

SILENCE SPOKEN HERE

What absence only can create
needs absence to create it.

Split by deaths or distances,
we all survive like exiles
from the time at hand, living
where love leads us for love's
reasons.

We tell ourselves
that life, if anywhere, is there.

Why isn't it?

What keeps us
hostages to elsewhere?

The dead
possess us when they choose.

The far stay nearer than we know
they are.

We taste the way
they talk, remember everything
they've yet to tell us, dream
them home and young again
from countries they will never leave.

With friends it's worse and better.

Together, we regret the times
we were apart.

Apart, we're

more together than we are
together.

We say that losing
those we love to living
is the price of loving.

We say
such honest lies because
we must- because we have
no choices.

Face to face
we say them, but our eyes
have different voices.