

Perhaps, If I Learn to Speak Another Language

Perhaps, if I learn to speak another language,

I will fall out of my comfortable chair,

Forget where I hid most of my old treasures,

And take up a winter residence in this new chamber of my heart

Where there is no place to brace myself with a practiced confidence,

No way to delude you with a clever turn of phrase,

Where my lips and tongue are lost in an exhausting, dancing conversation with my brain

and words are strange music with upside down meanings.

Their power is not in certainty but in possibility.

Perhaps, in this sacred listening,

touched by a new and unexpected kind of beauty,

curiosity, shy and delicate may have the courage to introduce himself to me.

And I,

will forget to paint my thoughts on you as you speak.

Sol Petersen, Benicassim, Spain, June, 2008