

SECRET
LANGUAGE

BY MOLLY BARKER

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HEADS



HEY REMEMBER THAT SQUIRREL -



IT WAS ON TV



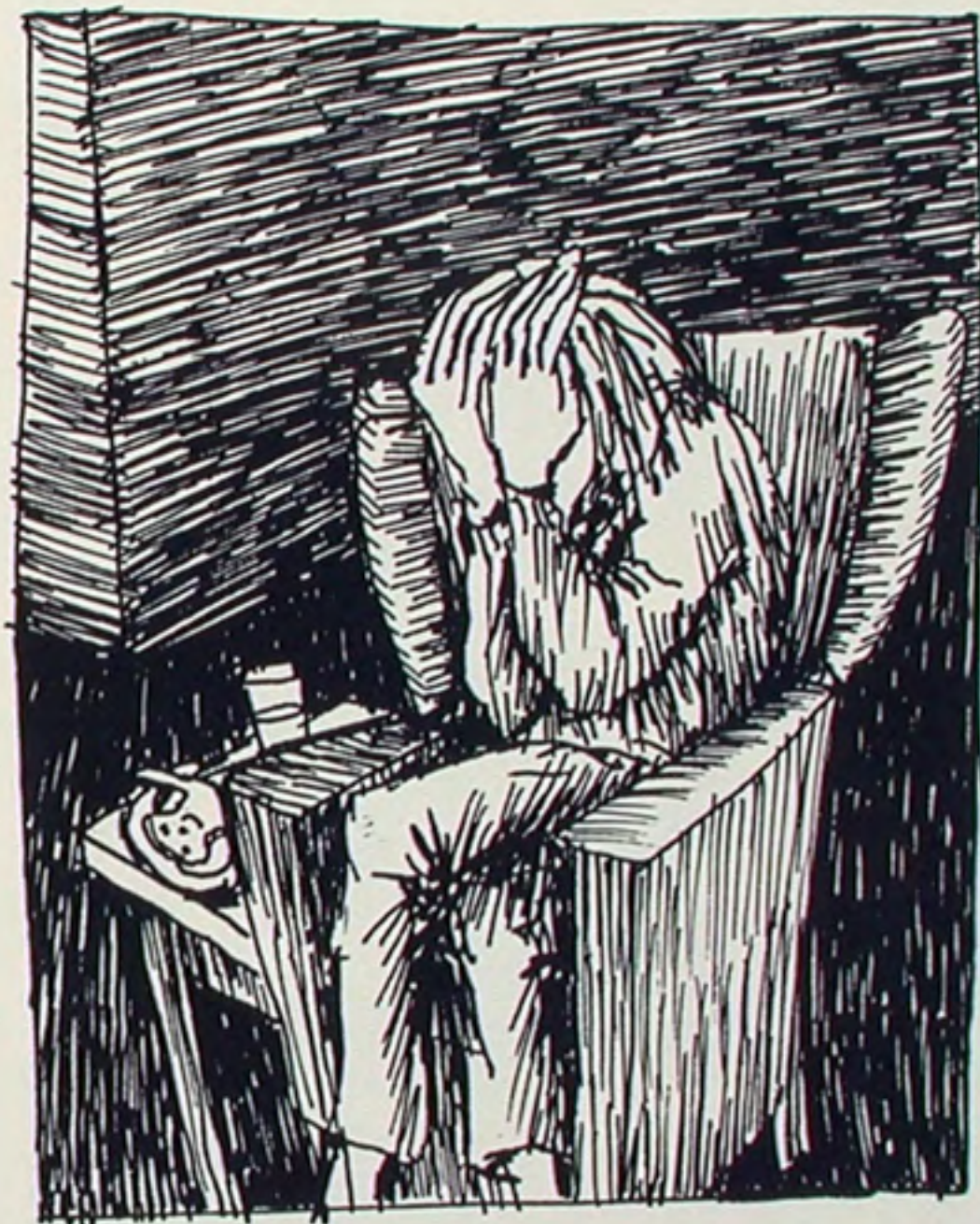
TRYING TO BURY ITS HEAD WHEN THE FIRE CAME.



IT WAS A REAL SQUIRREL.



IT WAS A DOCUMENTARY.



THE RAGING FOREST.



THAT LITTLE BURROWING HEAD.



IT'S A COMMON FEELING



TRYING TO STORE WHAT MATTERS





SAVING IT





BY PUTTING IT UNDER.



