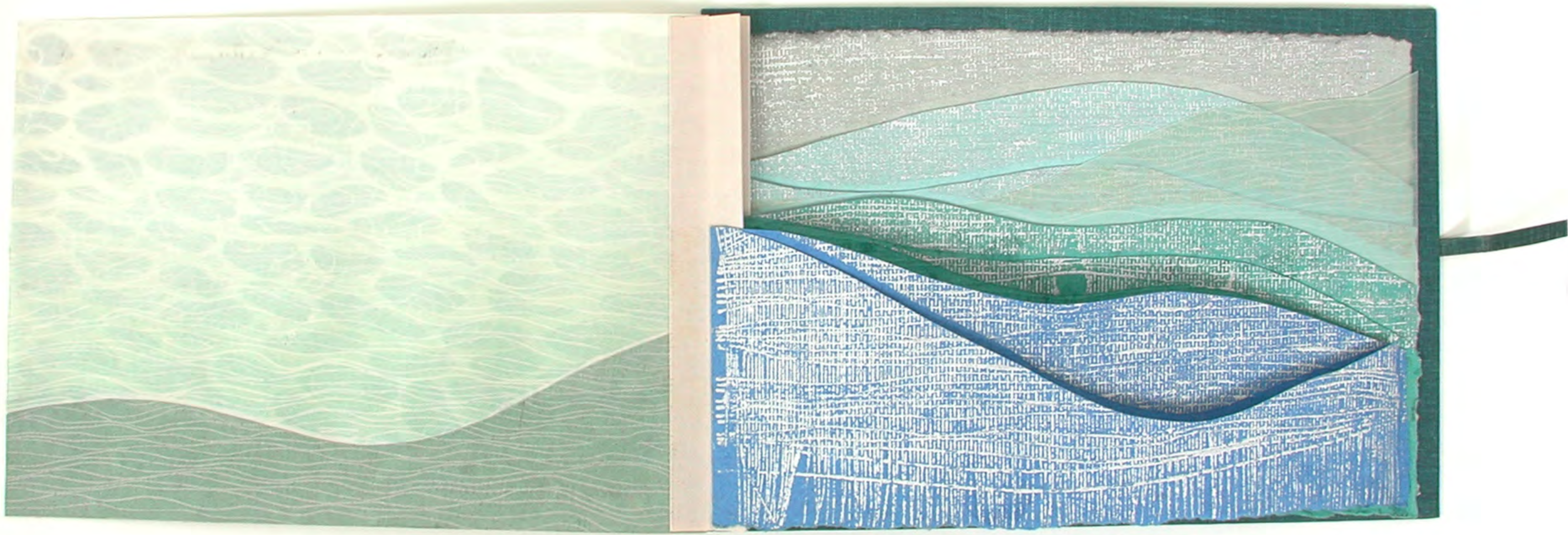
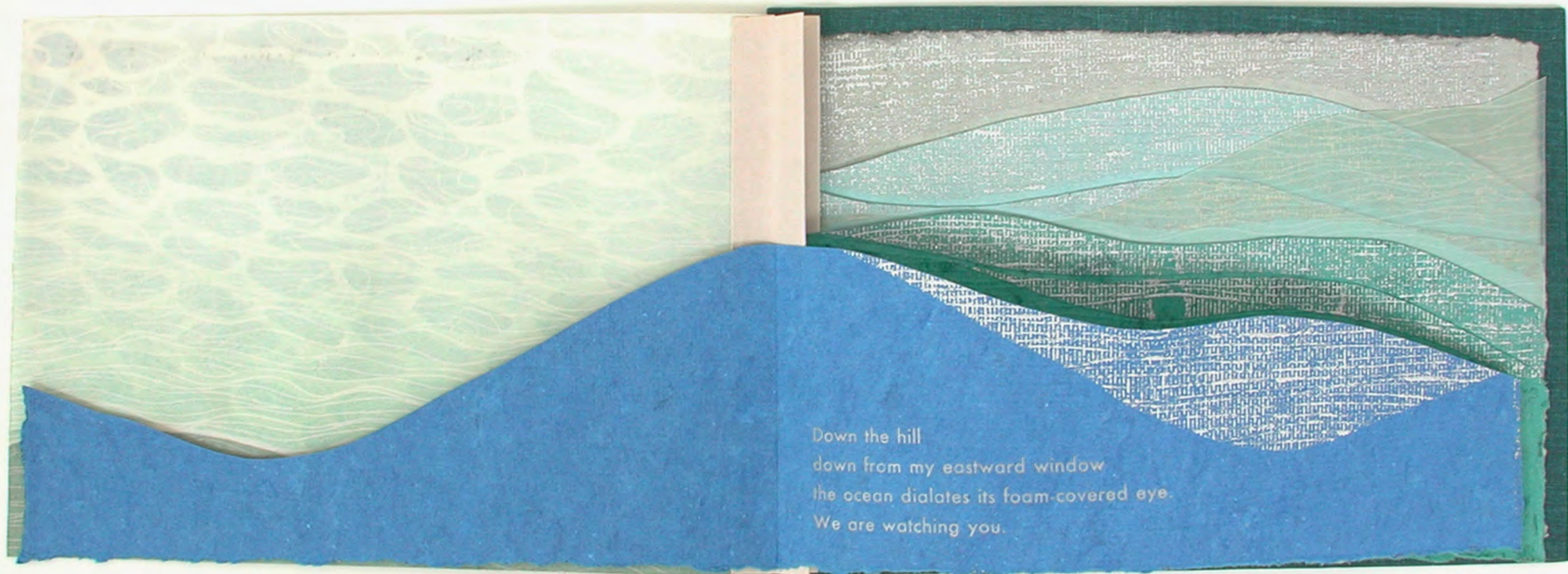


SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE





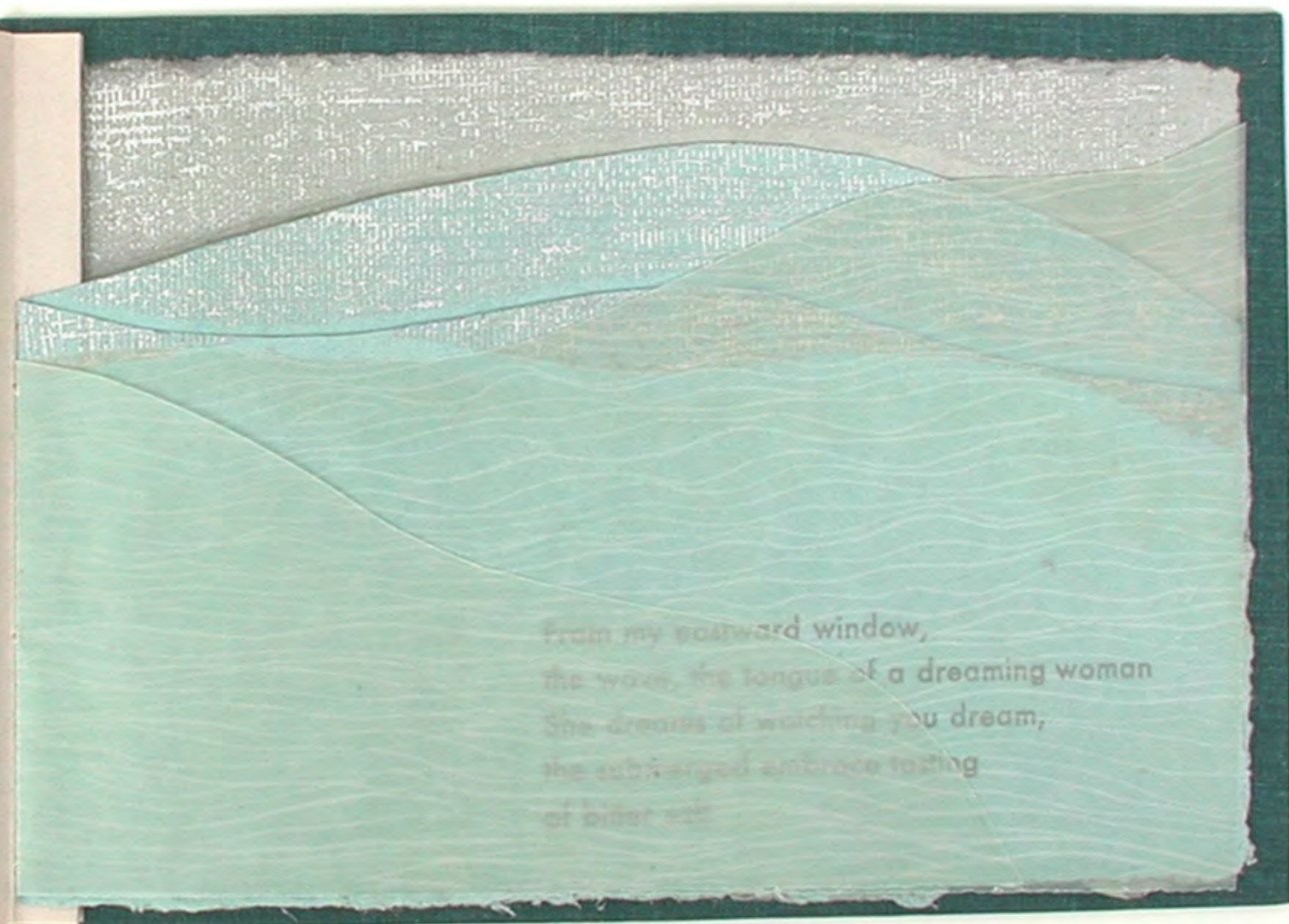
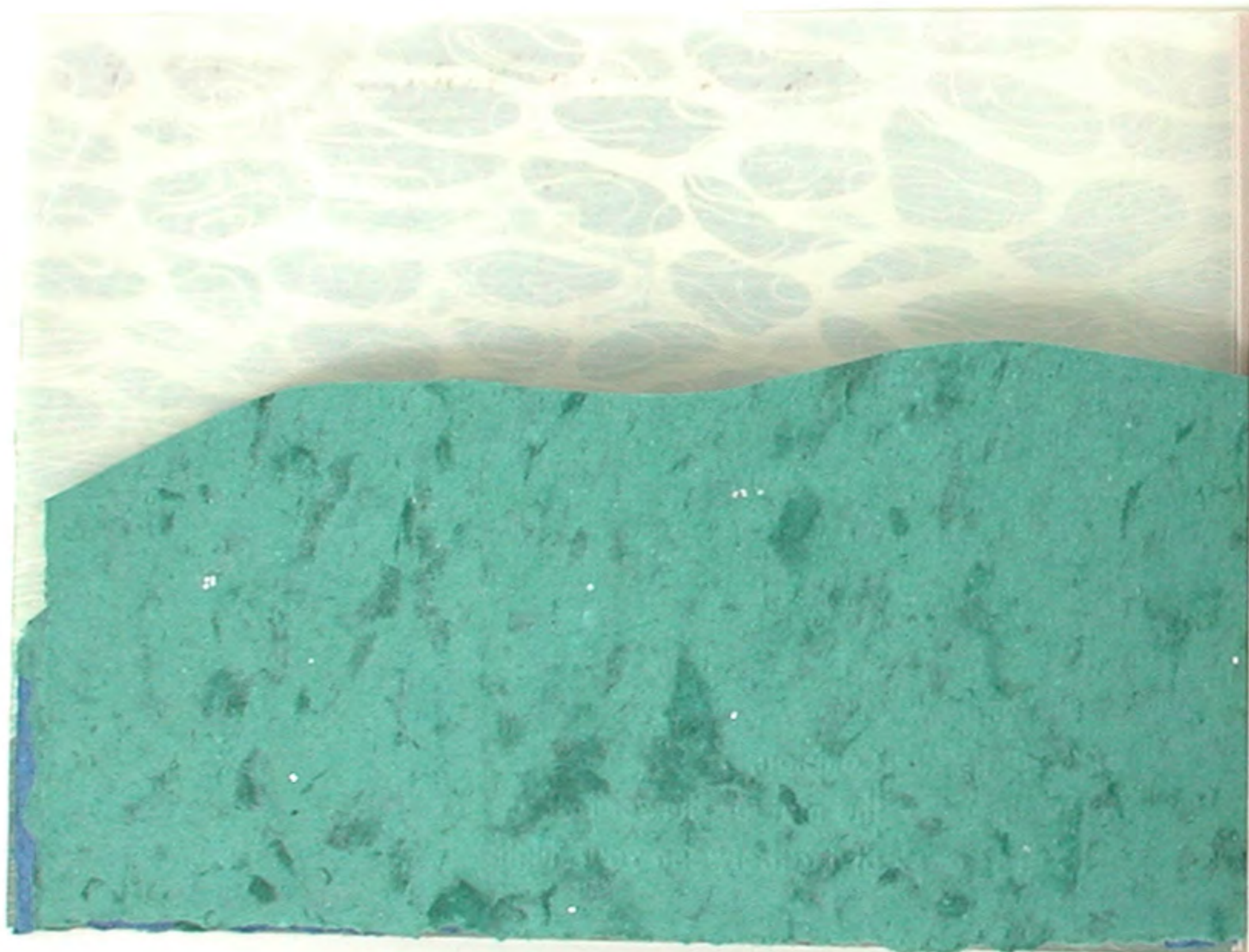
Down the hill
down from my eastward window
the ocean dialates its foam-covered eye.
We are watching you.



The slow building tension of the shoreline
frayed rope,
arms and shoulders swinging against the tide.
The weightless rocking of the water
pulls at your skin.




Collision,
the meteor shower of fish
diving between your thighs



From my eastward window,
the wave, the tongue of a dreaming woman
She dreams of watching you dream,
the submerged embrace tasting
of bitter wit


From my eastward window,
the wave, the tongue of a dreaming woman
She dreams of watching you dream,
the submerged embrace tasting
of bitter salt.



