

# *Me Telling You*

I tend to hear a silence  
or echoes ... fading echoes  
My desk  
used to be covered with papers  
for months it was covered with papers  
Things keep coming back  
thoughts  
Good-bye?  
It's not a good-bye  
You've become a part of me  
We mustn't forget  
that we were haphazardly picked  
by Voltaire's Supreme Being  
to be here together  
With that in mind  
I think we're doing pretty well  
or were ... there's less reason now  
For such a long time  
we tried so hard  
And now  
there's nothing left to do  
and very little left to say  
You no longer belong  
to where you used to belong  
Teachers who no longer are your teachers  
are very different from the teachers they used to be  
I have never known less  
I have never been so small  
or so ignorant  
so very limited in my vision  
or so fearful, uncertain  
Like a little child  
learning to walk  
in every step  
the effort of a lifetime  
There's the silence again ...  
I believe I did what I was supposed to do  
Everything in fact starts with the end  
In the end, however, you cannot see  
a beginning  
in the way that in a beginning, you would see the end  
What I think I see now  
might very well not be there  
or might be very different  
I could try to leave now.

**Johanna Jalas**  
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