

**What Gets Said**

John Landry

for Bob Creeley

a scarf holds my breath through  
walks against the wind's grain  
snow catches in filter woven there  
is no place to avoid New England  
when that's where your there is  
the snow the cold won't let up

to obstacle the way we meet  
and cherish the treat of such  
company in which to dwell  
is more than one can ask for  
more than one deserves as if we  
deserve anything another can provide

what one loves well remains the  
rest is shadow in the corner of  
a photograph we laughed about  
the angle of the approach the  
longing in an eye focused on going  
such are such loves on the move and  
and one knows what comfort is

John Landry

what the world has come to  
be or offer the loyalty of, say,  
animals, or friends, say, as in  
how are you, my friend ?  
runs up from the heart to the  
gullet no stopping the mouth

but to kiss a lip goodbye it is  
the need to say what you mean

