

Diary of a Sentence

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Don't we all begin with what is on the eye?
So that I, *Sentence*, am place, wonderland,
torture chamber, boudoir, closet,
whatever can be locked behind a door:
blue key, gray matter, *skeletons*
that open anything.

Nothing to do with that once dubbed *soul*,
like a film in the wrong language,
heart, *genius*, and the sweetened *fancy*
layered and colorful as a *petit four*.

What stops the getting on? Late hour
in the life that winds a spotted hand
around the pen? Such an old fashioned
notion, *the pen as penis*, that easy bleed
from one *petit mot* to the next, obsolete.

So have screen and key effectively
neutered me: where once we said
put pen to paper do we now say
fingertips to keys? Well then,
every and any sex can play.

We say *deep in the heart of winter*,
yes, I've worn that lace'y garter,
but where did winter get a *heart*,
when I am now forbidden?

The business is to stopper my ears
for the long sail through
all that screaming
to find (oh, whisper it only) *song*.

But some poor souls are unlucky
enough to have a dram of memory.
Soul was gone before I was born,
but *heart* lingered in hard places
like winter, or tree trunks,
and even, once in stones,
story, still lives, self, shh . . .

So it's a matter of wrapping around
the forbidden part a copse of other contexts,
con + texts, bad texts, convicted texts,
the happy legions of negation. As if there were
such a thing as a *protect*. Protest not
my love, words will ever desert us:
rapture, sublimity, ardor underworld words,
the tips of the fingers now so entirely adept,
they are one with the eye moving across the snowy
document, inside the bonny bone of the head.