



**Is there a frisson of rumour  
that rushes the wind-currents  
when a small one curls in on herself  
and stops?**

**Does the hole in the sky  
once filled by her busy wanderings  
hold a bold, breathless absence,  
a quiver of mourning?**

**And does it matter that I noticed,  
and spoke a quiet eulogy  
over her still, silent  
ending?**

*Mary Abma*

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