

I SAW NOTHING

If in shadow or light mattered not.

If in shadow

I saw nothing.

If in light

I equally saw nothing

But heard a cry

A strange property of light, I thought to myself,
hearing.

Sightless vision

For what is a cry

Save a picture of sorrow

Painted in soft pastels

Sepia and purple.

Suzanne. That was her name, Suzanne

Prayed

Scented petals

Of purple sage

Strewn on her path

By someone

Some secret someone,

Perhaps

Whose passion surged stronger

In her pain

How strange

I imagined her to say

Though I heard only a cry

For, as previously stated,

I saw nothing.