FATHOMING



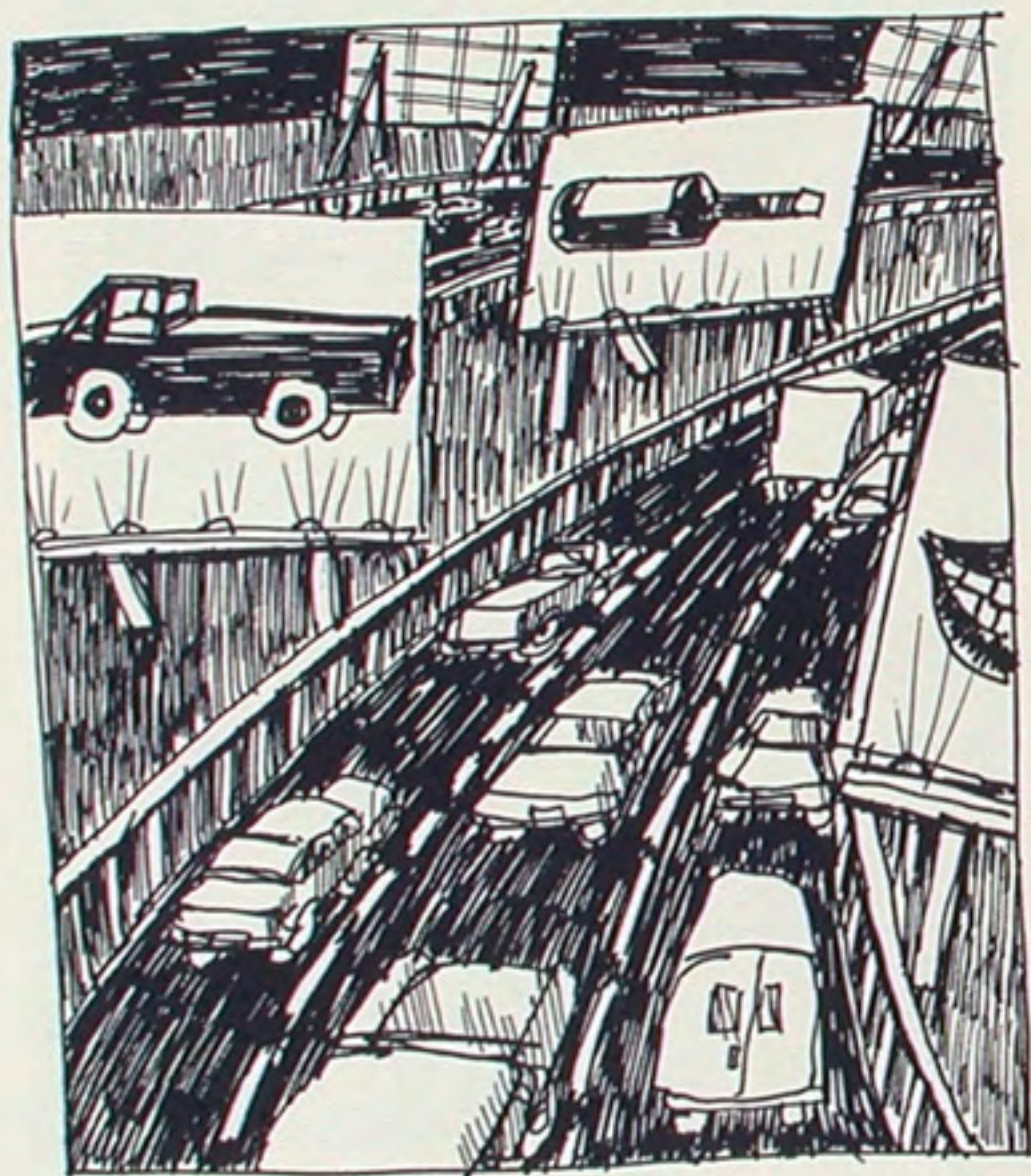
SOMETIMES ITS HARD TO SEE THROUGH



OR MAKE WAVES.



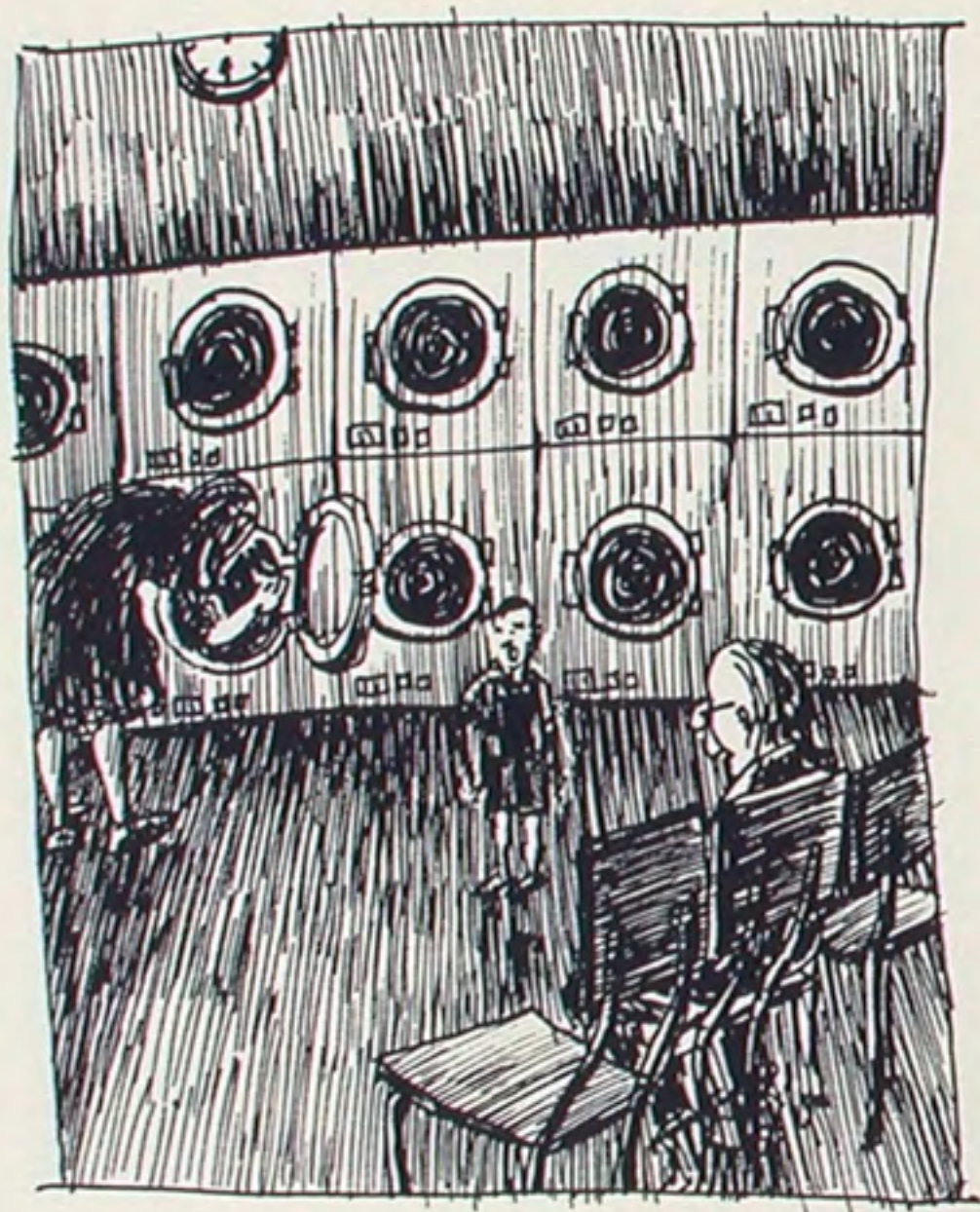
IT'S ALMOST THE SAME SONG EVERYWHERE.



IT LOOKS SEALED.



WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME BUS!



