

# as our voices fall

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YEA JEE BAE\*

## 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.