

Vanessa Simmns

SHHH



Now listen:
time is shaken
whenever your name is spoken,
and the loneliness of spent hours
shift the boundaries of my earth.
The tremors of places touched
are now the war zones of your love;
my body has betrayed me.
I am waiting for the sands to fall
but the reality of fevers
is my circumstance of silence.
When I reach out to you in eddies
the wind falters my step
and I pause
to blink away the sand
and like that you are gone.

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