

# *Only Touch is Impossible, So We Touch*

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS

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.