It wasn’t a face any more.

A broken thing, delicately

Opened wide by time and cavernous washes of memory.

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Music prepared by Jeremy Borum www.jeremyborum.com
Waves of what might have been.

The memory where my sister's

face was empty of light and

intensely

shadows.

Time rushed in
leaving stains only of it-

self. Oooooh_

starkly All hol-lows and blank fields_ where

wistfully iri-de-scent sun-shine glan-ces off_ goes its own way._
as if time had stopped

Search for eyes shin-ing. Noth-ing.

Huge dark sp-a-ces. Lips that move_

ran-dom-ly a-round par-a-ted word shapes.

A face like leaf shards bu-ried.
What used to be alive

pieces floating around just under the surface,

you see them give way to decay.
Used to hold water and sunlight,

with much emotion

echo sky evening. Now darkness.

A face once. Surely a face.

Kate Gale's poem appears in the book *Echo Light*, published by Red Mountain Press, Santa Fe, NM