

Getting Het-up.

Why are you getting het-up,  
He said, and moving your lips and your hands  
Like that, and showing concern?

I hadn't been thinking  
Of my lips and my hands  
But now I did;  
I was now in a world  
Where lips and hands and eyes  
Were only furniture.

All I did was state an idea, he said:  
And if your mind is clear...  
Why do you need the condemning look  
And movement of hands?

It's because I'm concerned, I said.  
An idea I think wrong  
Seems to threaten my freedom,  
And I get concerned.

My freedom's a terrible concern:  
I can't treat it lightly.

Then why condemn, he said:  
Why look at me  
As if to throw stones?

I'm condemning untruth, I said:  
I'm staring at untruth,  
Not thinking of you.

But you look like a man  
Who wanted to hit me, he said  
With an anxious glance.

I don't want to hit you.

You seem to throw stones all the time.

My stones are my truth,  
I wish to throw  
My ideas: I want to persuade.  
But I'm tired, tired! All my life  
They've been looking at my lips  
And my hands and the cut  
Of my coat and my walk.  
Why can't they listen  
Only to what I say,  
And look for the meaning  
Like looking in the sky?  
And now I get tired  
And try to teach myself silence  
And burn alone.  
It isn't very nice!

Nor is your vehemence, he said with a smile,  
And laid his hand on mine.  
But now there was silence  
And all my ideas  
Had flown,  
Which seemed to make him feel better.