

Robert Kell, *Creation*
(1972).



POETRY DESK

After an argument

Christopher Sprecher

and the thought came
and the well-tended gardens of speech
were drowned in the deluging silence.
those neat rows of syntax and
fruits of eloquence ready to burst forth
all quelled in sour quiet.

and the thought came again
but no harbor of tongue was found
not even my hands could speak.
if only I were deaf
(but my hands are struggling to get
to the surface of this stillness)
I would
not hear the crash, the waves,
that utter annihilating avalanche of
silence.

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