

Talking to Trees

Jaimee Boake

Just when I feared
the sound of your voice would be lost to me forever,
that I might forget the timbre of your belly laugh
or the way it would swell with pride when you called me yours,
it came back to me,
and I swear it was carried on the wind,
whistling through the trees like the tune on your lips
preceding you through every doorway.

The first time the breeze brought you back
it was merely a whisper at first,
so quiet I almost missed it,
a rustling of leaves like the “shh shh I’m here, sweetheart,”
that steadied my ragged breathing so many times before.

Now, I keep listening and listening and listening,
wishing for the wind to rise
and the trees to speak.