

The Endless Undiluted Silence

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I wish I could reach you there,
where it is you live now, the ripples

of days cascading to no sound, where
it is you aren't. I can't get beyond that wall,

I can't find you anywhere. Not in the nightly
news, not on the patio near the birdfeeders

where the chickadee and charming ladderback
tremulously light. I can't find you. You can't hear

me when I point them out, our elusive visitors.
You are patient with me, with my strident

resolve to show you the birds, the fleeting
evening light as it sifts through the trees.

And suddenly I am desolate, outraged.
I want to protest, to berate, even damn

this mortal ripening, the path that brings
us close to joy, but no closer.