

Only Touch is Impossible, So We Touch

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Silence enters us.
These once familiar faces go strange
over time.

In time, we'll learn to listen
with our eyes.

Our hands trace the smiles seared into photographs.

Does it matter
I once had a sister?

Again, we are making a bed of burnt-out fires.
Skin's memory of warmth.

We are dredging another lake
& pulling up unidentifiable
bodies.

Clothes torn. Torn hymen of sky.

The hallway between her bedroom & mine is heaven
& heaven is cold, an abstraction, wild & windy.

The wind is carved with the names of lost girls.