

Jeff Dolven

NOW IS MY TURN TO SPEAK

Now is my turn to speak, if I
can claim it, tipping myself forward,
letting my tongue fall with a soft,
an inward, an almost inaudible click.

Now the leaves turn, turn in the wind,
tipped by the wind, or the sun, by the wind
and the rain, by the season, cupping their ears
and listening in, listening out

for the telltale sharp intake of breath
that happens only every time
around again, my turn again,
it's now, this in-between, or never.

The cameras turn expectantly,
turn in the wind the satellites make,
tipping us off that something is
about to turn, or already turning,

and who could raise a hand to stop it,
who could clear my throat, excuse
me, but events, as it turns out,
seem as entirely sure of themselves

as you do, fast asleep, your heart
turning, turning under my hand,
a calm, implacable, rotary hum
so constant, who knows where to start?