

Three Poems
Margo Fuchs-Knill

Dedication to completion

Having come that far
climbing up that high
having caressed my years, one by one
having brushed off the dirt —
polishing my nails and combing my hair
not knowing whose doing it is
that keeps my hands warm,
that keeps hands in touch with each other
and for each other.

The Third

There is always something
on the go — come

the unexpected resides
in invisible temples
with mysterious openings —

a faceless lover
that surrounds you from behind.

Or: who engulfs you from behind.

Music is purposeless play —

let sound be sound
let image be image
improvise
endure the unpredictable
to live on
distract yourself
to get to it
listen with your knees
and keep on walking

(poems written between 2012 – 2014 in Saas-Fee)