

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 65 *CutBank* 65

Article 30

Winter 2006

Speak Low

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Recommended Citation

Phillips, Carl (2006) "Speak Low," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 65 , Article 30.

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Speak Low

The wind stirred – the water beneath it stirred accordingly...
The wind's pattern was its own, and the water's also. The water in that sense was the wind's reflection. The wind was, to the water, what the water was to the light that fell there, or appeared to fall, spilling as if the light were a liquid, or as if the light and the water it spilled across

were now the same.

It is true that the light, like the water, assumed the pattern of what acted upon it. But the water assumed also the shape of what contained it, while the light did not. The light seemed fugitive, a restiveness, the less-than-clear distance between everything we know we should do, and all the rest – all the damage we do. Stirring, as the wind stirred it, the water was water – was a form of clarity itself, a window we've no sooner looked through, than we've abandoned it for what lies past it: a view, and then what comes

into view, or might,

if we watch patiently enough, steadily – so we believe, wishing for what, by now, even we can't put a name to, but feel certain we'll recognize, having done so before. It looked, didn't it, just like harmlessness. A small wind. Some light on water.