**To Paul Celan** *by Linda M James*

Forever touching the edges

Of your words – their lack of answers –

their spoken silences.

Love in a tango of dark blue eyes.

In Poppies. In Remembrance.

You played with Bereicherung:

A reality richer than mine.

How could I cope with your language?

You ask: who would not linger in death

Before mirrors? I ask: do fractured words

Flower in the dusk of your smile?

Last night I broke your gazelle gaze

In a white forest hoared with Jews.

Serpents and daydreams mastered me:

Silence pushed the borders of pain

Through thresholds. Stones screamed.

Mouths hid in mirrors.

Float me a second skin, Celan, so that

I sing in front of strangers – lighter

Than the sky. Ballooned with words.