

## **Close Encounters**

by Jean Wong

Your face slashed with suffering,  
red poppies stand clustered,  
fallen petals rotted  
into paint.

Silence sits on a  
line of time.  
Memory sways with  
suffusion, scarlet bitterness.

The scrape of a chair.  
Something leans.  
Almost a murmur,  
a gesture.

Slivers of ice on bare branches,  
A glass-eyed bird lights, flicks, is gone.

