

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Four by Hilary Sallick

fragment

I don't know how to  
keep going I've said that  
before and not everyone  
understands or can bear  
to hear  
something so personal

afternoon

how come  
there's a light  
coming through a shadow  
on the side  
of our neighbors' house

and the bright light  
within the shadow  
gets smaller and smaller

I run window to window  
don't find the source  
of that light

whole

nothing is broken though  
it seems so the lines  
no longer waiting the book  
of days no longer  
carried everywhere the green  
cover closed the ease of opening it  
of continuing yes the ease  
of continuing over  
or it only seems so

story

is the ending  
always sad must we always  
leave with sorrow  
to be going away to be saying  
goodbye  
even if the parting is also  
the exact opposite  
a dissolving into  
everything separate  
from none of it is that  
what happens or is it just  
the sadness of ending —

a hawk was flying and landed  
high in a tree still leaved  
with orange and brown  
leaves and there it was  
silhouetted up in the  
light