NOWHERE BUT HERE NOW



KEEPING GOING

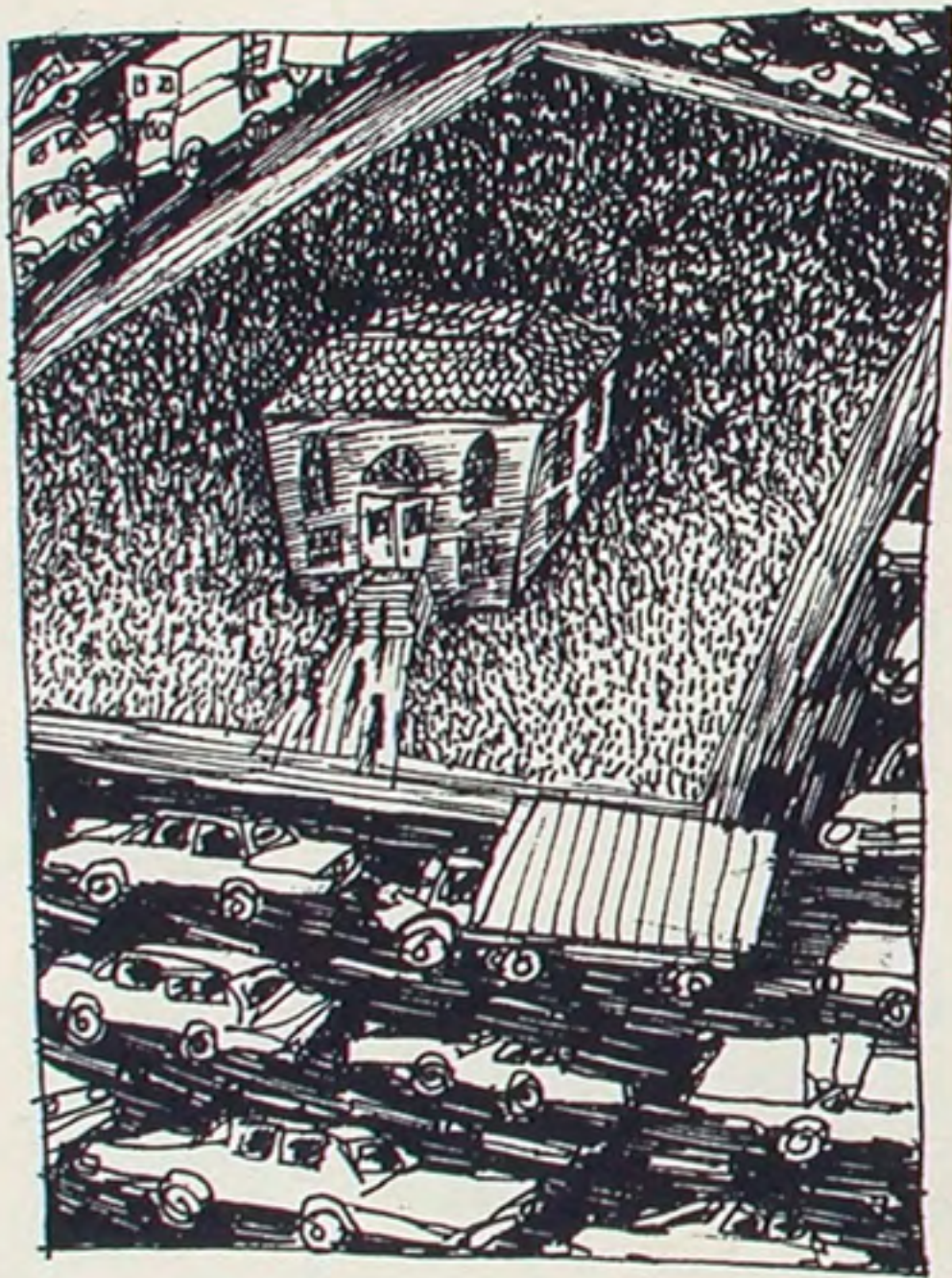


LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO GO IN.





THE LIBRARY IS ONLY OPEN HALF THE TIME



BUT IT'S STILL THERE



A GATHERING PLACE



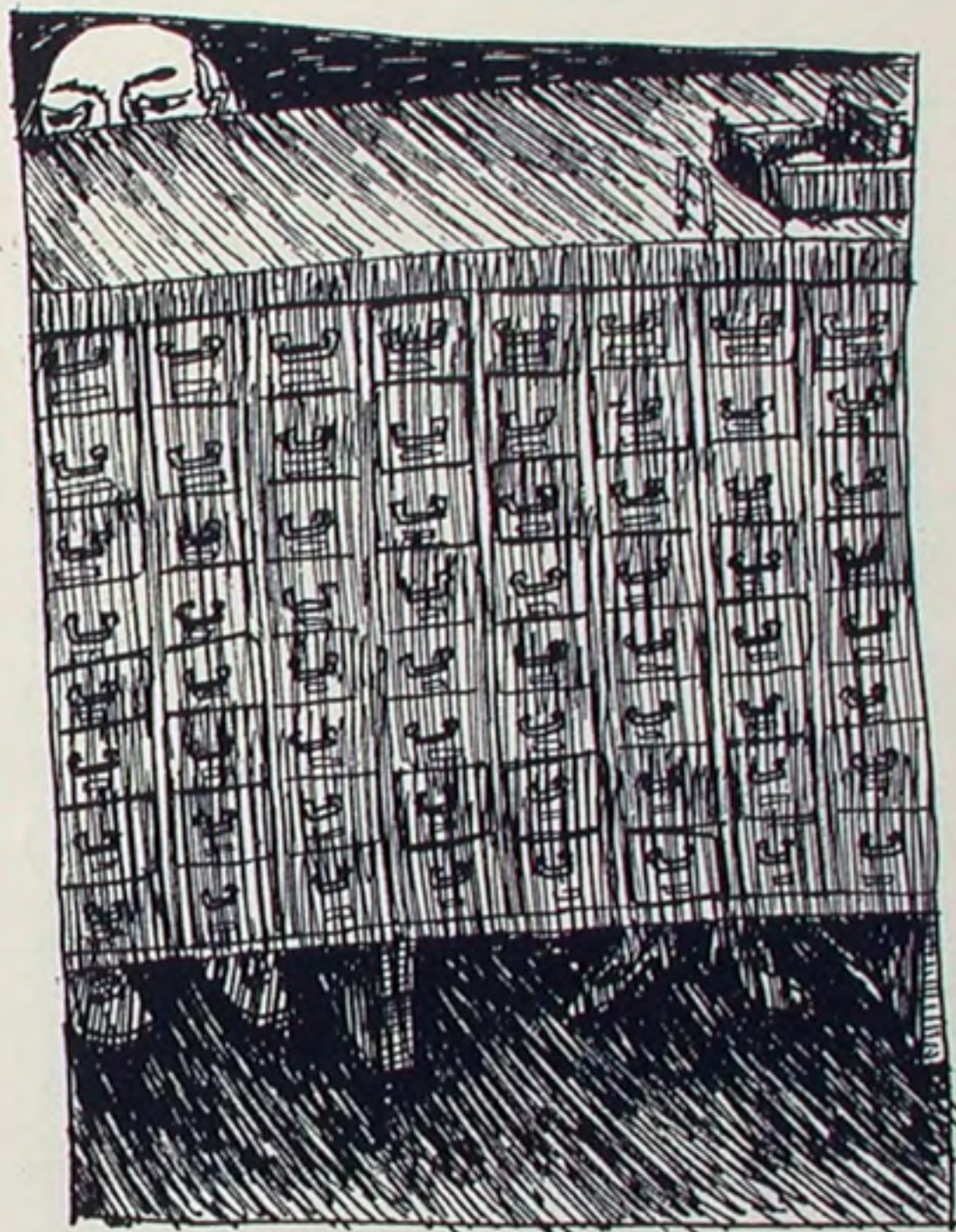
A LAST QUIET OCEAN



OF WANDERING THOUGHTS



FISH WHISPERS SWIMMING



AND A HUM -



THE LONG MURMURS OF WHALES.





THIS IS WHERE IT'S DEEP.





