

UNOUILLE

The words in my throat
– too cautious

to survive.
Where is the space

our bodies were before
they were?

We pause.

The lamp glances
downward, the

light
collapses

at our feet.
It's been a year

since we lost her.
Your thoughts remain

above our terra-
cotta roof, italicized

amongst the bone-
white clouds, as hollow as

the wing structures
of flight-
less birds.

HEATHER LANG