

Maureen Ellen O'Leary

In the Wood

Silence settled down beside me
as I rested on the worn wooden bench
in the wood where I walked
and stole my sorrow with steady insouciance
not so much by the taking away of it
as by the stilling of its sharp edges
a kind of muting of my mournfulness.
Some secret process, some quiet ministration
wrought by bench, by woods, by silence

I rested there then rose
threaded back through the birded wood
slipped back into the sonorous world
with a heart not light, not yet,
but lit.