

## Hour of the Silhouettes

Caught in your undertow  
the force of three atomic bombs obliterated my entrails  
releasing a sorrow to dwarf all sorrows  
I could no longer deny your name branded in my heart  
For that is where it happened  
the seared flesh  
the cataclysmic knowing  
the fracturing rock  
every bridge collapsing

All the storms converged  
pulling up roots and toppling any semblance of having been in this world  
revealing a child  
perched on a tree limb  
just strong enough to hold her  
and to be held  
A hideaway  
from whence to observe  
to breathe the fragrant evergreens  
to stanch the loneliness with pine needles and sap

A child's eyes studying the numbers tattooed on Margot's arm  
holding her hand to discover a garden of rose hips  
a salve for the hour of the silhouettes

A child listening to strangers tell and retell of Zyklon B and starvation  
of frozen land and death

A child stunned by the news of the hanging

A child alone with night terrors

An inconsolable child nestled in the disquieting blanket

Despair  
an expansive forest of echo  
a thin edge so vast and cutting  
a barren shoreline where my breath stutters your name  
and aches for a liminal world where you return  
where time is boundless  
where we huddle  
I beseech you stay  
your gaze betrays my fantasy

your determination stolid  
you know and have suffered more than I can ever withstand  
your eyes tell me so

I work to mend  
to stitch  
and know  
it is  
impossible