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.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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.