

Silence

by Jill Chan

I let go
of my properties,
my work.

I let go
of this room,
its dimensions.

I let go
of the dreams
of sleep.

I let go
of the door,
its entering.

I let go
of objects,
their uses.

I let go
of the night,
its beauty light.

I let go
of the missing,
of the way they go.

I let go
of wars,
the death and scars.

I let go
of the pain,
how it has remained.

I let go
of certainty,
of how I leave.

