

writing a poem
to you

writing a poem
to you
in the beginning
anyway
is as easy
as talking to you
in here
feeling the flush
of blood
breathing me

each poem
a faith
in something new
I can tell you

each beginning
a quickening
fluid motion
in a place
I take for granted
mind and face
neck and bone
eyes
stomach
arms
fingers
and toes
roots and trunk
shimmering leaves
a desire to be known

my writing
a dialogue
with thoughts
born like lights
in space
and born here
in reflecting pool
blossoming
contours
of words
smooth skin
of meaning
felt

with
choosing
and gathering
what comes
to the surface
and pops

sometimes
having started
the way is not so easy
yet my faith
in the beginning
keeps it going

keeps me
creating presence
by talking to you
in a poem

as | reach
pull
trace
and caress
what | want to say
to the mystery
of what you will hear
and feel and touch
in my words

as | discover what | want

with my sense
of you
listening

Bill Eberle 2006
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