

Writers Are a Funny Breed

Jane Siberry

It is very quiet here--so still
I don't live here--I live down the hill
On this winter's afternoon
The distant sun--it slowly swings the room around
This room hangs on a golden chain
Suspended
Frozen
Frozen in time since you went away
Walking through your rooms I thought your things
Fitting--these aren't fingers these are wings
It says April on your calendar
It's winter now--I wonder where you are
I hope it's warm and sunny--or cold and windy
As long as you're fine
Your house is as tumble-down as mine
Crumpled papers everywhere like mine
This one says "I'll write no more"
That one says "don't lock the door"
Writers are a funny breed
I should know
You said someday when we're pure and high
We won't need to capture and describe
The things we see or don't see
We'll let things be
Let things be
That's when you'd leave
And that is why I had to come today
My mad scribbling crumpled, crippled, fey
Tossing words from ledges that erode
From ledges--I am not a goat
I am not a piece of chalk
I just want to do it right like you
And now I stand here in your house
Everything's so still
I wonder if I'll write again
Or let things be
Writers are a funny breed