

Awful Silence  
First Place Poetry 2007

Her womb was hushed, a winter morning  
startled by a new heavy snow. My friend searched  
in vain for the fluttering heartbeat, pressing so hard that she  
heard sorrow  
resounding in the aortic pulse.  
later, she guided the perfect head  
into the light, the room shrouded in snowdrifts of pain, skullbones  
shifting floes of ice beneath the pale skin.

Walking the winter fields with my father, I inhaled deep the scent of damp wool,  
sharp wind. Snow does not lie quiet in cornfields, but cries out as it falls on last summer's  
stubble, cold  
and  
brittle. We left the early lamb  
frozen as deeply as the cornstalk roots.  
Sitting in the cold car, her tears steamed the windows.  
There is nothing beautiful here.  
God doesn't speak of a perfect plan in breaths silenced before they're taken  
but she gathers us into her long wool coat  
and cries springtime back.

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