

WE, STILL

We

Do not speak; there are no sounds
That can convey what you mean,
To me. It beats... erratic, enclosed
In a whispered heart brimming, full
Of shared smiles and freeze-framed
Encounters imprinted. Carry you here
Despite hard truths and harsh words
Spoken. We are connected, always
By experience; flashbacks fleeting.
Still.

Lisa Hawkins