

John Sibley Williams

## As Spectator to Unenduring Things

The heather moves in monochromatic waves away from the wind. What I hear: not so much the animals huddled in hollow storm-felled logs, more the hollowness, the wind singing through. Hundreds of uninhabited bodies dimple the trail like speedbumps. I am moving faster toward wherever the center is. Burs leave this place spiked in my bare leg like stowaways. I want so badly for the blood to change me. Men have died for less than want of an echo. But someone must be left to remember its original call. Warblers, pond frogs, deafening as a wooden train whistle blown indoors. I want everything I love to arrange itself in words so I have something specific to one day forget. It is autumn and all I can do to erase my tracks in the mud is to rain again and again until I've never been here before. No one is here underneath to tell me if this hollow whistle is just my voice, returning.

John Sibley Williams is the author of nine poetry collections, most recently *Disinheritance*. Winner of the Philip Booth Award, American Literary Review Poetry Contest, Nancy D. Hargrove Editors' Prize, Confrontation Poetry Prize, and Vallum Award for Poetry, John serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review*. Visit [johnsibleywilliams.wordpress.com](http://johnsibleywilliams.wordpress.com).