ORDINARY DIVERS MEET



LONELY ON THEIR WAYS TOGETHER.



EVERYONE IS LIVING IN DIFFERENT LAYERS.

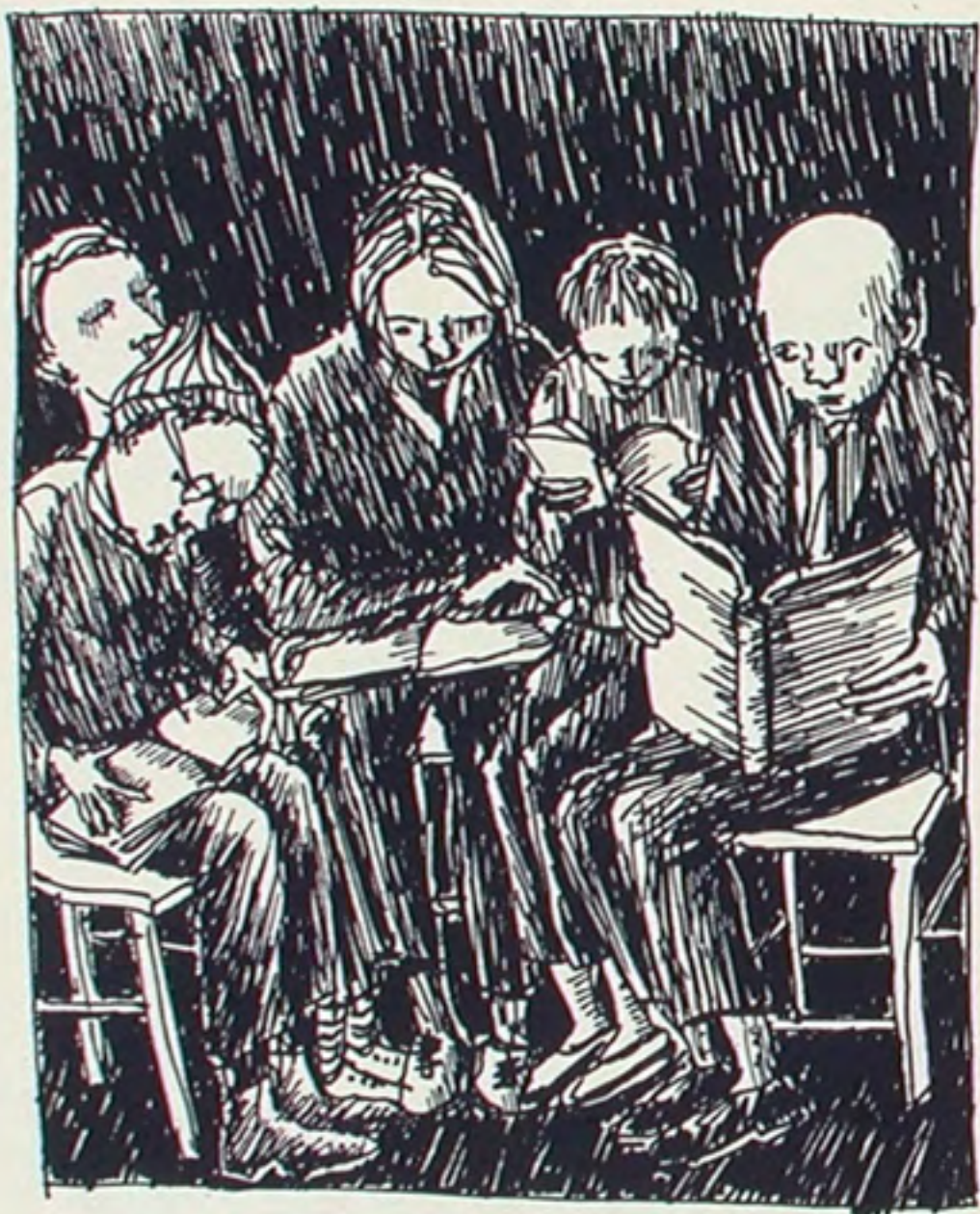




THERE'S A FEELING OF CAVES



ALL JOINED UP.



PEOPLE COLLECT



AND DIVERGE.



DRIFTING SEEKERS



ARE DELVING



AND BRUSHING BY.



SSHHH.







WE'RE GOING IN.



