,

Like all the other mindless moments that go by unnoticed,

The moments that don't require any extra attention until they're gone.

The first time it's the last time for anything.

The first time you say a stranger's name

Simultaneously being the last time that person is a stranger.

The last time he wakes up.

The last time you call him and he's driving.

The last time you fight and it's about tupperware.

The last time you hang up the phone without saying I love you.

The first time fatal collision and impact will be used to describe him.

And no matter how long I lay awake waiting for him to come walking through our front door Bright eyed and bushy tailed, excited to tell me about all the gods that crossed his path that day,

How perfectly beautiful and you wouldn't even notice.

We'd forget about the tupperware, talk about the future like we always do.

Always did.

It's these last moments that are so special because they are unnoticeably fleeting.

Like you, god of hiccups

The last time someone says, "I'm sorry for your loss."

The last time you remember to feel lonely when you're home.

The last time you say a person's name out loud.

The last time I said his name out loud it escaped my lips,

Unnoticeably fleeting.

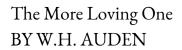
Dear god of hiccups, forgive me.

For not wanting to take our last argument back.

Thank you for tupperware.

Thank you for reminding me to appreciate the stillness when you're gone.

Amen.



Looking up at the stars, I know quite well That, for all they care, I can go to hell, But on earth indifference is the least We have to dread from man or beast.

How should we like it were stars to burn With a passion for us we could not return? If equal affection cannot be, Let the more loving one be me.

Admirer as I think I am
Of stars that do not give a damn,
I cannot, now I see them, say
I missed one terribly all day.

Were all stars to disappear or die, I should learn to look at an empty sky And feel its total dark sublime, Though this might take me a little time.



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Instagram.

Trees BY MARK HADDON

They stand in parks and graveyards and gardens. Some of them are taller than department stores, yet they do not draw attention to themselves.

You will be fitting a heated towel rail one day and see, through the louvre window, a shoal of olive-green fish changing direction in the air that swims above the little gardens.

Or you will wake at your aunt's cottage, your sleep broken by a coal train on the empty hill as the oaks roar in the wind off the channel.

Your kindness to animals, your skill at the clarinet, these are accidental things.

We lost this game a long way back.

Look at you. You're reading poetry.

Outside the spring air is thick

with the seeds of their children.

Autobiography of Eve By ANSEL ELKINS

Wearing nothing but snakeskin boots, I blazed a footpath, the first radical road out of that old kingdom toward a new unknown.

When I came to those great flaming gates of burning gold,

I stood alone in terror at the threshold between Paradise and Earth.

There I heard a mysterious echo: my own voice singing to me from across the forbidden side. I shook awake—at once alive in a blaze of green fire.

Let it be known: I did not fall from grace.

I leapt to freedom.

I Hear America Singing BY WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,

The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,

The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,

The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,

The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,

The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,

The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly, Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

I, Too BY LANGSTON HUGHES

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides, They'll see how beautiful I am And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.



I, Too, Sing América BY JULIA ALVAREZ

I know it's been said before but not in this voice of the plátano and the mango, marimba y bongó, not in this sancocho of inglés con español.

Ay, sí, it's my turn to oh say what I see, I'm going to sing America! with all América inside me: from the soles of Tierra del Fuego to the thin waist of Chiriquí up the spine of the Mississippi through the heartland of the Yanquis To the great plain face of Canada— All of us singing America, the whole hemispheric familia belting our canción, singing our brown skin into that white and red and blue songthe big song
that sings
all America,
el canto
que cuenta
con toda América:
un new song!

Ya llegó el momento, our moment under the sun ese sol that shines on everyone.

So, hit it maestro!
give us that Latin beat,
¡Uno-dos-tres!
One-two-three!
Ay sí,
(y bilingually):
Yo también soy América
I, too, am America

A poem that pays homage to or responds in conversation with another poem is referred to as an "after poem." This is a common form of intertextuality.

