

# Tailings

*Hugh Steinberg*

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I've done the fieldwork.

If I've gone past what happened,  
through the vestiges, the wrack,

the debris became luminous  
when we began to treat it  
as words, and as the words

were translated, they said there was  
never a trap; you were never feared.  
There was a call, a tree pulled up from  
the ground. You came up along with it.

It's enough to hold, holding  
tightly. Let each note recede  
into the radio sky. Sort of like  
being in love. Invisibly if it  
has to. Hidden if it wants to.