

MY MOST PAINFUL HOWL

Rebecca R. Pierce

My most painful howl is not
The sound of the wind
Beating its fists against the windowpane
Begging sanctuary from the rain.

My most painful howl is not
A dog calling to the white-faced moon,
An emptying, echoing, hollow bay
For a lover who never learned to stay.

My most painful howl
Is a whisper to my pillow
Where tears—how sharply they grieve me—
Cannot even be held, and they, too, leave me.

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