

## LOVE LETTER 15

Inside the hollow log,  
in the silence of thousands of breasts,  
expanding and contracting life  
in wordless quest for more life  
that ends in death which is  
another way of saying, words  
like death are not silence,  
nor their existence the sounds of breasts  
of the hollow log that is a tree.  
If you do not see it here, bend down  
with me, peer into the open emptiness,  
hold your breath, hand to breast  
and listen for the silence of life.