

# Poets

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## Dialogue by a City Wall

**He.** I need to smell you.  
Come near the window, the city hovers there.

I want to be sure you're not a girl made of clouds  
with only a wound for a mouth.

**She.** You gave me a book.  
You touched the red ink

You said: Look, that's my name.  
Why did you tremble when you gave me that book?

**He.** I know you already and its not from any place.  
You're the woman whose scent has driven me mad.

I steer through pages packed with syllables and cannot find you.  
Tell me your name, come let me write you.

**She.** The instruments of war  
are buried under water.

Incense wafts from the curtained rooms.  
A tall tree makes a fountain.

On the leaves of the tree  
outside your wall it is written:

I am Sita and Iphegenia, Demeter and Draupadi.  
I am not fit for burning.