INWARDLY



INSIDE



IT'S QUIET



EXCEPT FOR SOMEONE SCRATCHING



IN A SECRET LANGUAGE





CARVING A BREEZE





OF FLAPPING PIGEONS AND FLUTTERING LIPS





LONG SHADOWS FALLING





A DUG-UP PUPPET'S DANCE





NIGHTS ON END





BREATHING BETWEEN WORDS





LAPPING WATER AND COLLECTED PEBBLES HURLED



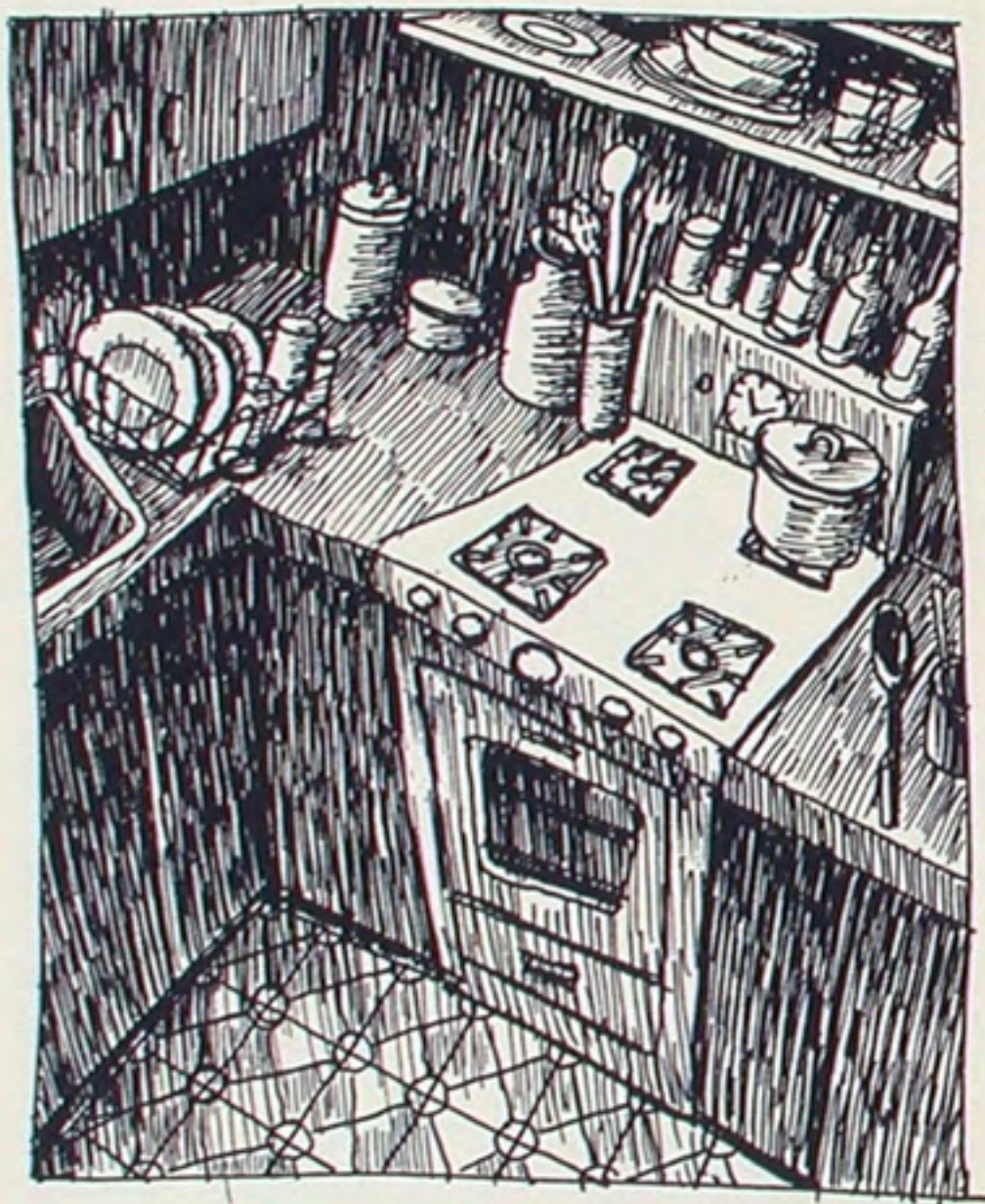
TWO SETS OF FINGERS



THIS ISLAND



THE WIND IN ITS TREE



AND ALL THE ROOMS OF THE FAMILIAR

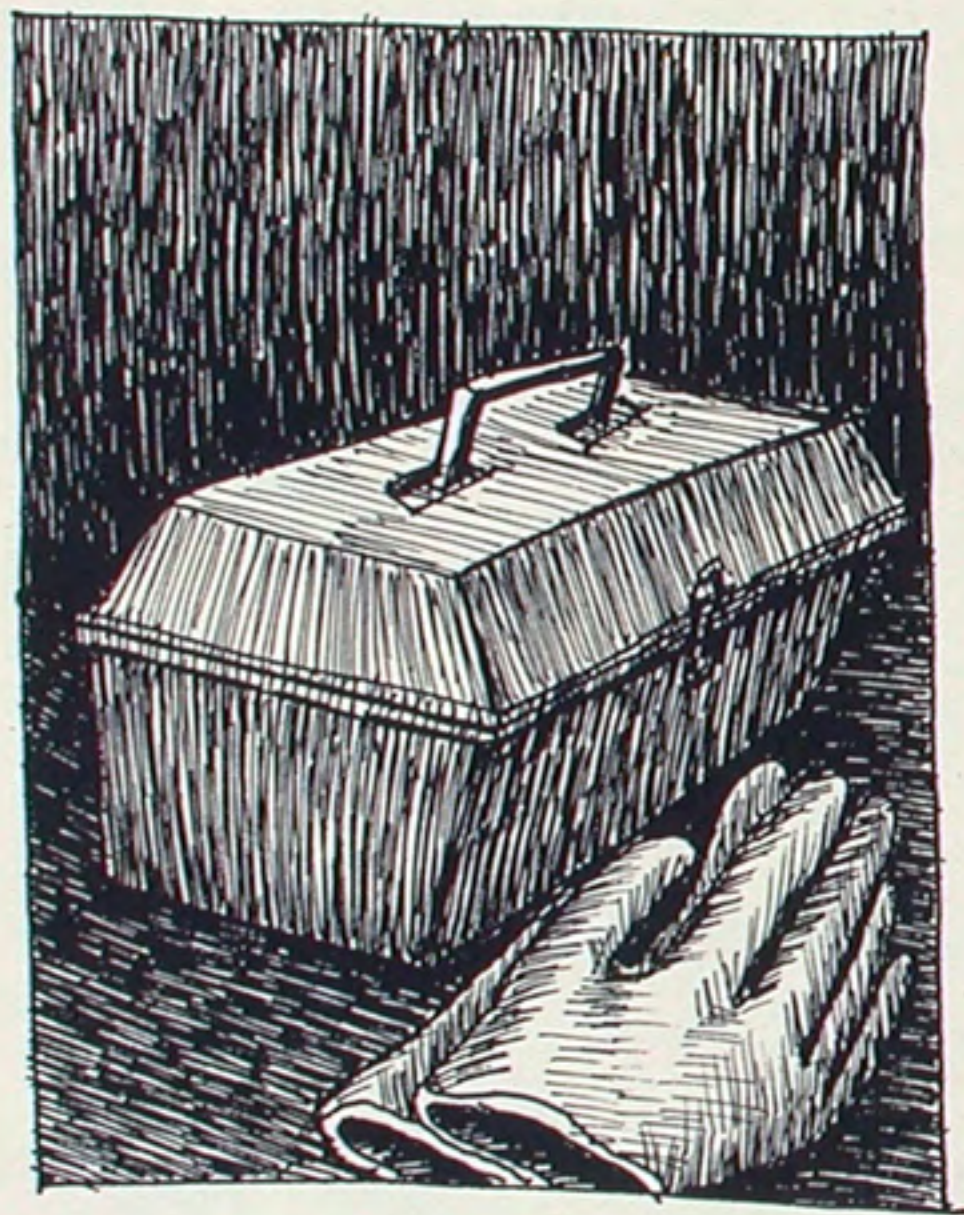




WITH MUSIC INBETWEEN.







IT'S HER LAUGHING MEMORY AND HER CRY.





IT'S HER SKIN AND HER NAILS AND HER PRAYER.







IT'S HER AIR.





SHE FILLS UP



AND BEGINS FOLDING





A CAREFUL ACCORDION.



SHE FOLDS IT UP



INTO HERSELF



AND STEPS OUT.



JARBLED



OUTSIDE IN THE PARKING LOT



EVERYONE IS SLAMMING CAR DOORS.



