

Siham Karami

Unspoken

My father let his silences be words
whose meanings fluttered over trunks of sound.
The pauses held so much more than we heard.
Our path traversed the woodwind forest down
to river-cymbals crashing over rocks—
applause that freed his rising baritone
and filled our shared acoustics in these walks—
his stutter gone, his tongue controlled instead
by his soaring voice—old childhood shocks
now buried deeper in the riverbed.
Our sense of boundlessness brought mind to mind
with reverence for what he left unsaid.
It kept a space—our closeness undefined,
a depth still moving all he left behind.