

# No Wind

*by* Agnes Ezra Arabella

The candle was near the windowsill.

It smelled like  
the musk my father used to spray  
before he went away  
to work.

Oh father, I remember you,  
your chocolate brown eyes,  
would watch the sunrise  
before breakfast;  
serious- so serious  
and waiting for something  
that did not come.

I looked out the window towards the amber leaves,  
dried and curled on the side like ripped silk  
ready for a Winter fade;  
when the limbs would be naked again,  
yet the branches poured from the trunk like  
tributaries flowing into a larger lake and there was no wind,  
or bird in sight,  
to lay on the weary limb.  
The candle flickered for them.

