THRUSH IN SILENCE

POETRY

Kyle Singh

I saw it again, this time in secret.
That distance. From the start
It tried to hide
Belonging to shifting scales.
One night it revealed itself as I saw
The child stare at the mice
Encircling the rim of a lampshade, their flesh
Not part of the lamp yet part of that light.

The next time I saw it was many years later
In a flashback.
You are not a good son, my friend reminded me.
I know, I said.
I left home with nothing to do.

The last time I saw it was while a
Lone thrush sailed East without a sound.
The shadows narrowed and merged with the valley
And I believed in the thrushes destination without asking it.

I never saw it again.
Mothers glisten frets the umber of a mango.
Father doesn’t speak.
The pollen is somehow darker than our skin.
Our goodbyes are rushed.
Father pats me on the back, his hands are cold,
Sends me off into
The space within the objects
The space between people when it is time to let them go.