The Words We Lack Spiral from the Dark

for Will, from a line by Kim Hamilton

Crossword puzzle, says Richard, pointing to the jigsaw puzzle Will and I have worked, reassembling Van Gogh’s *The Sower*, sun setting in yellow sky on purple fields. *Jigsaw*, we automatically reply. Though last night, in the mountains, I looked up at planet Juniper in a blue-black sky. *Jupiter*, said Will, though names are hard for him to come by. Frayed, the mind’s net of sound that sings up the world, the cochlea’s hair-trigger delicacy, the tongue’s report, the dusty archives. But not heart’s recognition, your face and mine. Oh love, in the turning years to come may what we lack be only words and not the heart’s intent. And the words—write them down, across, puzzle-shape; read aloud; what we mean spiraling up again from the dark ink.

Otto Duecker, *I Love You*, oil on board, 10.5” x 12”