
PASSACAGLIA

Sadie Hickman

1.

white on a night-lit road
under trees with branches
craggy fingers of black

softly growing glimmer of
something like candles

2.

shadows in hallways, doors
greet the passing

janitor with a whisper

3.

peeling paint from a
widow's walk

empty with footsteps

overlook the ships that return and
those that do not

4.

listen

singing
to a lost child
from past the silent gate