

The Stillness of the Wood

Like a word left dangling at the
end of a free line, a
small word not poised but
hanging by its unfinished web as
though uncertain whether to
maintain thrust of linear motion or
end it without benefit of
the full stop, I
course among branches with in and out
movement, threading the wood while
your semblance sleeps. When
you ponder variations in sense, in
shade of meaning, or pause by
the lucent river, listening for
evidences of life, watching at
its whispering brink where
darting submersives glint and
flash, and you call softly perhaps my
name, twice, three times, it
may be the drifting leaf with
symbols still clinging will
gather some token from
the still air to stir your
ear when I answer if

— *John V. Hicks*