Summons BY ROBERT FRANCIS

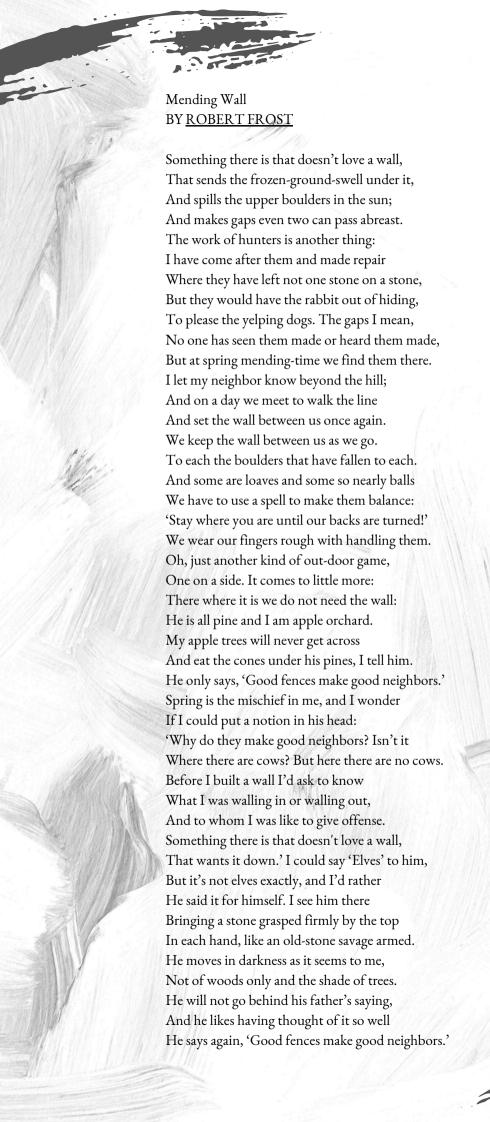
Keep me from going to sleep too soon Or if I go to sleep too soon Come wake me up. Come any hour Of night. Come whistling up the road. Stomp on the porch. Bang on the door. Make me get out of bed and come And let you in and light a light. Tell me the northern lights are on And make me look. Or tell me clouds Are doing something to the moon They never did before, and show me. See that I see. Talk to me till I'm half as wide awake as you And start to dress wondering why I ever went to bed at all. Tell me the walking is superb. Not only tell me but persuade me. You know I'm not too hard persuaded.

O Me! O Life! BY WALT WHITMAN

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever renew'd,
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.





For a poem guide that pairs with this poem, scan above.



"Hope" is the thing with feathers BY EMILY DICKINSON

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -That perches in the soul -And sings the tune without the words -And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -And sore must be the storm -That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land -And on the strangest Sea -Yet - never - in Extremity, It asked a crumb - of me.



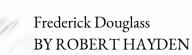
For a third poem complementing this pairing, scan above and find Maya Angelou's "Caged Bird."

Sympathy BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I know what the caged bird feels, alas! When the sun is bright on the upland slopes; When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass, And the river flows like a stream of glass; When the first bird sings and the first bud opes, And the faint perfume from its chalice steals— I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing Till its blood is red on the cruel bars; For he must fly back to his perch and cling When he fain would be on the bough a-swing; And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars And they pulse again with a keener sting— I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me, When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,— When he beats his bars and he would be free; It is not a carol of joy or glee, But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core, But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings— I know why the caged bird sings!



When it is finally ours, this freedom, this liberty, this beautiful and terrible thing, needful to man as air, usable as earth; when it belongs at last to all, when it is truly instinct, brain matter, diastole, systole, reflex action; when it is finally won; when it is more than the gaudy mumbo jumbo of politicians: this man, this Douglass, this former slave, this Negro beaten to his knees, exiled, visioning a world where none is lonely, none hunted, alien, this man, superb in love and logic, this man shall be remembered. Oh, not with statues' rhetoric, not with legends and poems and wreaths of bronze alone, but with the lives grown out of his life, the lives fleshing his dream of the beautiful, needful thing.

Filling Station
BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

Oh, but it is dirty!
—this little filling station,
oil-soaked, oil-permeated
to a disturbing, over-all
black translucency.
Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty, oil-soaked monkey suit that cuts him under the arms, and several quick and saucy and greasy sons assist him (it's a family filling station), all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station? It has a cement porch behind the pumps, and on it a set of crushed and greaseimpregnated wickerwork; on the wicker sofa a dirty dog, quite comfy. Some comic books provide the only note of color of certain color. They lie upon a big dim doily draping a taboret (part of the set), beside a big hirsute begonia.

Why the extraneous plant?
Why the taboret?
Why, oh why, the doily?
(Embroidered in daisy stitch with marguerites, I think, and heavy with gray crochet.)

Somebody embroidered the doily. Somebody waters the plant, or oils it, maybe. Somebody arranges the rows of cans so that they softly say:

ESSO-SO-SO-SO
to high-strung automobiles.

Somebody loves us all.

A Glimpse BY WALT WHITMAN

A glimpse through an interstice caught,

Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room around the stove late of a winter night, and I unremark'd seated in a corner,

Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand,

A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of drinking and oath and smutty jest,

There we two, content, happy in being together, speaking little, perhaps not a word.

