

reachers and bringers

—by **Will Inman**

*for Pat Bovine and the guys
in our writing workshop
at Rincon prison*

you come reaching
you come bringing:
i come bringing, but i'm always
reaching, too

it's your eyes i feed on
your eyes and how you move
sounds you make, your patience, your
restlessness, how eager you are, how you
watch, how you wait, how you study me
and each other, how you
mull what you see, how your eyes hold
questions you don't ask, how you reach
at my reaching, surprised that's
what i'm bringing

but that's not all i bring: you know
i have a way of bringing what you are
out of myself to you, it was never not
already yours, but you weren't always
sure it was in you, sure it was
yours

but it was, and it is, and you
study my eyes to be sure
i mean it, to be sure i know,
what i'm talking about, that it's really
you, actual you, i see, the real you i'm
bringing you for you to have, you're reaching
for me bringing you
to you, and i'm bringing as much of you
as i can reach, and i'm forever
reaching what i'm bringing you
bring me, me

but we're not one and the same, each of us
is different, we have to keep stretching
to hold how different each one is
in our human sameness, we keep studying
how we overlap, what fences
work between us, how we reach over,
bringing ourselves and each other
remaining different
to a space we can be free and real in
even inside the fences of our selves

