

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:*