

Silent

we walk along Fort Langley bridge,
digging into our secrets like pockets.
My fingers, like discovering loose change,
caress secret griefs.
Words I want to share with you, evaporate.

Leaning against the chest high rail,
we stare into the byss.
Like a giant in winter, lying on his back.
red lips mouthing words of mist,
fog rises from the river banks below,
indistinguishable from water,
swirling swirling swirling

The night clothes us in grey overcoats.
My first instinct is to keep warm.
But ours is a relationship of contradictions,
where, sometimes,
between us,
silence is a hawk ready to strike.

Old footsteps mingle with ours.
We walk farther along the bridge.
Reach the end. Turn back. Walk
until we stop again, midway.
I look down —
see our time together
trickle from months
into weeks & days;
see reflections of us in a mirror not there.
River of fog swirls
silent silent silent

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