



Speak to Me

I'm going to stop.
I'm going to start again.
I'm going to make strategic little piles
of things like cigarettes and sugar-cubes,
and bantams' eggs, and cubes of cattle-cake,
and range them, along your route,

until you notice them;
and then I'm going to balance
slightly larger things,
like fish, or fruit, or tulips, on my head,
whispering as I walk: *Speak to me*,
whispering *Speak to me please*.

Selima Hill b 1945

from *Beyond Bedlam*, Anvil Press, 1997, ed. Sweeney and Smith. Also *Gloria: New & Selected Poems*, Bloodaxe Books, 2007.
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