

Whispers

Come in.

*Let me place a coat of embraces around your shoulders,
as if warmth were something fragile
the morning could carry away.*

*Do you hear the whispering
from the corners of the room?
It sounds like dust
learning how to breathe.*

*Stay here.
Let us bury each other.*

*Do not be afraid —
perhaps on the other side
there is only a love letter
without a sender.*

*Let us bury our memories.
Not only the heavy ones.
Also the warm ones,
the ones that smell like summer
and familiar voices.*

*Let us hold hands
while we gather everything —
every sorrowful memory,
every voice
that ever mispronounced our names —*

*and scatter them
far enough
that even the night
cannot find them again.*

*Let us bury everything
that comes after the words
“I am.”*

*Our desires.
The dreams
we carried through the years
like wet clothes against our skin.*

*You say:
If all of that disappears —
what remains of us?*

*And we keep walking
through this strange silence,
wondering
if peace is only numbness
wearing a kinder face.*

Still, the world continues.

*Someone makes coffee in the morning.
A sibling outgrows their shoes.
A neighbor pulls too hard
on a dog's leash.
Somewhere, a stone falls into water
and becomes memory.*

*Someone tells their child:
“Do not forget who you are.”*

*And something unspoken
moves through the rooms
like smoke.*

*Someone searches for themselves
inside another person's love
and calls it home.*

*But if I leave everything here —
in this earth,
in this still, open mouth of darkness —*

where do I go?

*Am I still my body?
Still my voice?
Still the shadow
walking beside you?*

Or only its echo?

*Come.
Let us look at it together.
Let us find out
what remains of a person
when even their name
learns how to become quiet.*

– Melike Kara