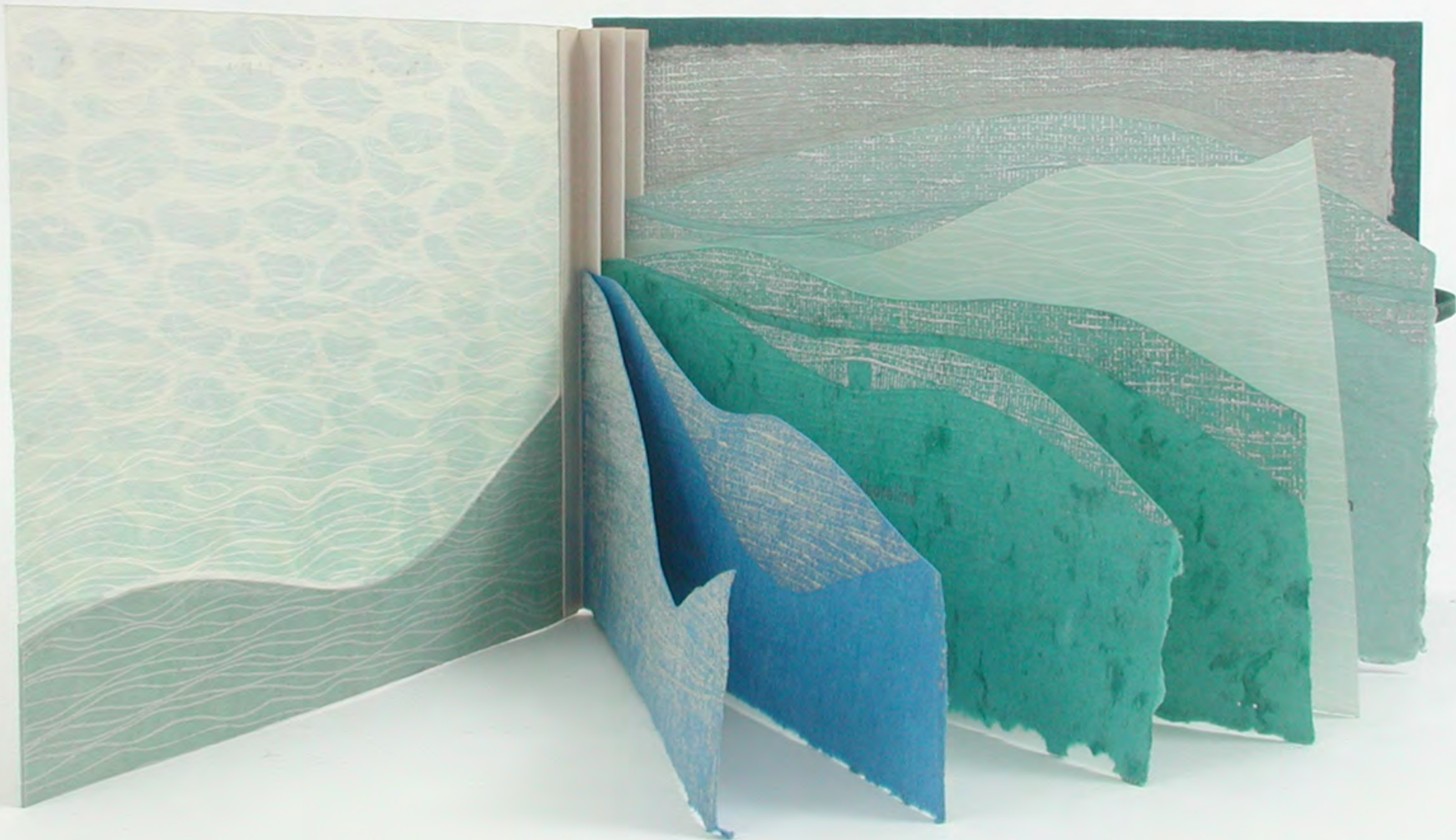
From my eastward window,
the wave, the tongue of a dreaming woman
She dreams of watching you dream,
the submerged embrace tasting
of bitter salt.

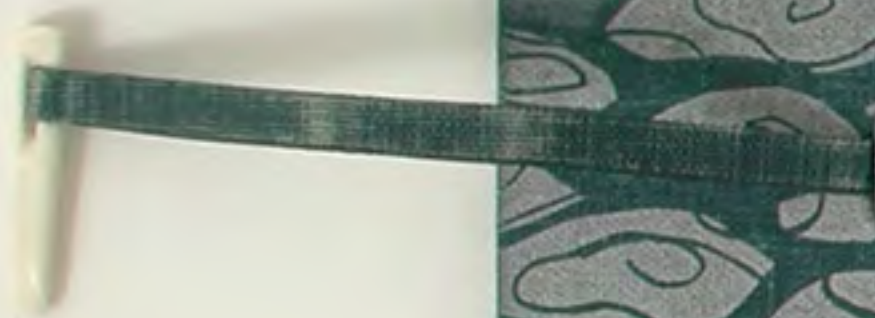



East of noon
our faces glitter like sun-stones,
white skin burned into white sand.



These few words spoken
and from between your fingers
curled in sleep,
I unwind a poem.

