Word Nocturne

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Tonight I return to words
eager for their succulence,
for their sting, the unwinding
of long vines from columns
of thought. From days of page
silence
I emerge impatient, uncovering
my skin to silken showers
of language, the shoving of anxious
words, collapsing in rockslides,
Slowing to diffuse pine-pungent
& slip through windows, following
the twist of roots into pain,
its holes & cutting edges, loss
made vivid by robust memory,
the particular bend of a finger
or a voice. The hope of words
carrying cinnamon & guitars
& so much sand, eyes that rested
& rested in each other,
perspiration under a shirt, rivers
rising to dislodge old logs
the way a promise dislodges fear,
the muscled movement of tongue,
jaws & lips to change
a life. Or pen moving across paper
marking coils, loops & dangling
hooks: here hangs my laundry,
my bedraggled cotton,
my love, my seeking,
my body, my sea.