

# To Be Two

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## i. Certainty

Between two who love each other  
there is no room for doubt. Each breath  
freezing : fixity is altogether [     ] text.  
[   ] falling further [             ] farther  
alone, I had thought, Subtext, what  
is the fabric of estrangement? A veil  
between what is and what I think? I.e. : I  
can say what I like [                     ].  
I ask the barometer falling, Fahrenheit as it  
charts [             ] disappearing : what fact  
will the water hold as I walk? Sleeping  
is [                     ].  
[             ] was an error  
I can't bear. There are propositions I  
love with certainty and knowledge, both :  
absolutely, in the dark, this hand that  
thigh to thigh touches mine is mine;  
the memory of fucking [                     ].  
Believe again this notion of my voice,  
what it is to touch me. I ask because this

is [ ] walking [ ] the river [ ]  
[ ] falls inside it, [ ]. Ice  
is a skin that can't bear touching and weather  
deeper than feeling : [ ].  
I don't own any farther than guessing what  
I have recorded : what's called emotion, or [ ]  
[ ], a form of a failing of certainty. The world  
is [ ] thinking. I remember the veil,  
the sum of uncertainty. "I once knew"  
isn't sentimental; it's eaves, ice. What I know  
glitters in error's margins [ ]  
and descends intently. "Touching you  
I know I [ ] you," you [ ]. What you said  
like snow holds my footprints : I will watch [ ]  
[ ] where I've been to disappear—

ii. The love poem

: is veil, thin as breath  
: freezes and holds what is.  
: finds itself afraid.  
: is itself far more.  
: is subject.  
: marks the line.  
: can say "The river slips shut,"  
says the world is the totality of facts,

swallows the known sum down.  
: is the cause of distemper?

: is the ear put in fear;  
is an island of light;  
is a statement of fact.

: can't touch, can't—

: is the ability to know.

: touches mine; is mine;  
is it certain?

: can't find you.

: remember?

: isn't speaking this.

: can't write itself, though.

: shifts and clicks.

: is an error.

: can't speak in a form.

: is more accurate.

: is called intellect.

: is what I confuse with what  
is torn, but not sundered.

: isn't a lie, and it  
is split like everything  
is mica-fine in silence.

: is how.

: won't be lost.

: falls for as long as . . .

: will walk again in thought.

iii. The Veil

Between two who love each other  
There is no room for doubt. Each breath  
freezing : fixity is altogether every text,  
of falling further and has gone farther,  
alone than I had thought. Subtext, what  
is the fabric of estrangement : a veil  
between what is and what I think. I.e. : I  
can say what I like, but what I read  
I ask the barometer falling, Fahrenheit as it  
charts the mercuric disappearing, what fact  
Will the water hold as I walk? Sleeping  
is thick arras or ambace, like an alcatraz  
across water. "There was an error"  
I can't bear. There are propositions I  
love with certainty and knowledge, both.  
absolutely, in the dark, this hand that  
thigh to thigh touches mine is mine,  
The memory of fucking is nothing if it  
Please, believe again this notion of my voice; remember  
what it is to touch me. I ask because this  
is a kind of walking to the river. A letter  
a life can, and snow falls inside it, hissing. Ice shifts and clicks,  
is a skin that can't bear touching and weather is an error  
deeper than feeling : I can't live like this,  
I don't own any farther than guessing what  
I have recorded what's called emotion, or what is called intellect  
is a form of a failing of certainty. The world is what I confuse with what  
is called thinking. I remember. The veil  
the sum of uncertainty. "I once knew"  
isn't sentimental; it's eaves, ice. What I know  
glitters in error's margins, like ambivalence  
and descends intently. "Touching you  
I know I love you," you said. What you said won't be lost  
like snow holds my footprints : I will watch what falls for as long as  
it takes for where I've been to disappear—will walk again in thought.

is a veil, thin as breath.  
freezes and holds what is  
finds itself afraid  
is itself far more  
is subject  
marks the line  
can say "The river slips shut,"  
says the world is the totality of facts;  
swallows the known sum down,  
is the cause of distemper?  
is the ear put in fear,  
is an island of light  
is a statement of fact  
can't touch, can't  
Is the ability to know,  
touches mine is mine,  
is it certain?  
can't find you.  
remember  
isn't speaking; this  
can't write itself, though  
is an error  
can't speak in a form  
is more accurate :  
is what I confuse with what  
is torn, but not sundered :  
isn't a lie, and it  
is split like everything  
is mica-fine in silence  
is how