

as our voices fall

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viii

The winter was long
and deep, stripped
trees shivering their
rozen fingers at our
hearths. We built a
lighthouse in
the woods and a
snowfall of stars
blanketed the quiet
sky. At times it
seemed our souls
rose in plumes of
smoke.

iii

She puts on the coffee
and spills her crumbs
over the kitchen sink,
upright on one leg
like a crane,
just behind.
The city comes in through
the open balcony,
sighs early morning traffic.

vii

Your heart is a great
distance away, but
I can hear it singing
its low song.

iv

Our electric lines bridge
continents and cross oceans.
Two thousand miles away,
I see your face,
a miracle. the other toed
Two thousand miles near,
our words still fail to reach.

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v

These thoughts cycle
in my head, soon to crash
on the roadside.

vi

They created mythology in
the shapes their hands
formed in the air, the
rhythm of their feet against
the shifting dirt.
Time put out the fire of their tales,
but echoes drift in the trees,
in the dark.

i

The touch of your hand
was quick, fleeting;
as though my skin was fire
and you were afraid
to be burned.

ii

Fog creeps low on the ground,
curls around his ankles like
ghostly cats shedding cold chills.
The bench is wet from last night's rain;
he wipes a corner with the
flat of his palm,
shakes the water loose.
In the morning hour,
the dark bushes
hold their secrets close.