

The Endless Undiluted Silence

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

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.