

The Owl

The snow whispers to me soundless

unlike the last

time we were together, hands clasped

as we ran, gasping amorous affirmations,

stumbling through these woods

away from the music and

the raucous laughter of those

not ready for goodbyes.

A bird screeched in the distance.

We interrupted the owl as she spread her wings

eyes fixed on an escaping rodent,

her lost meal

the price of our delight.

We fell against a sturdy oak,

mouths together

tasting the tang of words unspoken

more delectable in a moment

than our accumulated words

on paper. We basked in the power of

speechless expression.

The next morning
you lined up with the men in green
and you left. That night
I wrote a letter you never read
because another, sealed,
arrived at my door and the words
in *that* letter struck a piercing blow.

I gathered them all, tucked them
under my sweater and I ran
stumbling alone as the branches above me
dripped cold tears.
I stopped and
wordless sound escaped my soul.

I climbed
branch by
branch, until I arrived at
where the owl had been.

Here
I will leave every letter -
every mark of ink, indelible

compensation for her loss.

I listen to the silence.