

Two Monkeys

Nosound

When I was young I believed
There were two monkeys here
Living in the trees between my house and the sea
Someone told me once that was their home
But that their life was sad, because they were alone

No matter how high they were climbing up the trees
I observed them several times from my house here
They were never at the same place
For their eyes to meet
As if they'd lost the will to speak and hear
Their eyes always looking far toward the sea
Their mouths closed in fear of what they could see
Their wishes to meet disappearing with years
Someone says they just lived in fear

Someone told me my house is not there anymore
And the trees are now season tourist shops
I still think about the monkeys and their trees
I tried since then not to look far toward the sea
And so I missed my last chance to look around
And all I'm left with is the memory of the sound
Of the sea and their voice in the mute summer sights
Dreaming of going up high enough,
Maybe on a kite

No matter how high they were climbing up the trees
I observed them several times from my house here
They were never at the same place
For their eyes to meet
And then they lost the will to speak and hear
Their eyes always looking far toward the sea
Their mouths closed in fear
Of what they couldn't see
The memory of them disappearing with years
Someone says they still meet every night at the pier