

every time i start a conversation with the dead

i am interrupted by silence.

so i ask them to blink

their eyes once for yes and twice for no.

this is the mystical part.

instead they let the wind wiggle their toes.

counting on my communication skills i ask them to

swirl to the left for right

or swirl to the right for wrong

but we get lost

when the breeze stops.

i may not always be able to tell

when something is over

that is not my gift...

my gift is knowing when it is gone.

every time i start a conversation.

wf.h.

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