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Silent Echo

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A thousand times a day you've looked past me
On the fog-shrouded fringes of a dream,
Countless moments in time you never see
And still you hold back heaven while I weep.

In a twilight wind you softly call my name
Faint whispers ripple on my skin like a honey-bath,
A thousand echoes yet you never hear me scream
And you hold back time just to spite my wrath.

You're nothing except a shallow heartbeat
And prayers falling beyond a vacant heaven
Where angels remember yesterday sweet.

There's nothing you can give but my soul-seized
up in molten words bit down hard forgotten,
You stepped away just moments before the heat.

--Linda Beckwith Uebelacker