

Concrete Behavior

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Acquiring the phonemes of a language is not innocent. Coins in my purse. (Intent. To appropriate the dead.)

I knock over the basket and the apples roll. Toward so many Adams. Along lines of perspective. Of lures for feeling. Of death instinct projected outward. The whole world red and yellow.

I reach for a word as if it were round and gathered the light. As if the shadow it throws were just shadow and I could step outside it.

Like money, phonemes have no reality. No weight, no color, no density of desire. An abstract value that makes possible language, lunch in a pub, and the roar of a mob out to lynch.

The apples slow down with dispersal of feeling, and eyes open. Is this called thinking? At the end of a long childhood. Taste of bruised suddenly remembered.

My words move toward you. The way my body moves toward its interrealm. Then cannot take back its panic.

Does my feeling change when it is put into words? Does it become everybody's? How I hand you an apple is how words carry the weight of their use.

A system of color, a range of phonemes, the structure of the perceptible world. Formed by bones outside my skin. In the sweat on my face, the bread of phrases not of my making.