

## **silence**

Nicholas Yancey

listen for the moment

when we know our names  
and shake loose the dust of  
the worlds that spin between  
us two lost tops, trembling  
like fingers, reaching  
to touch the lips of Paradise

and taste the space

between word and echo  
like the waters of Styx, we forget  
how to turn [the world in]  
a phrase

and make the words anew.

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