

Different Voices of Separation

When he went away she neither cried nor visited neighbours
carrying her tupperware store of grief to share with them.
She tended her roses and gave support to a wilting clematis,
cooked kippers for the kids, slept on her side of the bed.

That night the masterless Chow howled for hours but not
a single neighbour heard what he was saying. And yet, baby
Rachel's dreams made them all rush to doors and windows,
groping for their own differences in love, in utter dark.

— *Taner Baybars*