

Guideless eye rolls  
 scanning  
 taking in every breath  
 each inhale like steak knives  
 tearing apart the layers between  
 lung and heart  
 the solitude of winter  
 continues into modern day  
 with the same wet eyes  
 numbed grey toes  
 every eye beholding  
 soaked wood  
 mud sucking you even  
 tighter to the ground  
 browned leaves  
 glisten with pools of mirrors  
 bright enough to display  
 the melting days  
 crisp heat  
 some still holding on  
 the rest of us stuck breathing  
 remembering  
 dreaming  
 these moments between voices  
 where soft animal feet  
 and rain on windows  
 remind you that sound  
 and places are out there  
 but you remember eyes  
 that will never look you over  
 again  
 listening to distance memories  
 of conversations  
 just to wake up breathing  
 breathing in knives that have been  
 and will  
 between voices  
 that never come

*Michelle Lietzel*