

Deer Tracks

Everyday I follow our tracks we left in the snow like doomed deer. Do you know the snow is still of the exact same white? I wonder if you've ever walked that path. But the only fresh tracks I see are my own, added to our old. I tell myself you have been there, just hovering over the ground. And then I tell myself I'm a fool for the things I tell myself.

Everyday I talk to you like a woman praying in a church with broken bells. Do you know even God answers better than you? I wonder if you too have ever stood in a cathedral of ruins and waited for the toll in vain. I tell myself you have but for another angel. Then I tell myself I'm a fool for the things I don't tell myself.

Listen. Do you hear that single trumpet's sound over the wasteland? It means I'm talking to you. Pianos and two-handed pieces no longer exist in our conversations. But I have found the secret: now, when I want you close, I scream into an echoing valley and play chess against my shadow.