

Silenced

by David Ackley

How not to have noticed,
his absence in every crack
in the conversation.

“There is no dialogue
Only parallel monologues.”

Pinching him
smaller and smaller
sentence to phrase to word,
murmur, grunt, nod. He was so
pleased to let us talk
(we thought)

How sweet to be
Enjoyed, to be audienced!

His words then, not quite lost,
like glasses, misplaced

in that place between
lost and found

