

## **AFTER HEARING SEAMUS HEANEY ON THE SELF AS NOUN**

made into verb by poetry, I follow the walkway—  
the Boston snow falling outside the glass  
like a reverse snow globe—to find  
the noun of you tucked into the hotel bed.

And I join you in that “verb, pure verb,”\*  
unsure of anything but present tense—  
the physical incontrovertibility of your collarbone  
your chest, your soft places, your breath in my ear ...

I hold onto your shoulders, your hips,  
content to let kisses blanket over any questions  
of future or syntax or exactly whose hands  
may be holding onto us in this gentle shaking of now.

\*From Seamus Heaney’s “Oysters”