

YEA JEE BAE\*  
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**as our voices fall**

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viii

The winter was long  
and deep, stripped trees  
shivering their frozen  
fingers at our hearths.  
We built a lighthouse in  
the woods and a  
snowfall of stars  
blanketed the quiet sky.  
At times it seemed our  
souls rose in plumes of  
smoke.

iii

She puts on the coffee  
and spills her crumbs  
over the kitchen sink,  
upright on one leg  
like a crane,  
the other toed  
just behind.

The city comes in  
through the open  
balcony, sighs early  
morning traffic.

vii

Your heart is a great  
distance away, but  
I can hear it singing  
its low song.

iv

Our electric lines  
bridge continents and  
cross oceans. Two  
thousand miles away,  
I see your face, a  
miracle. Two  
thousand miles near,  
our words still fail to  
reach.

v

These thoughts cycle  
in my head, soon to  
crash  
on the roadside.

i

The touch of your hand  
was quick, fleeting;  
as though my skin was  
fire and you were afraid  
to be burned.

vi

They created  
mythology in the  
shapes their hands  
formed in the air, the  
rhythm of their feet  
against the shifting  
dirt. Time put out the  
fire of their tales, but  
echoes drift in the  
trees, in the dark.

ii

Fog creeps low on the  
ground, curls around  
his ankles like  
ghostly cats  
shedding cold chills.  
The bench is wet from  
last night's rain;  
he wipes a corner with  
the flat of his palm,  
shakes the water loose.  
In the morning hour,  
the dark bushes  
hold their secrets  
close.