What if you slept ...
BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

What if you slept

And what if

In your sleep

You dreamed

And what if

In your dream

You went to heaven

And there plucked a strange and beautiful flower

And what if

When you awoke

You had that flower in you hand

Ah, what then?

Good Bones BY MAGGIE SMITH

Life is short, though I keep this from my children. Life is short, and I've shortened mine in a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways, a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways I'll keep from my children. The world is at least fifty percent terrible, and that's a conservative estimate, though I keep this from my children. For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird. For every loved child, a child broken, bagged, sunk in a lake. Life is short and the world is at least half terrible, and for every kind stranger, there is one who would break you, though I keep this from my children. I am trying to sell them the world. Any decent realtor, walking you through a real shithole, chirps on about good bones: This place could be beautiful, right? You could make this place beautiful.

Her Kind BY ANNE SEXTON

I have gone out, a possessed witch, haunting the black air, braver at night; dreaming evil, I have done my hitch over the plain houses, light by light: lonely thing, twelve-fingered, out of mind. A woman like that is not a woman, quite. I have been her kind.

I have found the warm caves in the woods, filled them with skillets, carvings, shelves, closets, silks, innumerable goods; fixed the suppers for the worms and the elves: whining, rearranging the disaligned.

A woman like that is misunderstood.

I have been her kind.

I have ridden in your cart, driver, waved my nude arms at villages going by, learning the last bright routes, survivor where your flames still bite my thigh and my ribs crack where your wheels wind. A woman like that is not ashamed to die.

I have been her kind.

Archaic Torso of Apollo* BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

We cannot know his legendary head with eyes like ripening fruit. And yet his torso is still suffused with brilliance from inside, like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned to low,

gleams in all its power. Otherwise the curved breast could not dazzle you so, nor could a smile run through the placid hips and thighs to that dark center where procreation flared.

Otherwise this stone would seem defaced beneath the translucent cascade of the shoulders and would not glisten like a wild beast's fur:

would not, from all the borders of itself, burst like a star: for here there is no place that does not see you. You must change your life.



Are you haunted by these final lines? (We are too.)
Scan here for an incredible piece from The Paris Review comparing these two works of art.

Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island, Minnesota BY JAMES WRIGHT

Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly,
Asleep on the black trunk,
Blowing like a leaf in green shadow.
Down the ravine behind the empty house,
The cowbells follow one another
Into the distances of the afternoon.
To my right,
In a field of sunlight between two pines,
The droppings of last year's horses
Blaze up into golden stones.
I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.
A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.
I have wasted my life.

• This is a notable example of a **ekphrastic poem**, which is a poem that is a vivid description of a scene or, more commonly, a work of art. Through the imaginative act of narrating and reflecting on the "action" of a painting or sculpture, the poet may amplify and expand its meaning.



The Quiet World BY JEFFREY MCDANIEL

In an effort to get people to look into each other's eyes more, and also to appease the mutes, the government has decided to allot each person exactly one hundred and sixty-seven words, per day.

When the phone rings, I put it to my ear without saying hello. In the restaurant I point at chicken noodle soup. I am adjusting well to the new way.

Late at night, I call my long distance lover, proudly say I only used fifty-nine today. I saved the rest for you.

When she doesn't respond, I know she's used up all her words, so I slowly whisper *I love you* thirty-two and a third times. After that, we just sit on the line and listen to each other breathe.

A poem that pays homage to or responds in conversation with another poem is referred to as an "after poem." This is a common form of intertextuality, a relationship between literary texts.

What She Wanted to Say If Only She Had the Words BY VIVIAN DIGENNARO

"When she doesn't respond,
I know she's used up all her words,
so I slowly whisper I love you
thirty-two and a third times."
-- Jeffrey McDaniel "The Quiet World"

This morning I looked no one in the eye, not even the barista when I used my first five: "soy chai latte, thank you" -- shook my head when he asked "anything else"? (saved three), lost one to the stranger who held the door: "thanks...dammit!" (lost one more).

At lunch, I held my tongue. Starved for conversation, I called you. No answer. Called my mom, she cried when she heard my voice, cried more in my silence. I broke, used 67. One more to say good-bye (or was it two?)

The rest of the day was quiet, the open windows may as well be closed, the radio played songs without words, even the birds -- those relentless speakers -- silenced their secrets and went unheard.

Walking home, I counted the distance between us in seconds and minutes and miles, realized too late how quietly the numbers tumbled through my lips, Lost ninety, then three. Lost you and me.

Later that night, you called.
I couldn't tell you how careless
I was, but you knew. You used
only 59 today (you "proudly say"),
the rest you offer in I love you's
in "32 and one third" ways.

The rest is silence. And breath.

