

MARK SANDERS

The Yawn

In the beginning was the yawn. The woman sat reading
some old book on old literature, the lamp
a yellow fog behind her, the cat and the litter
sucking at her on the rug in front of the fireplace
of the television, the room hot with a bleeding
October. The rain had fallen all morning, stopped, and the wind
came up, the leaves chatty as kids on the bed,
school the next day. Slowly the pages turned,
the eyes strained against sleep. She was reading the old
book, and in her mind—what might be there behind
the silence? Not the book, not that. Not
the cats or t.v., but maybe just silence.
She couldn't fight if she stayed quiet. She couldn't
have to face the pain of the mistake, Don't speak,
don't give any reason for language. And yet the
yawn, the beginning, and yawn, the end of quiet.