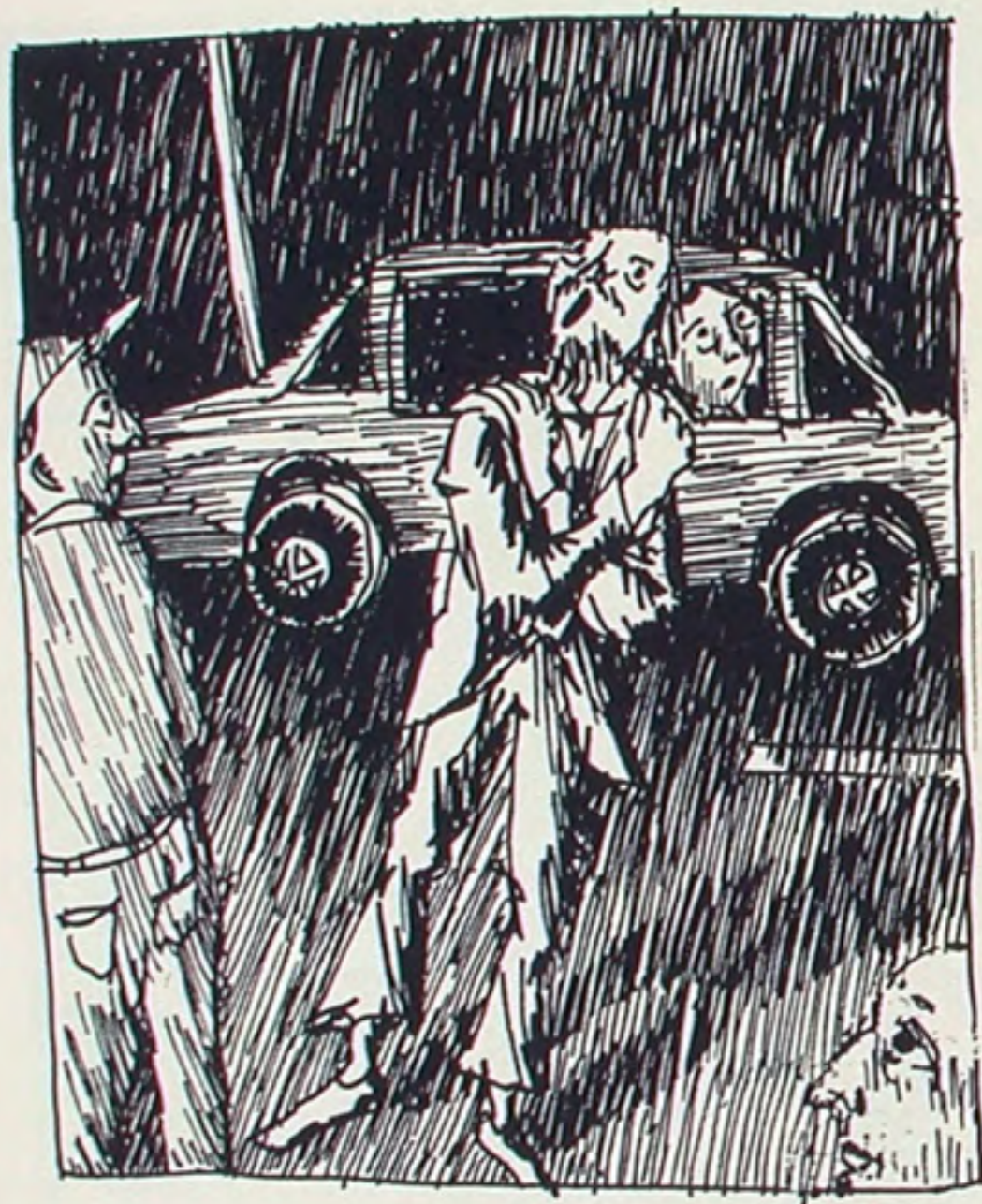
A MAN COMES BY HISSING.



HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN A WAR.



HE'S TALKING IN TONGUES.



BUT HE SAYS ONE THING CLEAR.





SHOOT ME.



PUT A HOLE RIGHT HERE GO AHEAD



SHOOT ME.



YOU CAN'T KILL ME



HEH HEH



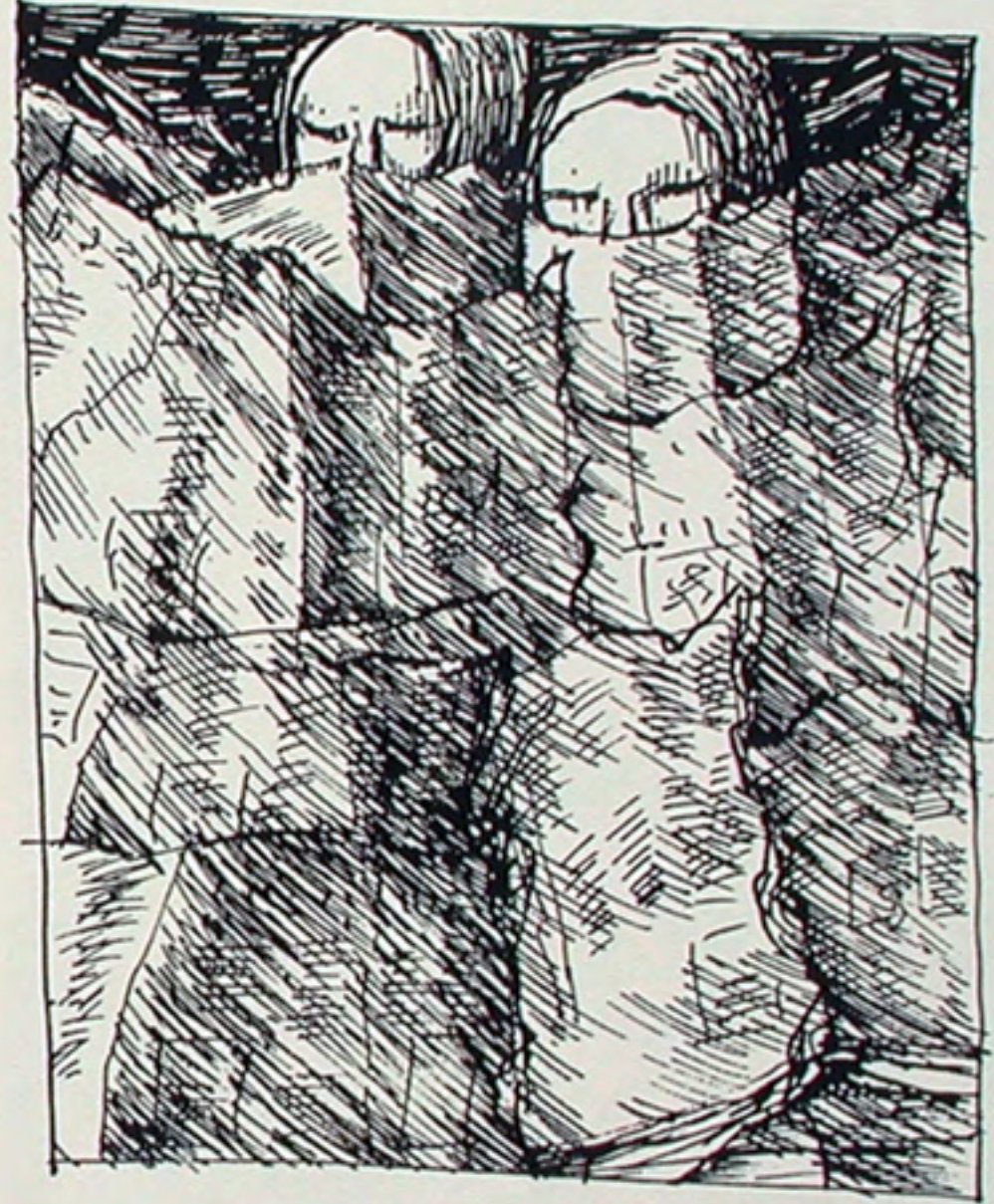
I'M ALREADY DEAD.



