



A Pulling Quiet

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Spider silk strands shimmer
They shiver
Maybe they're what ties us,
causes our quiver
What if we are delicately corded?
by a pulling quiet
Whisper to a paper cup and string:
soft secrets, wavering
Morse taps share tightly strung feelings
I can't tell you how I feel, but maybe you'll feel my tug
We'll be bound, wound, wrung
taut, brought, swung
into a sticky vulnerability
When I move through flickering tree'd forests,
I pull your silken vulnerables off me and brush
them on my clothes
But from now, I'll not touch them
I'll leave your thoughts on the bridge of my nose
and your emotion threaded through my left brow
Your sensitivities will stick to my lips;
my lashes will bat your passions
I will know you with my face.