

*Bill Knott*

Poem

Can my clone cast  
a shadow  
that resembles  
my shadow  
the same  
as it does him,  
or me them?  
Is the difference thin,  
meaning within,  
or merely  
attenuated—  
where does the line  
leave off and,  
leaving,  
does it end?

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## From a Distance

If lip-readers move their lips when  
lip-reading, what do they say then?

Are the phrasings of the speaker  
they scan claimed and mirrored there

unconsciously, an almost silence  
less translation than transference?

Unless the mouth gets taken, sent  
by its attendance to a strange intent

till even a cough, a kiss—enunciations  
which paraphrase the space which runs

through all speech though all tongues try  
to gun that gap by perusing, musing

mere coherence. Cued to its cusp,  
these words of ours are less than lisp.

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## To Live By

Work from the original toward  
the beautiful,  
unless the latter comes first  
in which case  
reverse your efforts to find  
a model worthy of such  
inane desire.

Even the mouth's being  
divided into two lips is  
not enough to make words  
equal themselves.

Eavesdroppers fear  
the hermit's soliloquy.

Wake up, wound, the knife said.

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