

## The Endless Undiluted Silence

by [Sarah Gordon](#) in the [April 2024](#) issue

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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.