

## *Common Ground*

What is it about needles  
that angels love them?  
You ask as if love itself  
is the lean metal  
at which our fingers tremble.

Maybe it's the idea of goldfish  
in phone booths—for fun.  
You are unconvinced, so I yell

Suffering, then! Imagine  
those pale footed holy hordes  
assembled on the ripeness  
of needles (You'd dance, too)

Yes, suffering always makes order  
out of things, a formal feeling  
and all that, a wanting

to take shape. Wait a minute.  
What about esprit de corps?  
From the lonely dregs of grace,  
that vast white expanse.

what could they be but giddy  
upon such intimate space,  
as you are in crowded elevators  
and freshly opened libraries—

electric  
for a while.  
so many of them manic  
with the uncasual touch.

Your answer lies  
in their falling off

which is death which  
makes visible you say

our belief you say  
they want to they want to.  
You stare as if you hold  
in your hand the vowel

that could complete them  
into word, the home  
of the shudder in the bow,  
a vertebrae of afternoon light

in the arguable darkness  
in the darkness how much  
more can we take can we  
take of this  
dancing stitched in our pockets.