

'Hush'
Susie Campbell

A hill beneath and a filled-in door. This bench, its damp wooden flowers. A dead tree stripped clean and time fucking stops. You reach a corner of you are there.

You are there.

An edge of grief you can park in an empty tongue. The fields are empty.

That's near enough.

You expect you have come here to honour the dead. An open field looks like battlefield words: gone, absent, missing. You come to hold it in memory but it becomes spongy underfoot.

You do not mean to remember her, the time you brought her here. A list in a notebook of useful words:

Blank
Nil
Null
Hush-hush
Shh
Shush

Sodden ground but your body remembers so you try to follow even as

it is hardening and solidifying,
becomes a whole, no longer possible to enter nor be held by it. Nil. Null. Hush. Ssh. Shush.
You cannot enter nor explore its spaces nor the dead in their apophatic silence

that gap in words. Listen. Hush.