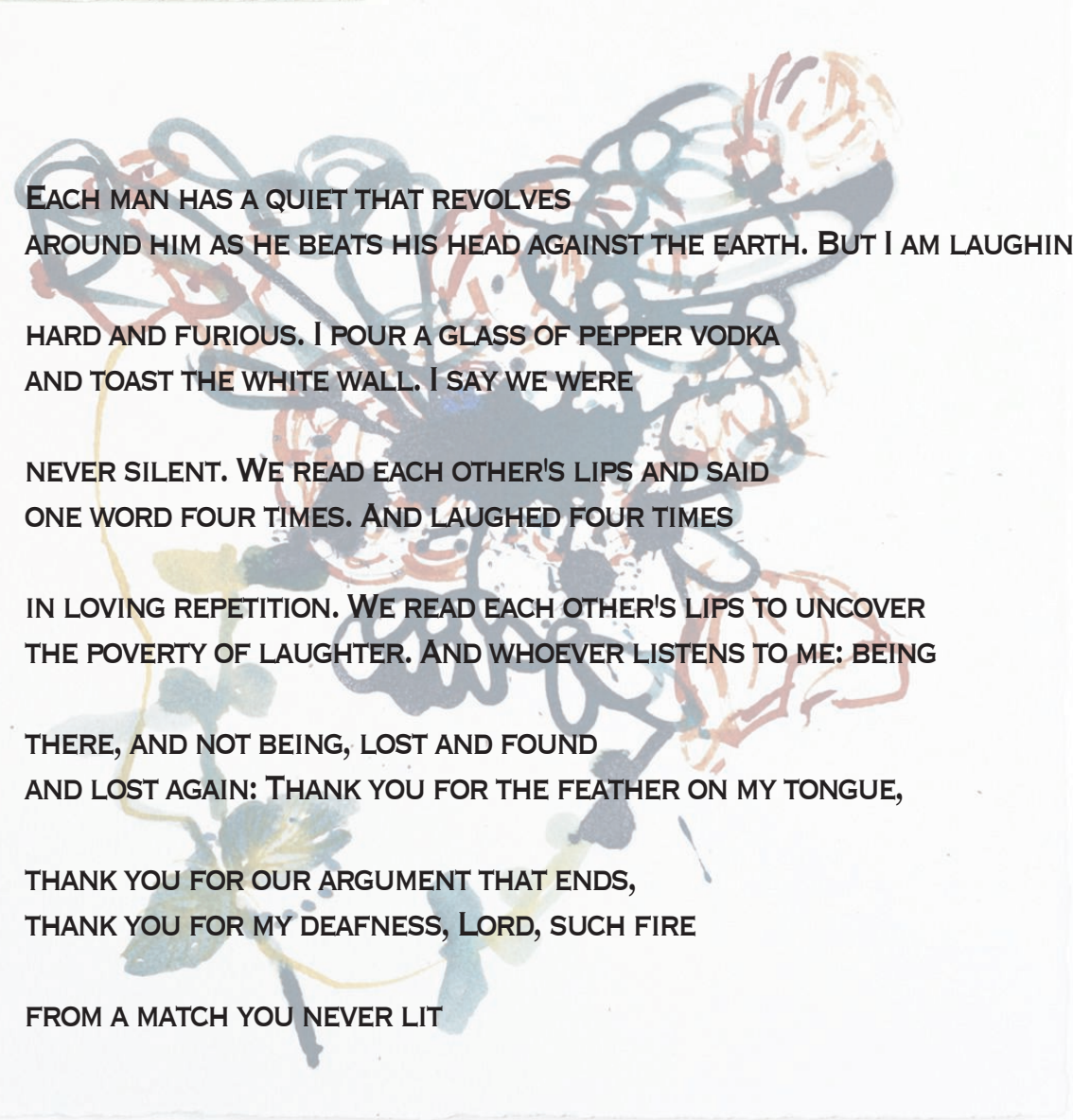


## IN OUR TIME



EACH MAN HAS A QUIET THAT REVOLVES  
AROUND HIM AS HE BEATS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE EARTH. BUT I AM LAUGHING  
HARD AND FURIOUS. I POUR A GLASS OF PEPPER VODKA  
AND TOAST THE WHITE WALL. I SAY WE WERE  
NEVER SILENT. WE READ EACH OTHER'S LIPS AND SAID  
ONE WORD FOUR TIMES. AND LAUGHED FOUR TIMES  
IN LOVING REPETITION. WE READ EACH OTHER'S LIPS TO UNCOVER  
THE POVERTY OF LAUGHTER. AND WHOEVER LISTENS TO ME: BEING  
THERE, AND NOT BEING, LOST AND FOUND  
AND LOST AGAIN: THANK YOU FOR THE FEATHER ON MY TONGUE,  
THANK YOU FOR OUR ARGUMENT THAT ENDS,  
THANK YOU FOR MY DEAFNESS, LORD, SUCH FIRE  
FROM A MATCH YOU NEVER LIT