

# Săracă inima mè

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [July 26, 2005](#) issue

—*outside Biertan, Romania*

Hush, my heart. There is still the light

through the windows, fields that remember  
you. Past the yellow church beside the forest,  
hush. I've had to learn the ease of waiting.  
Somewhere, in autumns, the songs grow surer  
with waiting. You cannot hurry through  
hurt. Quiet. Still. Slow, like those swallows  
along the rooftops. Color upon a shawl.

World, loving its long evenings in silence.