

Evan Zimroth. "Talk, You." *Dead, Dinner, or Naked poems*. TriQuarterly Books. Chicago, IL: Northwestern UP, 1993.

Talk, You

I like talking with you, simply that:  
*conversing*, a turning-with or -around, as in  
your turning around to face me  
suddenly, saying *Come*, and I turn  
with you, for a sometime  
hand under my under-  
things, and you telling me  
what you would do, where,  
on what part of my body  
you might talk to me differently.  
At your turning,  
each part of my body turns to verb.  
We are the opposite of  
*tongue-tied*, if there were such an  
antonym; we are synonyms  
for limbs' loosening of syntax,  
and yet turn to nothing:  
*It's just talk.*