

PATTIANN ROGERS

Less Than a Whisper Poem

no sound above a nod,
nothing louder than one wilted
thread of sunflower gold dropping
to a lower leaf

nothing more jarring
than the transparent slide of a raindrop
slicking down the furrow of a mossy
trunk

slightly less audible than the dip
and rock of a kite string lost and caught
on a snag of oak

no message
more profound than December edging
stiffly through the ice terminal
of the solstice

nothing more riotous
than a cold lump of toad watching
like a stone for a wing of diaphanous
light to pass, as still as a possum's
feint

no message more profane than
three straws of frost-covered grass leaning
together on an empty dune

a quiet more
silent than a locked sacristy at midnight,
more vacant than the void of an ancient
scripture lost at sea

no sound, not even
a sigh the width of one scale of a white
moth's wing, not even a hush the length
of a candle's blink

nothing,
even less than an imagined finger held
to imagined lips