

A Fox Named Silence

Haenah Kim

white fur streaks the woods
nothing is heard nothing to say
a white blur does the unthinkable
do the things it hates to do
just to stay alive

silence

an angel who sits at the altar
bathed in white and tears
an angel who is broken beyond repair
has nothing to do nothing to fake
after the pain

words are pain

pale skin sits on a bed
whitest hair on her head
nothing left to even feel
a girl past her prime
hardens quickly

noise is a curse

pale footsteps echo slowly
open-back gown flowing stiffly
weak fingers grasp the wall
blood poisoned by her own cure
nothing is true

promises are false

golden boy visits the silent poisoned
gift in hand
fluffy white fur with oblivion eyes
nothing to know
comfort is nothing

hope does not exist

8 ◇ Poetry

rush to solitary confinement
white toy taken away
alone and lost
chanting cant
i cant

days are nothing

escape is impossible