

2016

Satin Pillows

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Recommended Citation

Koval, Jillian (2016) "Satin Pillows," *Exile*: Vol. 62 : No. 1 , Article 34.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol62/iss1/34>

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Satin Pillows

by Jillian Koval

I sit here in silence
Under clouds of gray and goose down.
I hear the smack of shutters
Fluttering against old houses
That line the hills like fences
Made of individual livelihoods.

I thought I knew normalcy,
That I too could buy an old house
Against a hill and fill it with a livelihood.
But now I sit here in silence
Under a sky of goose down.

Above me there are satin pillows
Filled with feathers, just out of reach.
There are smoky curtains I cannot part
For arms too thin and brittle.

All around me there are houses.
All around them there are trees,
Reaching their ebony arms slick black with rain
Towards the satin pillows and the curtains
That neither of us can reach.

I sit here in silence before the wind
Who beats me to mourning
For the normalcy that hangs above my head
In clouds of gray and goose down,
In satin pillows and smoky curtains
Just out of reach.