

Miyagi

*If you listen closely
you will hear whispering
of a wave
that swept away
the light of your smile.*

Acres of land
stretch to the horizon
flatly refusing
to speak again of life.

A man picks up
a torn piece of cloth
and stares at it
for a very long time,
as if it holds a clue
to the whereabouts of happiness.

He puts it down
to resume climbing the rubble,
as a weak sun
struggles through
mist that no-one trusts.

Sara Moss