

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.

