

# Exile

---

Volume 29 | Number 1

Article 28

---

1982

## Mute

Robert Youngblood  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Youngblood, Robert (1982) "Mute," *Exile*: Vol. 29 : No. 1 , Article 28.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol29/iss1/28>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

## *Once.*

I wanted a little house near waves;  
to walk barefoot on wooden floors  
in blue dresses.

I'd arrange simple flowers from your garden,  
then wrap my hair in torn sheets.

Brown babies swing in swings  
swing in swings . . .  
the moon's pull takes away from me.

I cry two cups each day  
and add them to your pancakes,  
stand in front of the coffee until  
my head cracks and quicksilver  
drops out,  
mercury  
hitting the floor, now  
a thousand pieces  
rolling  
flashing  
into dusky corners,  
gleaming in straight lines  
between the polished boards.

Kate Silliman

## *"Mute"*

It's winter  
and that's such a helpless season  
Why won't you listen to me  
As we walk down concrete steps  
Long and jagged  
Edged by yellow grass, ice-jeweled.

Robert Youngblood