



Thursday Memo – October 23, 2014

Motion In Stillness – Joanne Dannenhoffer

Her eyes intent on mine are rimmed with tears
I meet her gaze, wondering if my own fear shines through.

Breath

My words hang heavy in the air
And in the silence of my office I can hear the tiny crack in her world.

Breath

I lay my hand on hers, and she squeezes my fingers gently
The clock ticks loud in the silence.

Breath

In the silence, in the stillness, we two sit
My heart open and pouring out
Her whole world tips upside down.

Breath

The world clicks back into place and time moves again.
Laughter in the hall, her phone buzzes
And the stillness is broken
But the motion persists

And still we breathed.