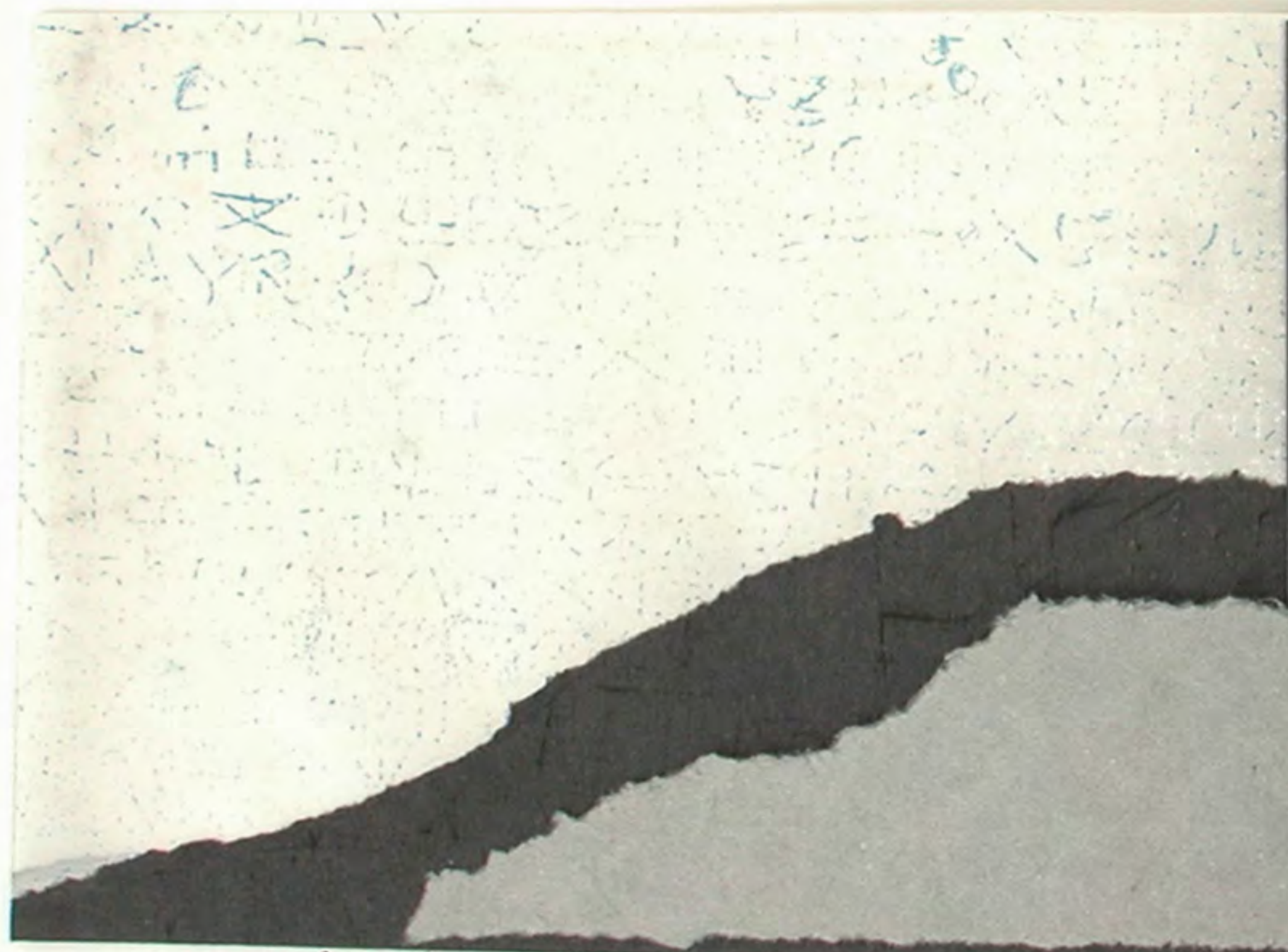




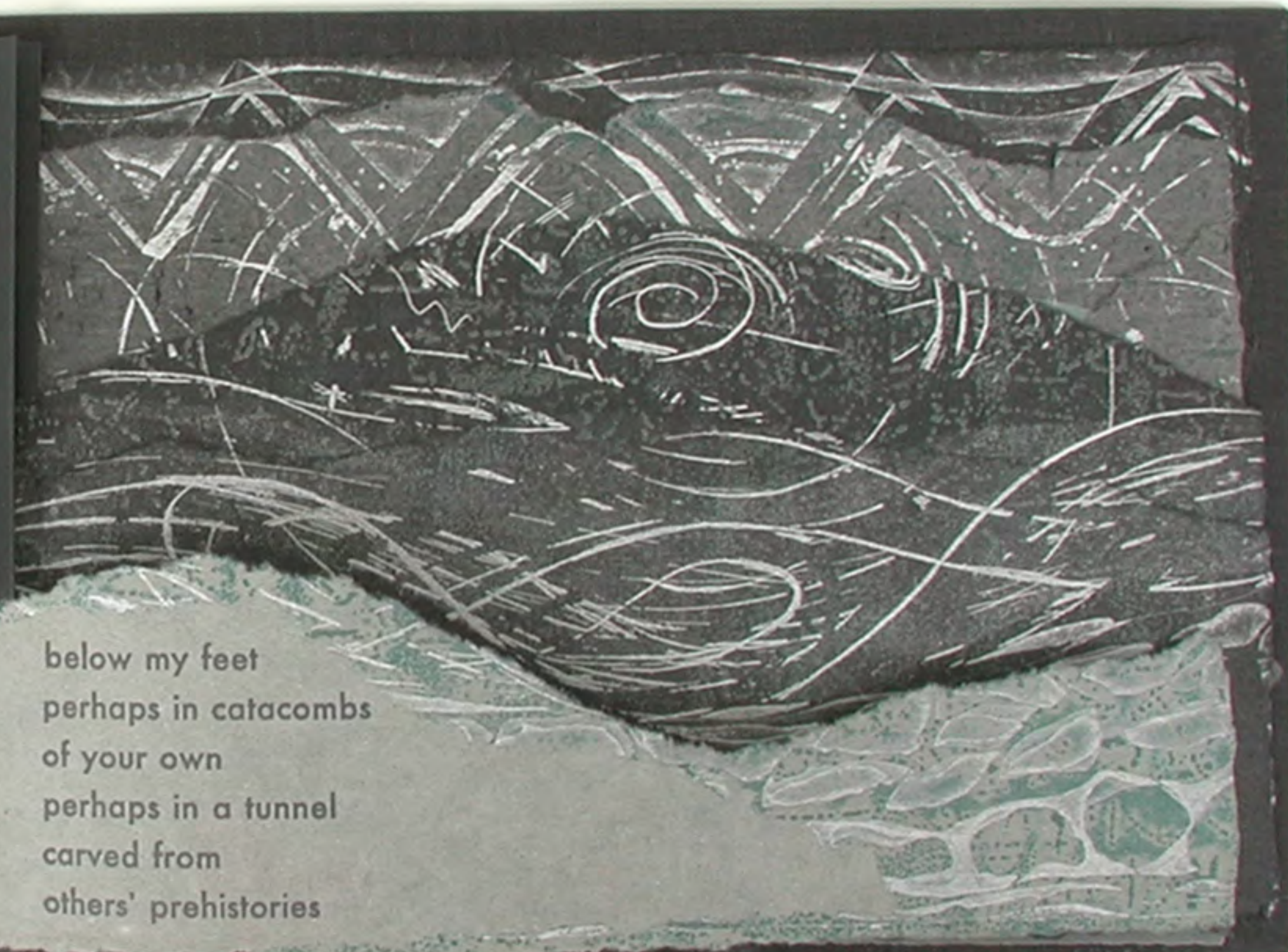


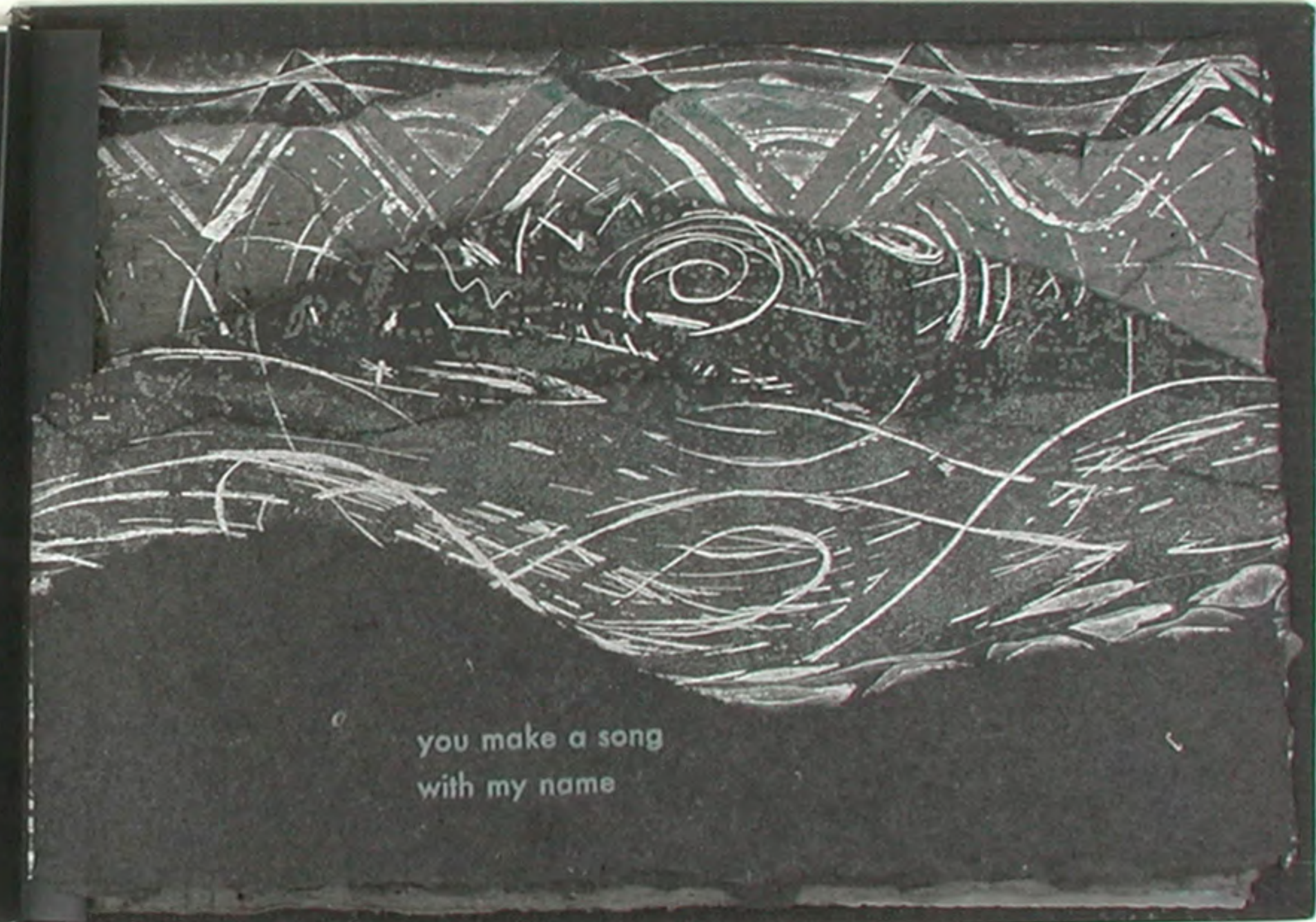
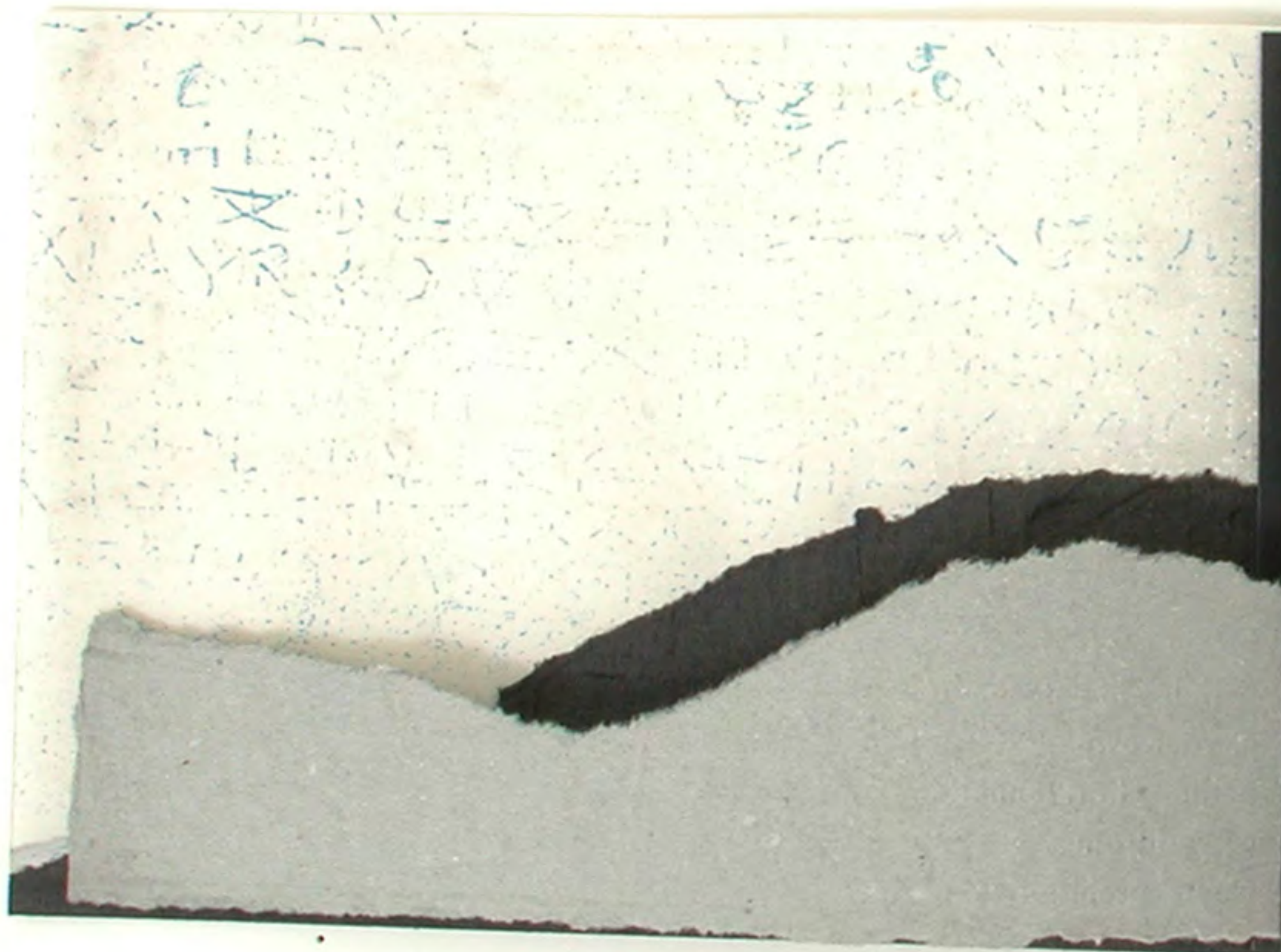
SOUVERAIN ET SOUTERRAIN



