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## Dialectic

*First Lines from Ricardo Piglia*

*We yearn for a more primitive  
language than our own,*

but take in words with metered grace,  
swallow the garments they've worn.

Mimic sounds, imagine  
we are known, comprehensible.

*City*, I say, something granite  
forming in my mouth. *City*,

you agree, glass blooming  
in iridescent shards of blue.

*Mammoth*, I explain, woolly  
and extinct. *Mammoth*, you exclaim,

syllables spanning a Himalayan  
peak, an astronomer's unmapped universe.

And so we translate each other's wills  
out of subjunctives and indicatives.

One wanting the other, the other wanting  
something absent, unwrapped.

As, ears pressed to the ink, we wait  
and the echo turns the phrase.

Rebecca Morgan Frank

Rebecca Morgan Frank's poems have been published or are forthcoming in such journals as the *Georgia Review*, the *Cincinnati Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Many Mountains Moving*, and *Calyx*. She is the co-founder and editor of the online journal *Memorious: a forum for new verse and poetics*, [www.memorious.org](http://www.memorious.org).