HEH HEH HEH



MIGHT



FUNNY THING IS



PEOPLE KEEP



AND UNDERNEATH



WE HAVE OUR WAYS.



EVEN FISH BREATHE



AND WE KNOW TUNES .



WE'VE BEEN TAKING NOTES THIS WHOLE TIME .



WE HAVE A RHYMING SCHEME THAT'LL
RATTLE THE GLASS



AND WHEN THEY FINALLY LOCK THE PLACE UP



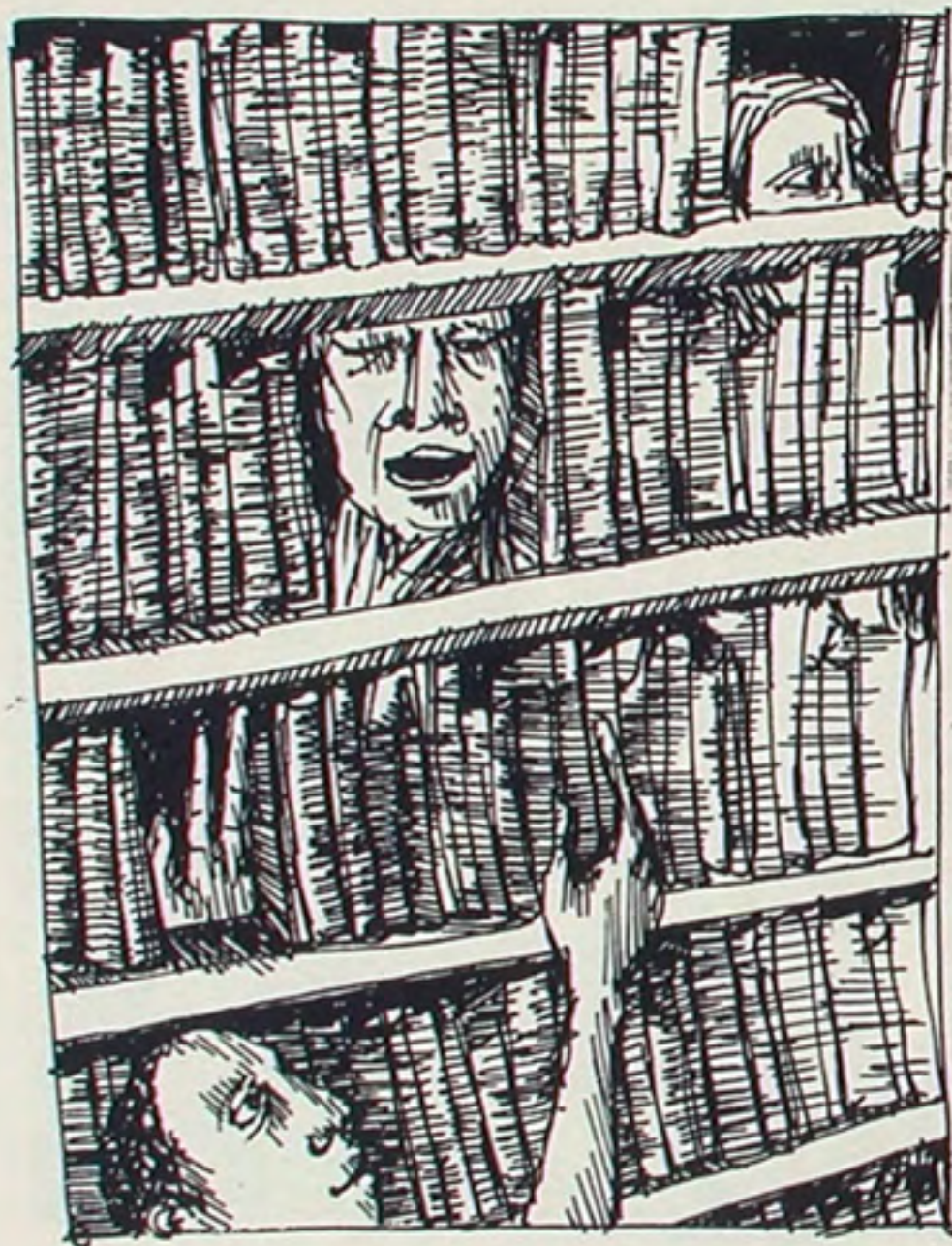
WHEN THAT DEADBOLT SLIDES





WE'LL BE MOVING IN.

