

JENNIE FELDMAN

IN TRANSLATION

for Jacques Réda

And now it's rained on your letter –
ink on the move giving words
the slip. Held to the light you
set the mind reeling. Again. *Jazziste*,
I think you'd like the way
phrases are coming through the page
in counterpoint from behind, leaning
back on the beat. How rhythm and sound
make sense. I'm listening, falling
into step with you in spring – *clouds furiously
slow* – as far as Place de la Bastille where
we clear a table for our languages
to meet, negotiate the finer points.
*Perhaps we should speak even more softly
So that silence can take refuge in our voices....*
Then it comes through the stillness, something
like song sculling from your side to mine.