

In the Silence
by Jessica Chung

There is no sound in a vacuum.
The universe unfurled brightly and
silently like
a garden in bloom,
releasing particles and gas,
ever-expanding.

My love, my love, my love —
we grew together quietly,
the softness and ease.
Both of my feet tucked warmly under a blanket instead
of one out the door,
my eyes tracking for any sign
to run.

The end will arrive silently, too.
The light will reach us far too late.
Only with enough time to
squeeze your hand and