

Oklahoma r e v i e w

Volume 7 | Issue 1 | Spring 2006

Voices Soft As Morning Fog

by Linda Benninghoff

You died in the winter.
Two years later I still cannot feel myself,
staring at a corner of the room
where a spider wanders
shifting its eight legs.

Moving forward,
I pick one foot up
after another
trying to catch a glimpse
of you in memory--
fearless--
unwilling to change
your blue eyes never grieving
yearning only for what we two
could have--the home-baked bread
you fed the seagulls,
the potato soup you made for me.

Sitting in the trees, the mockingbirds'
voices are soft as morning fog,
drifting--
memory is like that
falling where it pleases.

Copyright © 2006 The Oklahoma Review

Oklahoma r e v i e w

Volume 7 | Issue 1 | Spring 2006

The Aspen

by Linda Benninghoff

It was a drab Christmas—
you gave me a book,
“Poetry and Letters of Jane Kenyon.”
After a few pages
I realized she was dead,
like your husband and my friend.

The little aspen
up at our lake cottage
seemed to sigh that summer,
leaf after leaf
trembling with light
dropping into
a pool of curls
and twists and ovals
russet and brown,
as if it were
already in mourning
for many summers,
the lick of light,
column of wind,
as if dying
were waiting,
crying,
choking
on leaves
hoping for still another summer
light crossing the bark,
grass climbing at the base.

Copyright © 2006 The Oklahoma Review