

Lost Whispers

Twin beds pushed together; metal frames mate
in lonely silence, they recall past sounds:
Lovers in this hotel room, lunatics
keening cries when this was an asylum.

In lonely silence, they recall past sounds—
whispered promises no one meant to keep;
keening cries that this was their asylum;
voices now lost and drifting through decades.

Whispered promises no one meant to keep—
“I’ll always love you,” “I’ll keep the child,” said
voices now lost and drifting through decades,
lost like the inmates before them. Leaving.

“I’ll always love you,” “I’ll keep the child,” said
lovers in this hotel room; lunatics
lost like the inmates before them, leaving
twin beds pushed together; metal frames mate.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Deborah L. Davitt is the author of *The Gates of Never*, a poetry collection forthcoming from Finishing Line Press, and five fantasy novels, the most recent of which are *Ave Caesarion* (2016) and *Children of Tiber and Nile* (2017). Her short fiction has appeared in *InterGalactic Medicine Show*, *Compelling Science Fiction*, and *PseudoPod*. She lives in Houston, Texas, and is the originator of the Speculative Poetry Deathmatch at the Houston Comicpalooza. Online at www.edda-earth.com.

HERON TREE

14 April 2019

herontree.com/davitt1

