AZB

Silence

Came to stay one day. Unpacked her bags, and hung her quiet fripperies between the places where I laid my head.

In the prehistoric, melting dawn, stretched her gauzy face on mine so that, by painted mouth and fresco eyes, I had to show what I wanted so to tell.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk