

## to paul celan

moving toward myself-encountering no one  
except you  
world remaining invisible  
except you  
conjuring your death-free poems  
out of death  
plunging us into new life  
beaming us out of this world  
sending the message in the bottle  
the human spirit  
far far from anointment  
but nearly there  
so purely seen in oppression  
leaving us the mud of liberty  
bring me  
in  
to your breath crystal  
more visibly