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Not one single further sorrow, and: [Let's say you forgot
me]

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Southern Review, Volume 49, Number 1, Winter 2013, p. 95 (Article)

Published by Louisiana State University Press



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SUSAN LAUGHTER MEYERS

Not one single further sorrow

here, where this morning three horses nuzzled
at the fence near the gravel road,
their chestnut heads and necks glistening—

here, where I could forget sorrow
and how the young girl from our class that summer
gave up on herself, and the news spread quickly.

Or, if not a forgetting, a diminishment—the way the horizon
across the field of grasses and bachelor's buttons
softens its line to a fringe of blossoms and stems.

This title and the line quoted in the poem that follows are from *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho*, translated by Anne Carson.

[Let's say you forgot me]

Let's say you forgot me—
no, not forgot: were unable to reach,
one of us out of the country,
say, me this time
writing in France. I put down line
after line, shapes anyone could make
something out of,
black ink on cream paper, waiting for you
to call. Your phone, my phone,
somebody's phone isn't working.
My thoughts are growing remote,
and the words come to me
in a language I can't translate.
Weeks pass, as weeks will do.
My handwriting becomes illegible
and the ink is starting to fade.