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A Single Day: Letters from Suzanne

Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg

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A Single day: Letters from Suzanne

"They are leaning out for love
They have leaned this way forever
While Suzanne holds the mirror."

-Leonard Cohen-

At home:

There are letters to write and open,
Moments of eachothers' lives
We catch like rain and send away,
Glimpses of the loopsided cycles
We have travelled to and from
The centers of ourselves.

Here we walk the same morning ground
Where our bodies emerge into themselves
As we near the sunfilled creek.
Tell me as our shadows shorten
Of your work, the conversations you run
Like regular errands, your favorite fruit,
How you pass yourself through moonless nights.

There are letters
Which pile on eachother
Like simple stones in the water.
Letters we lift to our faces,
Paper, like stone, only part
Of our waterways.

Tell me, amidst the crawling shadows of trees,
The water flowing like time,
Why the moss extends its reach and
How do we lie so still in the sun
And yet manage to travel mooncircles
Through this land?

The letters we remember:
The moments they were torn open.
The cuts and scraps on our legs.
The words which heal.

Oh, let the waters cleanse
And wear us smooth as stones.

The poems we live:
Tell me as the sun burns into our reflections
How did we shine like snow
That grew as our pens met eachothers' thoughts?

(continued)

A Single Day: Letters from Suzanne (P. 2)

The voices we wring from sound bodies
The laughter which moves us upward
What we cannot do in letters:
Listen and lie still
Remember and repeat
While sun and water take us in
The words which capture spirit like water captures sun
The mirror which never stops.

There are letters
Like days which are single
By themselves and collectively.

We depart and begin our petroglyphs,
Our different dialects of the same language
Where time and motion haze through each other.

How we reflect this light:
Sentences we read and reread,
Lives we bring to letters,
Letters we bring to lives
Soul shadows touching as they cross,
Learning as they go on
That trust is only letting someone else
Hold the mirror.

July '82