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Silence, I Discover, is Something You Can Actually Hear

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—*Haruki Murakami*

Sleepy bodies amble out of seashells—hands light-switch: blue night laps against windowpanes. Night-breath mingles in the bathroom as we scrub teeth, white foam coalesces under the bulb, stretching cat peruses our ankles—waits for breakfast. You tuck Murakami inside a blue & gold matryoshka: scintilla for rising at dawn. Paws glint down the hand-scraped hardwood of your parents house, follow us into the marble-kitchen, bare feet waltzing the way my parents do while the kids are still asleep. We spend half an hour assembling & wrapping in silver—the palinolia of tomato basil sandwiches. Boiling kettle-water steams down inside a thermos of black tea, stir in raw honey & whole-lemon slices with silver spoons—the heat travels up & through my hands. I watch bits of honeycomb & pollen settle at the bottom, decide I want to be a bee-farmer like my uncle. You laugh & tell me I've run from every bee I've met.

We trickle down each stone stair to the birch trees—you thumb through logic puzzles & tuft up grass strands into neat combs. The sky is used bath-water. An egg-yolk sun wavers above a hill. Rose-breasted Grosbeaks & Savannah Sparrows

come home for October. We open like nesting dolls—shedding
cable-knit layers. I wear a sarafan. Birdcalls warble un-mowed grass,
aster & goldenrod usher sunbeams to join our gökotta.