

G.E. Patterson has his treatment of the dark in *To & From* – “... it was good” pg. 61, “Happy as the darkness surrounding it” pg. 38,

“And our lips parted so the tongue could move” pg. 61 again, “Another Happy Story”

How can I keep the implied darkness? but part which way?
How can I place this in a room I know? your own mouth, another?

How do I know how to kiss? Do I? I know I’ve done it before,
but I’m not right now, so ...

I can’t just write a sonnet about making out, his line means something else, but can I?
what did you mean,

Patterson: two *T*s beside each other
not Paterson (nots)
At this distance too close to see clearly

Can’t write a sonnet about making out

And when a light moves towards us it’s blue as opposed to redshift, an increase
in wavelength

And our lips parted so *la langue* could move
language, the tongue, the word expresses both as one

Touching the sensitive rim that occurs
the sensing bit – it makes sense

As your smile is shifting in my memory

This one: The mouth makes a room out of memory
somebody said to me

Where I can’t see you speaking on the phone
calling long distance from my truck to get off

But I guess actually I don’t have to
well ...

Time will tell us if it is what it is – spent all day listening to Blood Orange
spent five years inside “Champagne Coast”

If the room had shifted during the night

If the light has shifted out of the blue

Whether these lines can mean something else
somehow, closure sounds so open-ended

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the past so present now so far behind