

WILGA ROSE

Storm Silences

I should have known when the wild storm
blew in from the west
flaying washing, scouring silences
as the sheep huddled under gums,
that your words were cut glass
ready to shatter any moment,
pursed lips that rankled
murdering years of friendship
in a few sharpened words
that scarred the air deliberately
it seemed,
putting a swathe of words
between us
a volcanic flow
of bitterness flowing downhill
into night.
You may as well have hit me,
I was stunned,
the silly littleness of it all.
Outside, the stars, light years away
lit ancient fossils in the riverbed.