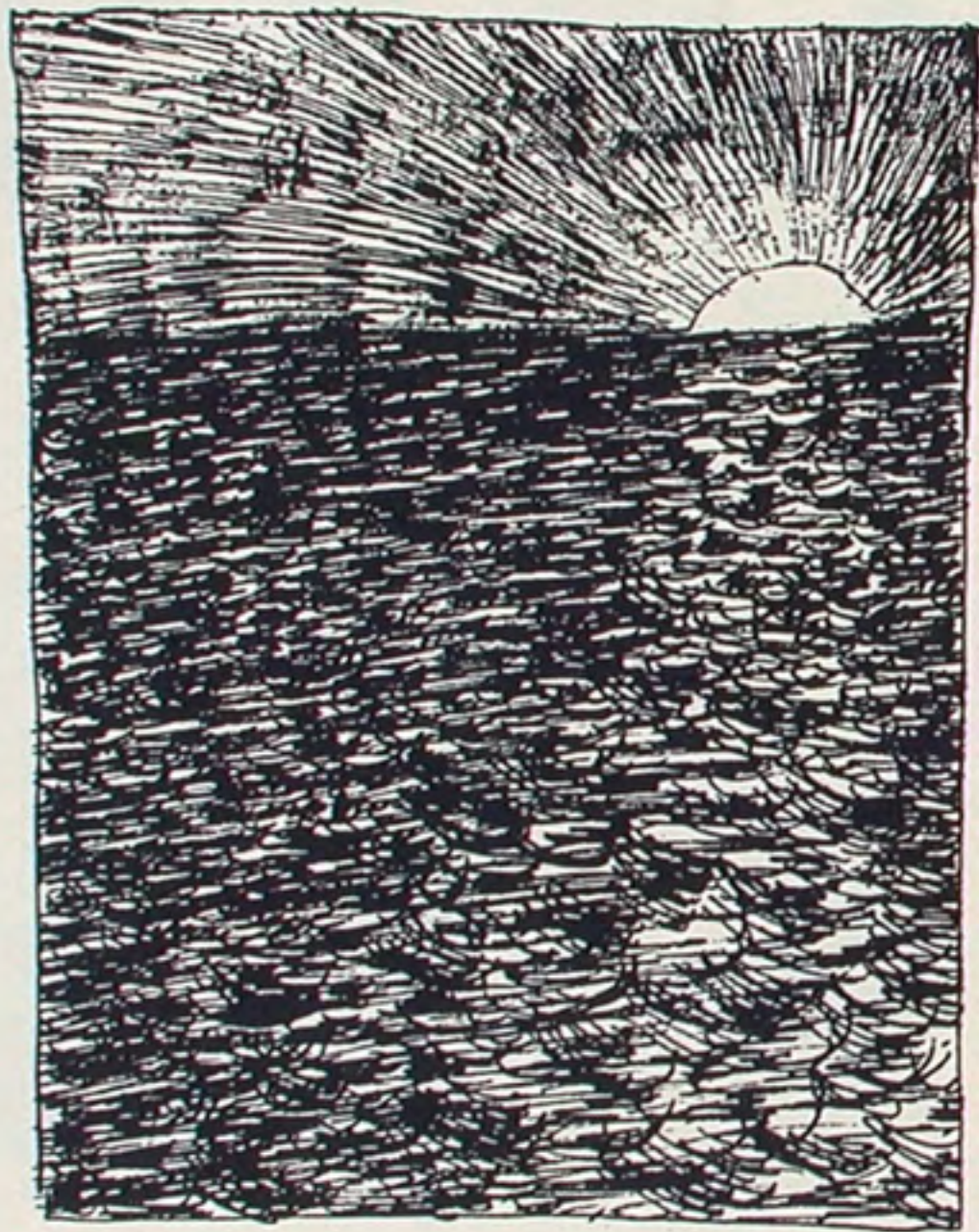




WE'LL READ THE PAPERS FROM OUR OTHER COUNTRIES

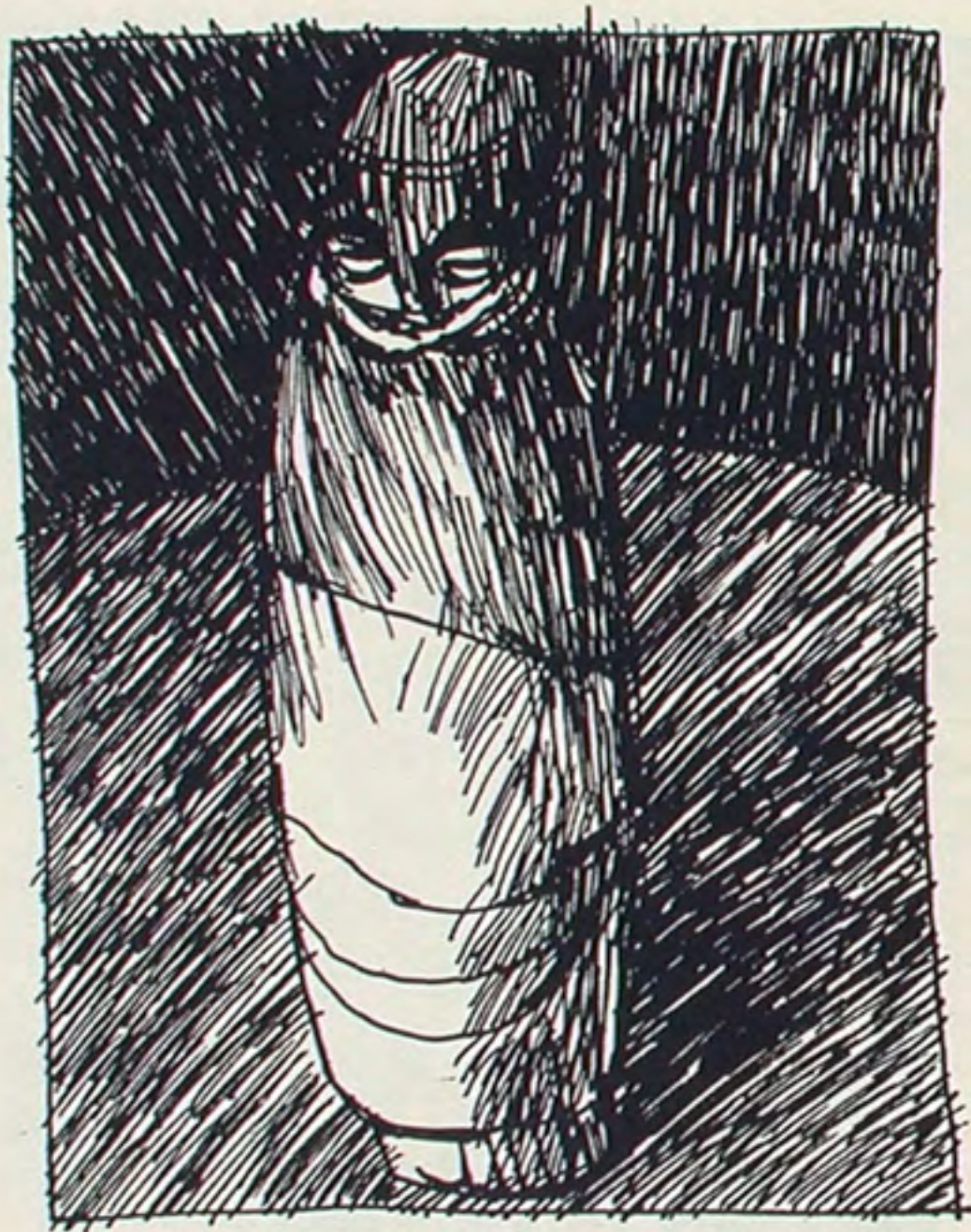


AND BUILD OUR OWN SHIP.



THERE ARE PEOPLE IN TIME.









WE'LL READ THEIR MINDS.





IT WILL BE THE OLD DAYS.



THE EARTH WILL BE SPINNING.





EVERYONE WHO SAW



WILL REMEMBER.



EVERYONE WHO HUNKERED DOWN



WILL UNFURL.



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN



AT THE BEGINNING



AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL BE



ONCE UPON A TIME.

DREAM



ONCE I HAD A DREAM



OF MY GRANDFATHER SINGING



FROM HIS DEAD BODY



WITH THE DEAD EYES



CROONING



A LOW SONG.



THE HOUSE WAS WOOD.





IN ANOTHER ROOM



I FELT TERRIBLE



ALL THIS TIME HAVING THOUGHT HIM COLD



AND GONE ON LIVING.



BUT HE WASN'T CHIDING.



HE WASN'T TELLING ANYTHING
TO ANYBODY.





HE WAS JUST CARRYING ON.



PEOPLE DO.



