

“Give sorrow words”

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [June 2025](#) issue

Published on June 11, 2025

—*Macbeth*, 4.3

“Don’t go too far,” you shout,
Arriving at the promised playground,
To a child running flat out
Away from you toward other children,
Who swarm a dome-shaped grid,
All sky-blue pipes, built for fine weather.
You’re left dispirited,
Then lonelier suddenly than ever.

“Don’t go too far.” Your plea,
Meaning this time the child and meaning
Still vivid memory—
Love lost, once nearer than this sunlight—
Words soft this time like a prayer.
The irrefutable desolation
Discolors summer air,
Bright and alive with busy voices.