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## Interpreters House

### Poetry Makes Nothing Happen

Let it make nothing happen more, this year,  
so that a young girl  
whose mail arrives early can read the book she's waited for  
over breakfast and find a poem with blue depths and points  
of light which she tastes in the back of her throat on the way  
to work and walks a little slower than usual so that nothing  
happens as she crosses the road because the guy in the 4WD  
who was answering a call on his mobile already passed by.

Or so that a fighter sits up almost all night reading Rumi, trying  
to understand death and blood, peace and love and sleeps  
too late to be ready for the knock at the door so tells them  
he'll follow after because he wants to hold his son and play  
with his daughter and nothing happens as he kisses his children  
because he isn't in the car when a government missile hits it.

Or so that a man, sleepless and pacing, picks up a book  
from his wife's bedside and reads a poem casually  
but finds lines stuck in his mind like burrs on a wool sock  
like when he used to spend weekends relaxed and outdoors  
so that he holds back on giving an order and extends  
credit on a couple of loans so that nothing happens  
to a lot of people that day who carry on going to work  
and never even know that nothing happened.