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Holly Day

A Quiet Day

Space stretches and contracts between us
an indefinite space filled with pinfeathers and want. Conversations
wrap themselves in cotton and die, unspoken,
to be swept up and piled into a drawer
filled with similar corpses, things
that can never be said again.

We invest in mostly small talk instead,
words that don't weigh more than is absolutely necessary,
unburdened by pain or depth. Here,
at this table, cooing over the new silverware,
the arrangement of the food on our plates,

we shall ignore the thrust and fumble of thwarted dreams
banging against the hard wood of a locked desk drawer.

Holly Day's poetry has appeared in such publications as *The Cape Rock*, *New Ohio Review*, and *Gargoyle*. Her poetry collections include *A Perfect Day for Semaphore*, *A Wall to Protect Your Eyes*, and *I'm in a Place Where Reason Went Missing*.