9

He learned the first verb before eat or love or sleep the French verb *être*—"to be"—

he is, they are, I am in another language, another tongue, *autre lèvres*,

lips not the least organ of transformation. Derrida writes of *world hospitality* as antidote to *toleration*,

& Habermas of *mutual perspective-taking*, the *I* permeable, a slice of toast⁵

the world's butter melts into, not the *I* of the life raft, which if punctured is sunk.

Sitting inside Dick's, in Seattle, he watched the young men go off,

board planes, east to Afghanistan, bound west with black-hooded citizens *confined*, *of no country*, dark-skinned, praying.

They were, he was, not going to become anything new: tongue-lashed, sand-eyed, bone-shamed.

⁵ John C. Yoo and Robert J. Delahunty, "Kant, Habermas and Democratic Peace," *Chicago Journal of International Law* 10, no. 2 (Winter 2010).