

These Things I Do With You

*These things I do with you
have never been the same
as those with him or her,
will never be the same
as those with them, the things
I do are not the same with you
I'll do again.*

*And I am not myself
who tires myself who dies
each time that with some one
of you I try myself to do
what then I am, and only then
I have been true.*

*And what am I to you
who have not been the same
to me as they, as he or she
has been, and not the same
as even me to me? -- the self
that separates from each
the other and is named*

*the same by chance, by change
becomes far off, unclear,
a lonely bell that rings
and then another rings
as far away but differently,
and as another thing.*

-- Joan White

Pasadena, Calif.