

Sound Patina

The dead listen more
than the living. Camouflaged
in dry cornstalks, they stand
attentive as corpse-soldiers.

At night's hem
the disappeared respond
to willows' sway as fog's scent rises
from the belly of Black Bottom Creek.

The missing tune out frog bellows
and the shrieks of night birds.
In this mix of sounds, they chance upon
lovers' sighs, the laughter of children.

By sea's border, the unborn hide beneath
bleached logs. They wait, they hesitate,
biding this time before time. Beyond,
a canto of waves leaps toward the sky.

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