

# Night Chorus

A distant wail over dark water.  
We lie awake and listen. I  
try to sing it for you, dearest,  
now grown too deaf to hear.  
"Where are you?" the loon calls.  
"Where are you?" "Here,"  
I answer. "I am here."

- Barbara Davis

Poet: Barbara Davis, Artist: Naomi Cohn —11/30/24  
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