

## Thomas Libby – Two Poems

### To Your Health

I wonder how I'll explain myself  
now that you've found me  
alone in your kitchen

rummaging through the cupboards  
looking for the stemware.  
Years ago, you lifted

one of these in my direction  
and whispered something  
about my health. But

tonight all these glasses  
look the same  
and I am so thirsty.

### Names

Stage-names, nick-names, pet-names,  
noms de plume, noms de guerre,  
my christened name, your Hebrew name,  
the name of my father, the name of my hometown;  
none are as sweet as the name you whisper to me,  
the name of our imagined child.

It is a name with no syllables.

It cannot be pronounced by a human tongue.  
It is not spelled with any letters known on Earth.  
It is not recognized by the angles.

Sometimes, when I am alone in this house,  
I wander room to room and I call the name  
and listen.

When writing in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person, **Thomas Libby** is always surprised at just how little he has to say about himself. Originally from Maine, where everyone is a poet, he lives now somewhere between Boston and Providence where he sometimes writes something down.