

Intercession

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [March 5, 2014](#) issue

When I wake in the night and think
of what I might have said in class that day,
I wonder why my life consists

of inarticulate occasions.
No timely word, only belated ones.
Every hour a first draft, and then another.

It makes me want to announce, "Listen!
Listen to what I do not say. Listen
to what it is you cannot say yourselves."

There are sighs and groans,
just sighs and groans.
Interpret them, dear ones, as you may.