

MONIKA LEE

listen

Listen, too,
How every pause is filled with under-notes,
Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones
Which pierce the sense and live within the soul
—P.B. Shelley

pauses are fuller
than sounds,

Lethe is replete
with dreams,

a lost mandoline or flute
is enough.

we have known
the space was our time:

the past which is always here
the here which is only the past.

play on your flute, the silences
between the tones—

those feelings that were lost
but still dwell in the small crevices

of time.
those silences,

each of those spaces is
my daughter, sister, lover

and they are openings, breaths,
between the words and sounds.