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### *Paradoxes and Oxymorons*

This poem is concerned with language on a very plain level.  
Look at it talking to you. You look out a window  
Or pretend to fidget. You have it but you don't have it.  
You miss it, it misses you. You miss each other.

The poem is sad because it wants to be yours, and cannot.  
What's a plain level? It is that and other things,  
Bringing a system of them into play. Play?  
Well, actually, yes, but I consider play to be

A deeper outside thing, a dreamed role-pattern,  
As in the division of grace these long August days  
Without proof. Open-ended. And before you know it  
It gets lost in the steam and chatter of typewriters.

It has been played once more. I think you exist only  
To tease me into doing it, on your level, and then you aren't  
there  
Or have adopted a different attitude. And the poem  
Has set me softly down beside you. The poem is you.