

Sunday, March 28

I count my innumerable deaths

as birds dance along
the invisible thread
of her thoughts. Her mind steers away from mine,
leaving a glowing wake
of unspoken words and unfelt emotions
in the space between our beings.
I may never find the bottom
of this wind, which seeps
through shrouds of dead leaves
as if trying to wake them up.
Blades of grass reflect her steps,
but not mine, a sure sign
that I was not meant to follow her.
She nods below clouds on fire
to the pulsing husk of the skies,
each eye a galaxy of little suns.
And no silence is the same
anymore.

Piero Scarufi