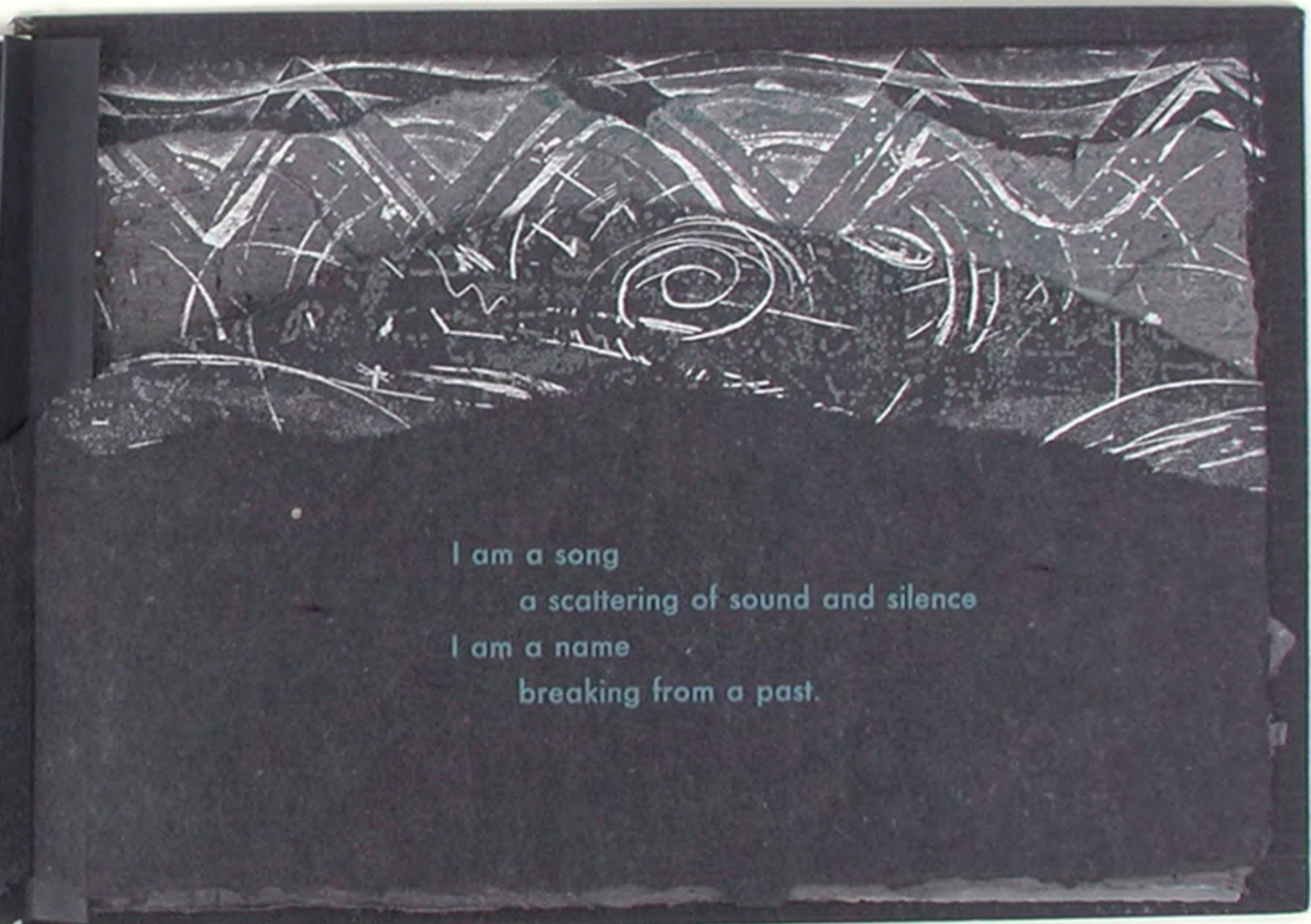
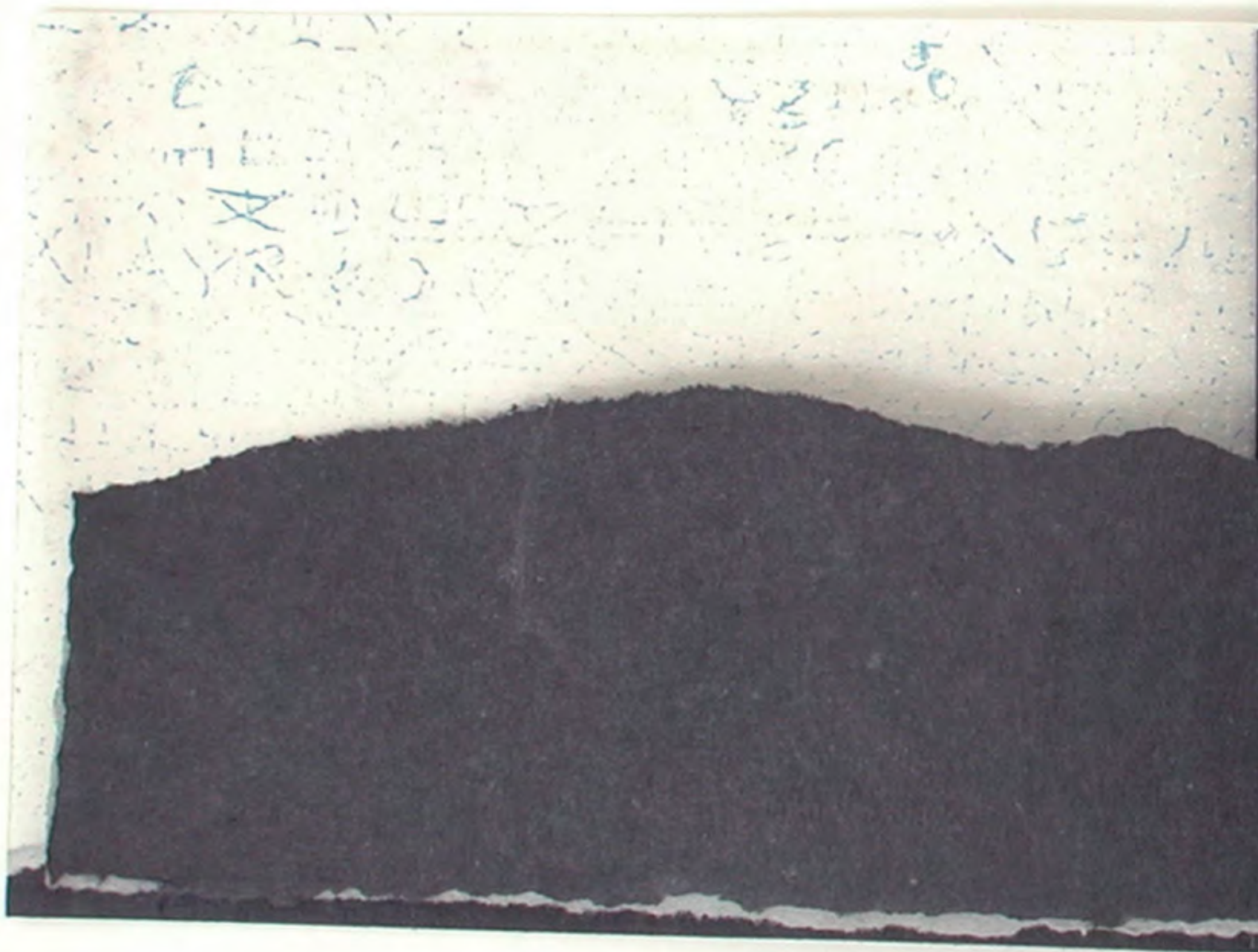


