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All That Anyone Could Be

Olivia Moskot

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OLIVIA MOSKOT

All That Anyone Could Be

I whisper “where” at once you start
With rumors of my raging heart
And here I breathe with perfect ease
I fall and flail like crusted leaves
The sadness sings like apples fall
Bruising, smacking in the snow
And branches click against the breeze
Like frozen lips, like failing feet
Do you hear the sadness sound?
Sailing sorrows snickering loud
For earth has won his worldly war
But in that death, a silent more
Hush,
the sun has rent her roar

Author’s Note:

I was thinking about Virginia Woolf’s suicide by drowning herself when I wrote this poem. I was thinking about her exit through an immersion in nature. Her voice is broken now, but it can be heard in the nature in which she enmeshed herself. The title is an allusion to her suicide note.