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Thinking of Kierkegaard

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Thinking of Kierkegaard

I've never told you that you talk in your sleep,
how I steal poetry from you
as you dream.

I never told you about the woman who called one evening,
how strained her soft voice was,
that I wrote a story
imagining your infidelity.

Your shoes are two dark holes
that I would never step into,
but I might whisper into that abyss
now and then.

Trust is a very high trestle.

You walk it on a dare
in front of an audience,
and it's the idiot who does not tremble,
even though the sky is the most innocent blue,
and there is just wind, your hair, a bird calling into the gorge.

Deborah Slicer