The Art of the Interview

1
Engaged, open, curious, firm
prepared by all
that's come before, no
surprises but ready
to be surprised again.

So much we don't know
will never know.
A voice inside
your head ticking
down the seconds.

Ask the question, listen
ask again, expect
an answer, listen, then
ask again, listen for
doubt, resolve, some truth.

As though one could climb
inside another's brain.
So much we don't know
tick—don't ask—tick
don't want to know—tick.

2
Once a man froze
unable to speak.
I asked and answered every question myself then said: "You agree?"
We could have gone on forever.

Another night the lights went out. We understood we were still, again always in the dark.

3
It was cooler than usual in August, when the heat here sticks to your gut. A question held in the air ready to burst, then pop pop pop—and out.

It was cooler than usual and the night air was still, still listening as the moon grew large raised its white face and said, Let me ask you this: