

**Robert Tiran**

*An Expansion of Charles Bernstein's "Frequently Unasked Questions"*

"I've a pile of memories on my other" shelf  
the one behind my desk,  
due west of that night-light.

They're in that jar, up high  
reminding me  
what fears  
what lies  
what little truths  
crafted me.

The lid is tight  
no air  
no sound.

But yes, that's them loudly screaming,  
yet not from mouths.

I've considered setting them free... although  
they seem at home in their jar  
on that due west self.

Screaming at me.