

Exeunt

In space, where there's no air,
you can hear nothing.
In dreams I hear everything,
forget most of it
though sometimes a word,
a phrase, survives —
what's mostly left
the tone of voice

which tremors as I surface
before it, in turn, sinks:

sarcastic, bombastic,
cajoling, imploring,
confrontational,
expositional,
friendly, loving,
gentle, moving,
nasty, frosty,
a bit frenetic,
apologetic,
thoughtful
or kind.

All go
slowly

absent without leave,
leaving their absence.