

She WAnders the NigHT

By Heather SageR

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Sager is possessed of a fluidity that beguiles me, an unlit, inky-dark, enchanting candescence casting the shadows she chooses. "A cadaverous breeze caresses me." "The dark backs of houses whisper secrets." Mixed with evocations shaken and stirring; a revenant's relevance: "With his voice like a kind violin / and eyes like a song." Listen. Hear her deathly silent whispers in requiem? "I walk in my grave among the living." Beauty transcends remorse, extends condolence. (Spacing is the poet's own.)*

Heather Sager

27 lines

She Wanders the Night

The misty moon high above
is my old friend
and the scraggly bare-branch elm
my dear companion.
My gait quickens upon the walk.
A cadaverous breeze caresses me.

You are not lost, it says.

You have always belonged here

in the misty, serene dark.

My gait quickens upon the walk.

The dark backs of houses whisper secrets.

The fronts of houses glow yellow.

Yet their inner shapes remain unknown to me;

I stay distant from the life that plays out within them.

Once, I found love within four homely walls.

Such a passion we shared, he and I,

a love greater than delight we shared.

With his voice like a kind violin

and eyes like a song,

together my prince and I were found.

But death came, parting me too soon

from my forever-love. Somewhere he lives,

and today I walk in my grave among the living.

I belong out here: the moon, high;

the elm, bare;

the breeze, cadaverous—

the night, dark.

THE POET SPEAKS: *When writing this poem, I wanted to create something different. Poe-influenced, with a dark, spooky effect. It began simply, after I walked on a moonlit night. I thought about the feeling of being alienated. Eventually the poem collected more imaginative notions. I started out making the poem musical, but later I stripped away a lot of that. It became more about the story that was beginning to take shape, that and atmosphere. I peered through the poem's dark window, asking, who is she? Why is she doing what she is doing? and let my imagination help me find the poem's beating heart.*

Each time I write a poem, the poem is its own thing. Whether the poem is light, dark, or shades in between, I treat the poem as something unique that must be explored and brought to the most expressive form of itself that it can be.

AUTHOR'S BIO: Heather Sager is an Illinois author. Her most recent poems appear in *Sein und Werden*, *Words & Whispers*, *dreams walking*, *Door Is a Jar*, *Bluepepper*, *Visitant*, and other magazines. Heather also writes fiction, with recent work appearing in issues of *The Fabulist*, *Words & Art*, *Slippage Lit*, and others.