

# Sleepwalkers Woman

Scott Walker

In the time of an exile  
from the jails of another  
where soundings are taken  
raw to his eyes.

I have walked the way from him  
down to splintering bone ashes  
with your voice shining sea  
in his fractures and skys.

There are no voices here.

There are only confessions.  
keeping him hidden  
weighed out of his name

We have entered deserted.

He has gazed from my windows  
as if all that replaced us  
could still end in me.

For the first time unwoke  
I am returned.

For the first time unwoke  
I am returned.

He arrives from a place  
with a face of fast sun.

Arrives from a space  
his refuge overrun.

She will fold him away in his  
badly changed hand.

Fold him away far behind  
where I am.

For the first time forgetting  
I am returned.

As if all that replaced us ends it again  
as if all that replaced us ends.