

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.