

David Phillips

Who am I, Bernard?

Welcome to absence, these open
Arms stretched as sundown.
Echo calls of words unspoken—
She hopes to watch you drown.

When you exist outside of me
Am I the waiting well?
For rainy days are far between,
In restless Asphodel.

If what they sing for is undone,
I'll grasp the last whispers.
Over ocean, the storm sullen
Slowly starts to disperse.

Take a listen,
This is how the rain now sounds,
This is how it is to be
Skinned in something permeable.