

SÉANCE ON WATERMAN STREET

SUZANNE MARIE
HOPCROFT

Tonight it is the tired row of mason jars in
the dim pantry. They are infested with dust mites
and sharp glances. They are brimming with

the sap of sounds, the muffled ones caught
floating above the tile before July bore down and
made you heave your jabber. The napping sounds

rumble and shake the wall. They threaten to
squawk. When they do not, it is worse.

Tomorrow it is the cartons of records, the lost player,
its absent needle. The scratchy black of your
wool cloak. If I had a needle for every puncture

of yours, my arms would be eaten through, but
I would not be mauve or dust. I wouldn't be sitting
at the piano, weeping, telling us, I sing better

now. Throaty voice and vacant eye: Lucy's song.
The hushed divide we never strung into words.

I couldn't, you say. No more, you say. No one replies
because we are still here. We are the risen loaf,
the errant bell, the beads of quiet on your tongue.