## In Which I Am the Silence of Them. Dear A,

## Ana Božičević

if before me was the silence of them already waking, just waiting like for that first ray so as to start to sing-Fuck! I don't know this bitch-ass language. Okay, okay: if before I came, they, huddled brown and awake, stayed quiet on purpose, what does this say about me?—; also, when I go and their silence is of sleep (Still waiting in the wings Still waiting in the wings), does it mean they're resting from me? Just plain old tired of me? Okay, I mean are you. Tired? You tired? Me, yes. Yours, A-"I say you cut the lines between your name and mine." Okay. "And now delete the names." I can't—(you've changed so, chainsaw)—But I'll cut the one space between them—Don't mock my early dolor, it's that of Chinese restaurants at dawn; they serve birds, too, but you and I are servants of birds. What I mean to say is: while you lived before me, I'd like to think you were awake but not singing; there are too many lines between your name and mine; (I serve just sparrows at this point); but that's being selfish, you sang all along in your bitch-ass language, it was beautiful, and since I'm not the sun can I just take your order

Okay I'm listening What's your first name?—

not this one, the one

before

## Leaving Husband at the Door of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn Heights

Ana Božičević

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Carried you this far. Dachshund in the snow. Lights wink, now— I can't take another step— Why push against me with your little red foot, so? For tens and tens of blocks, & belly-up, and wheezing
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down Flatbush Avenue, a downward mountain— on & on I walked, till the half-snake who calls herself East-River (madwoman!) swelled with coal barges. (Here you burst to feather—) On and up— & straight into the smog
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on Montague. O yellow cab! For pity's sake, wait— fuck— it's sleeting marriages, small Europes. My arms are stiff— (by now you are a mandrake root)— you smell, you're heavy, I can't drop you now—

we're at the gate. Say, Mother! This is John I carry. A thing drilled him invisibly— and now he makes a hollow sound, a little like a bathtub. Is it alright to bring him in? He's heavy, and I— Oh. I see.

No. What, leave him here for nuns to find? Walk back? (O I won't make

it back)— we'd passed some hundred restaurants— I have no money— and it rains—