below my feet
perhaps in catacombs
of your own
perhaps in a tunnel
carved from
others' prehistories

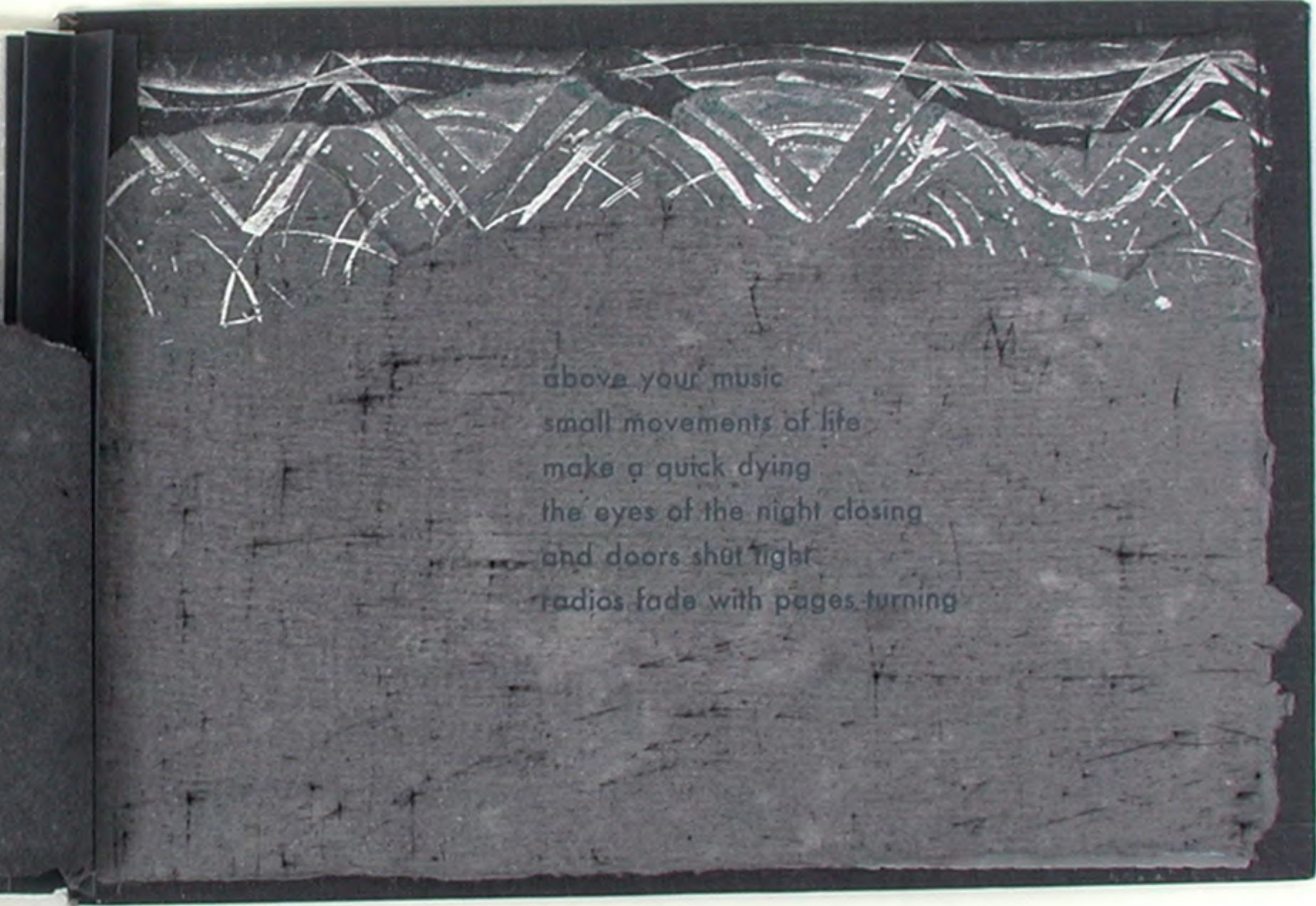
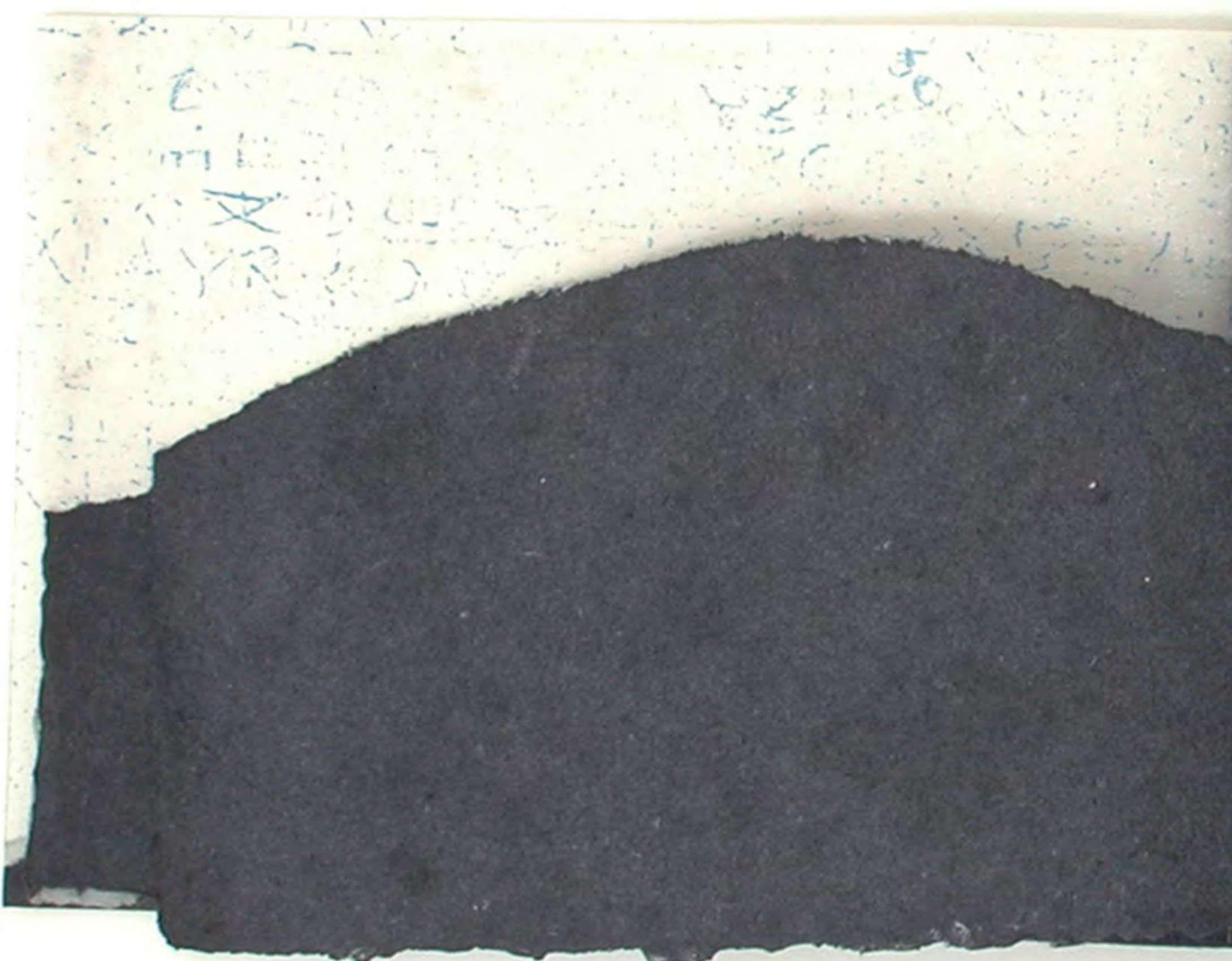




