

## **Muffled Song**

Silence grows  
after death  
after a snowfall  
I have wandered  
someone hums tones in the Passacaglia  
in the heavy church air  
blackened gold  
closed eyes  
kneeling towards one another  
two small globes, they have stopped  
they have started  
they have stopped and they start again  
everything has stopped  
and it starts again  
it has stopped  
and everything starts again

No, watch it snow  
Wake every morning with a song  
in your mouth  
since she has been gone  
we tread on –  
in the sun of summer –  
yet is it still winter  
And so we turn the page  
Everything stands up  
and disappears  
a fire burns  
it burns so lucidly  
the body is a tumble place  
the broken bed  
when the body burns or  
sinks a pillar of song stands  
everything becomes white white white

Voicegrass  
what a word the night gave  
coaxing you out of bed

voicegrass  
stark as meadow  
hold up the burgeoning thought

grass under foot  
straw like lines

the sounds of farewell, the words from her bed  
thank you for the song

lulling, humming, without words for the song