

G.C. Waldrep
on “Lay Geometry (II)” & “Kohoutek”

There are different kinds of silence. Duncan’s silence, for instance, lies in the cessation of action (which can include but is not limited to speech). Guest’s is very different: it somehow inheres *within* her poetry, as a sort of ghost-spectrum, a projection (as of light, from some vast distance). Guest’s silence underlies and imbues, while Duncan’s pushes back. Jackson MacLow, on the other hand, does not believe in silence, nor does silence believe in him. For Césaire, silence is a rock against which one sharpens one’s tools, in order to carve or shatter other rocks. For Sobin, silence is another form breathing takes—the other side of breathing, a breath’s breath.

Eva Saulitis, in her cancer memoir *Becoming Earth*, writes “Another way of saying: I was, at forty-five, no longer a child. In that moment, I inhabited not a story, but a body, all the way in.” I like that definition: childhood ends when our place of residence shifts from *story* to *body*. The question begged then is the relationship between body and language, without benefit of story.