

## Stop Singing

Mount Eerie

The possibility that if I stopped clapping  
My hands in the void  
I would notice that I can't hold on to things  
And  
The possibility that if I stopped using my voice  
I'd notice songs that, all around me, sing  
Looms in weather,  
Lives buried in my days,  
With all my songd and rhythms going like  
The darkness surrounding a flame.

It's what I don't say with my mouth.  
It's my mouth open  
To breathe in.  
It's open windows.

Still, I will go on and on describing the shape  
Around the thing I want to but can not name,  
In song  
And, though my long life feels busy  
And full of usefullness and drive,  
I will sleep through every single dawn  
And those I see I will not really understand.

I will sing through every single song  
About the spaces left when we stop singing

And I will sing this  
With longing.