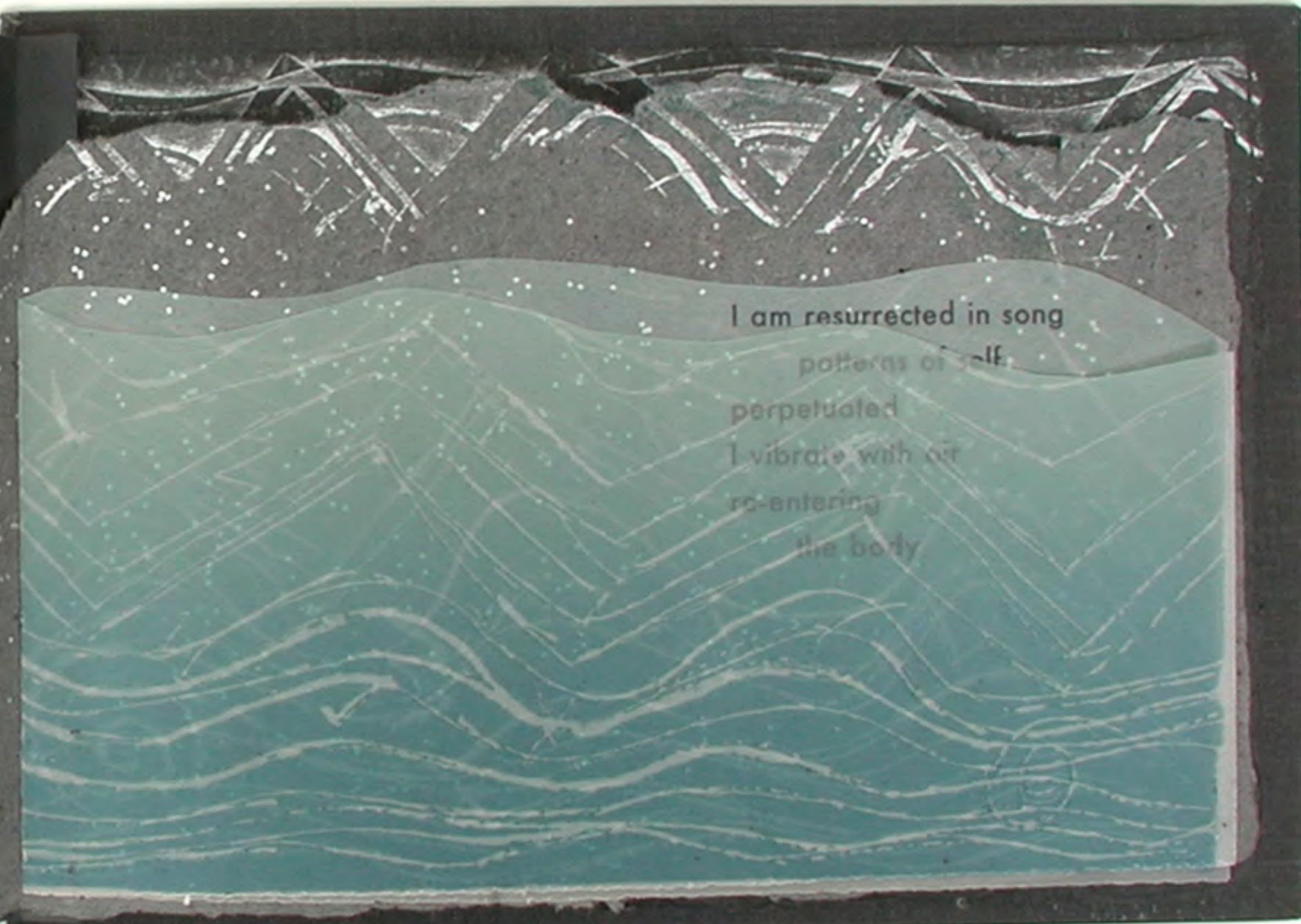
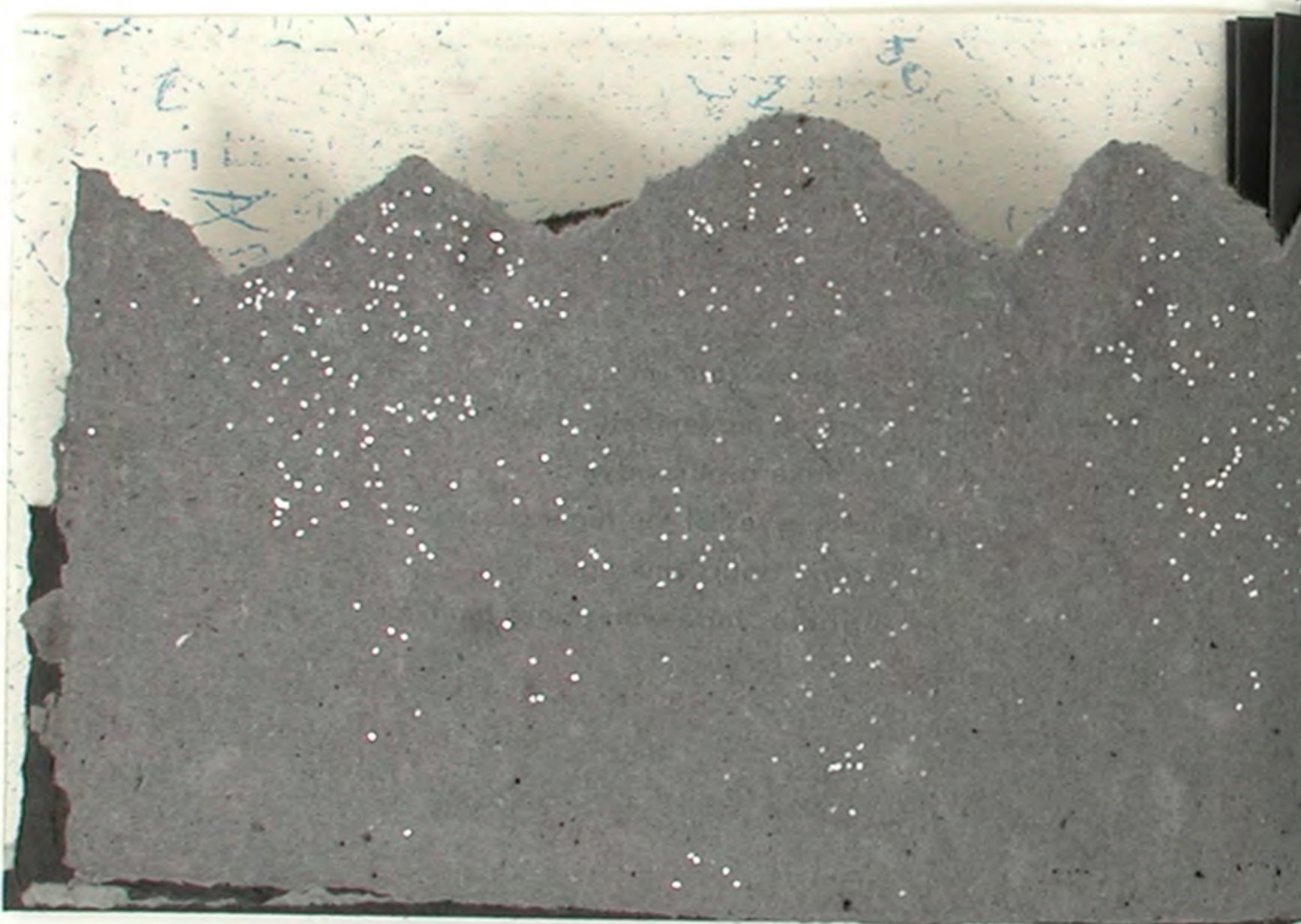
you make a song
with my name




