

## Ed Meek

### Sigh

It's a relief sometimes.  
this single note,  
from a forgotten song  
carried by breath  
like a wave by wind.  
It escapes unintentionally  
before you can stop it.  
causing you pause  
between thoughts  
or at the tail end  
of a moment—  
an afterthought  
or a prelude  
or an afterword—  
a giveaway  
or maybe a clue  
to life or death.  
Isn't that last exhale  
A sigh—the wave dissipating  
on an unknown shore...

**Ed Meek** is the author of *Luck*, short stories, and *Spy Pond*, poems.