

DARA WIER

---

*Are You Happy?*

You ask me this without cease.  
You ask me this as if my right answer might  
Put an end to what your ceaseless question hides.  
Are you happy? It would be awful of me to reply.  
Though for you I would be a parrot if parroting implies  
What you ask is kind.  
I would be an echo plain & blind.  
I know an echo that wants to change its mind.  
They call it willful, they call it chilly against the spine.  
Your eyes ask me are you happy?  
Your unopened mouth.  
Are you happy—your eyelids bat around your eyes.  
Your half-open holding one another hands.  
Are you happy—your back insists.  
Oh, I am happy, I rehearse,  
While your vanishing points advance,  
I am happy, I am happy, I am ecstatic.  
Oh, I am happy, I rehearse.