

## STEVEN FORD BROWN

### *Conversation 3*

*for LC*

the small bones of our words  
lie at the edge of the woods  
we turn away from each other  
hearts deaf & thundering  
I open myself to grief  
& all her ugly sisters

I remember the dream of you  
face lifting to the surface  
like a pale fingerprint  
suddenly appearing at  
the center of the lake  
the absence of wind  
birds helplessly confused

the endless roads  
of our conversations  
have finally come to an end  
among the dead & shattered  
stalks of the sun  
waving in the emptiness  
of the far field  
I hesitate in the last light  
before disappearing  
through the trees

I carry away a number  
of bitter truths & the  
memory of your face lifting  
to the surface for a moment  
as the final dark clothes  
of our goodbyes hang themselves  
on the outstretched arms  
of the trees.