

Lyanne Wang
“Everything you have heard is gone”

Everything you have heard is gone

The dog whistling,
 the ice shifting.
The window swinging
 this somber life open.

In silence we forget
 the grinding of time—
The past, gone.
 The dignified thing,

once singing like leaves. Gone:
 the minutes
stretching toward night,
 dangling in violet. Here

is quiet. Absolute,
 falling like white in one
prolonged hum, muffling
 sight against cold,

Winter:
 Everything you have heard is true.

Now everything you have heard is gone.