

## Aware

When I opened the door  
I found the vine leaves  
speaking among themselves in abundant  
whispers.

My presence made them hush their green breath,  
embarrassed, the way  
humans stand up, buttoning their jackets,  
acting as if they were leaving anyway, as if  
the conversations had ended  
just before you arrived.

I liked  
the glimpse I had, though,  
of their obscure  
gestures. I liked the sound  
of such private voices. Next time  
I'll move like cautious sunlight, open  
the door by fractions, eavesdrop  
peacefully.

*by Denise Levertov, 1999*