

Session

From a vision experienced while reading Tillie Olsen's Silences.

We sit in a circle, critiquing a piece
of prose by violently poking
our fingers into the air, hurting the writing,

hurting the hedgehog or whatever, drawing it
differently, noting that the horizontal
in the crossword must be entered at a certain hour,

violently opposing our continued infiltration,
interpreting the process of meditation.
In our circle we are indispensable,
inseparable from our cats

is what we are sometimes.
Before a forced separation for dinner,
there's preparation for lunch,

and we have some latitude about what we'll eat.
Vigorous, violent oppositional methods:
Won't do that again, will we?

After mealtime, the ringing of the bell sounded
the hour in one of the places it wasn't contested.