

She Still Heard

(NOTE: This poem, inspired by Joy Harjo's poem, "She Had Some Horses," is a free-verse poem dominated by a parallel structure to help give it more coherence and form—Spring 2021, English 4566 Advanced Poetry Writing.)

She still heard the rumbling of thunder in the distance.
She still heard the spritz of the cologne bottle in the morning.
She still heard the limp crackle of the fire's dreaming
 after the night had stilled its laughter.
 She Still Heard.

She still heard the break in the woman's voice as she told her story.
She still heard the waves eating the edges of the earth.
She still heard the ringing of the bell at night in her dreams.
 She Still Heard.

She still heard the silent shouts of those who could no longer voice them.
She still heard her mother's morning sufferings in the scratching of the wind.
She still heard the words in the wind through the dying leaves.
 She Still Heard.

She still heard the sound of his footsteps,
 the way her name would echo off the marble floors,
 the crunching of boots on gravel, of spinning tires.
She still heard the start of his engine as he drove away.
She still heard echoes of his voice.
 She still heard.

She still heard the cerulean sound of the stream that rolled past her childhood home.
She still heard the wails of the unfortunate souls down the hill.
She still heard the throes of their pain,
 and the vultures and the crows,
 and the howls of the vicious wolves.
 She still heard.
 She still heard.
 She still heard.

—Amber Alexander, Andrew Allen, Adam Coutts, Alex Harris, Elias Kirker-Napiorkowski, Ashton Platt, Jessica Rushing, Mitchel Hendricks, and Stuart Lishan