

A Silent World

Behind this one it breathes
through flesh less tangible than air,
rising from dying grass into shadow rivers
and the silent tongues of clouds.

At times it is an immensity of sand
under lines of cormorants,
at others the blurred ground of a forest
where steps dissolve into roots
and snow lifts against stone.

Desire will not bring it, only this letting go –
silhouetted trees reaching for spectral crows
with hints of an appearance, a rustle
through quiet fields in January hills
where wild roses carry the scent of pears
across waters unseen and unheard,
the mute undertow of another earth.

-- Steve Dieffenbacher