

from the apocrypha of enigmas: If a tree falls in
the woods...

Forest solipsists insist that missing
the sound of timber's tumble
will render the death whoosh null and void,
like showing your tits to a blind guy,
an elegant exhibit of waste.

I am this echo-chamber
for all the forgotten rumbles
like an oyster with sonic pearls.

Listen to this:
just because you can't hear us
doesn't mean we don't matter,
doesn't mean we don't merit
a loan of aural interest.

I am screaming this,
hoping someone cares.

—*Sarah Stahl*