

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Diane Sahms-Guarnieri
footprints

I felt them
your footprints leaving
through my body's hallway

holy as a soul leaving its body
and inside absence of you
I hear the moment when

an owl's voice leaves
its hollow breast
entering air as question

who are you? You
whose presence fills emptiness
within me like baptismal water

and if I were an oak leaf
you would be the veins
running their pattern through me