I am a song
a scattering of sound and silence
I am a name
breaking from a past.



above your music
small movements of life
make a quick dying
the eyes of the night closing
and doors shut tight
radios fade with pages turning

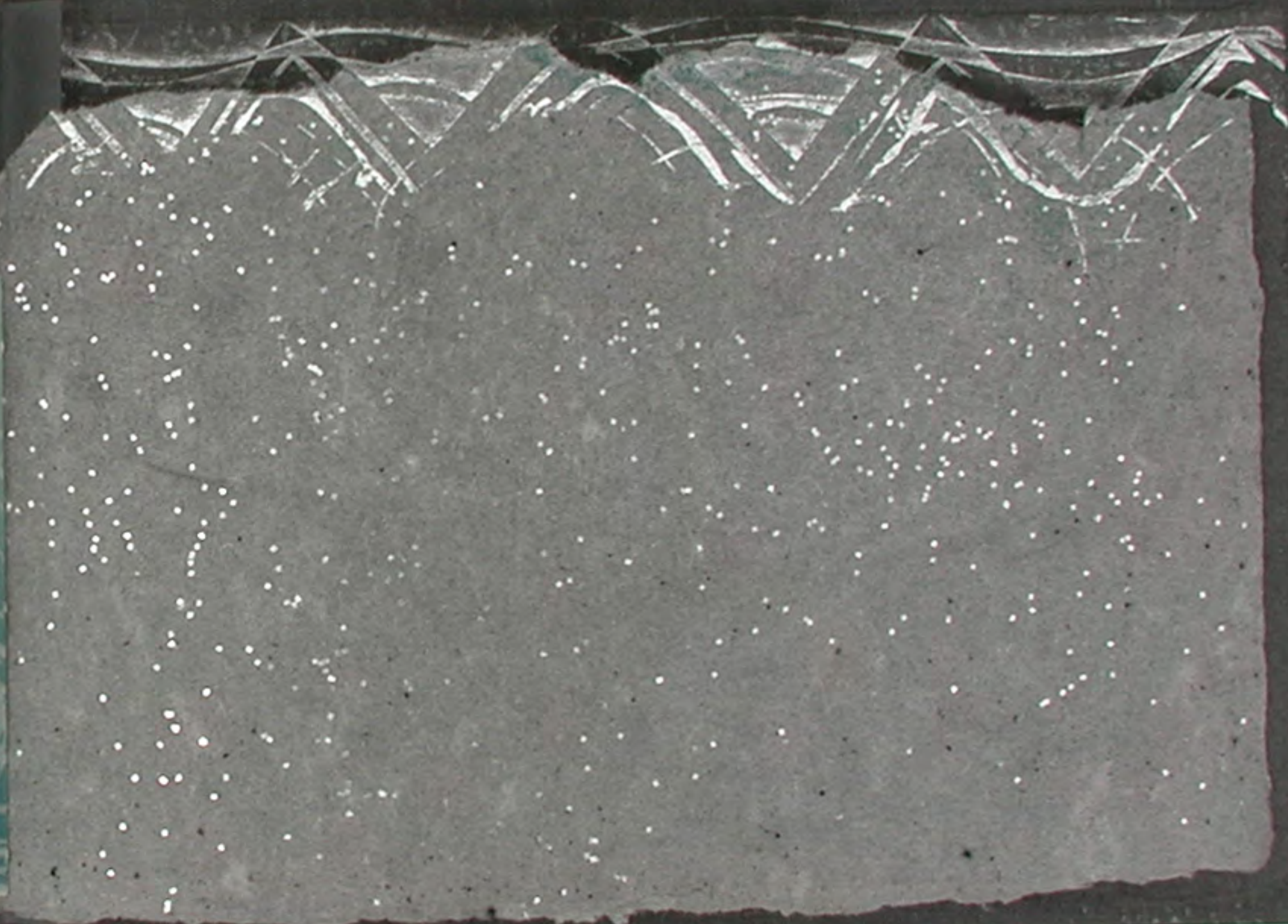



I am resurrected in song
patterns of self
perpetuated
I vibrate with air
re-entering
the body



I am resurrected in song
patterns of self
perpetuated
I vibrate with air
re-entering
the body

I am resurrected in song
patterns of self
perpetuated
I vibrate with air
re-entering
the body



The image shows a dark, textured book cover. The top edge is torn and ragged. On the left side, there is a piece of torn, light-colored paper with a fibrous texture. The cover itself has a mottled, dark grey or black appearance. In the upper right corner, there is a piece of white text.

the whisper
of a name grows
in your song
becoming me

Poetry by Hannah Taylor A Book by Ann Kresge Published by WSW, 1986



30
E
M
X
Y
Z

you make a song
with my

