

Where Silence Gathers



Selected Poems

*"Poetry speaks the language the heart knew
before speech was born."*

— Lydia Crane, *On Verse and Silence*

Meridian Press

THE QUIET HARBOR

Elena Marchetti

The tide withdraws its silver hand
From rocks that glisten in the dark,
And boats lean sideways on the sand
Like seabirds waiting for the lark.

The lanterns swing on rusted chains,
Their amber light a drowsy spark;
What ancient sorrow still remains
To haunt the harbor after dark?

The fisher's wife has closed the door,
The nets hang heavy, torn, and stark;
The sea remembers what came before
And writes its secrets on the bark.

O quiet harbor, hold me fast
Within your weathered, salt-worn arc;
Let all my restless questions pass
Like gulls that vanish in the dark.

WINTER LETTERS

Samuel Thornton

I write you letters in the snow,
Each word a footprint, soft and slow.
The birch trees bend their silver heads
To read the verses winter spreads.

The mail arrives on frozen wheels,
The postman's breath in cloudy reels.
He brings no word, no envelope,
Just silence wrapped in woolen coat.

But still I write, and still I wait,
For spring to open up the gate.
Until that thaw, these lines must do —
A frozen letter, sent to you.

GARDENS OF MEMORY

Anika Voss

My grandmother kept a garden
Behind the house on Asher Lane,
Where lavender and rosemary
Dissolved the boundary of pain.

She taught me how to press a flower
Between the pages of a book,
To save the color of an hour
In leaves that time could not unmake.

The garden sleeps beneath the frost now,
The house belongs to someone new.
But in my palm, a purple shadow —
A petal she once pressed for you.

What gardens do we carry with us,
Planted deep beneath the skin?
What flowers bloom in winter's silence
When memory lets the sunlight in?

I walk through gardens of my making,
Along the paths she traced in earth,
And find her still in every blossom,
In every root, a quiet birth.